WEEK ENDING JAN. 5, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

Calendar·1929

January

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A true high test premium gasoline—*and no added price*

¶ Winter is testing time for gasoline. ¶ When other gasolines are stubbornly resisting the action of the carburetor the *new* and *better* Texaco vaporizes readily. ¶ The quick get-away that you obtain even at this time of the year with Texaco shows the value of this high test gasoline. ¶ The smooth starts and the rapid response to the accelerator are the natural results of a "low boiling point" and a "low end point" with an "even, close distillation range." ¶ Exacting scientific operations, rigidly controlled in our various refineries, insure the same high quality in every State and in all seasons. ¶ Try this real high test gasoline. Drive in today wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. ¶ Fill your tank—enjoy premium performance at no added price.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The **NEW** *and* **BETTER**

TEXACO GASOLINE

Forms a Dry Gas

The *new* and *better* Texaco forms a *dry gas,* a perfect, *vaporized* mixture of gasoline and air, which burns cleanly and completely, leaving no trace of raw liquid globules of gasoline to dilute the motor oil. *Dry gas* gives smooth, even power at all times.

Wet gas is *atomized* gasoline, a mixture of gasoline vapor and drops of raw liquid gasoline. These drops resist the action of the spark, make starting difficult, burn unevenly, and tend to destroy the lubricating value of the motor oil.

Can five years' difference make the young wife old-fashioned?

—it seems so in respect to the newer ideas about feminine hygiene

THE young matron married four or five years ago is often surprised, even startled, to realize how the still younger wife of today has advanced beyond her. How frank she is about such matters as feminine hygiene! How free from care! How free from doubt!

But why should there be *any* doubt, *any* confusion on this subject of feminine hygiene? Simply because the facts have not been put down on paper anywhere in their proper order. Plenty of hearsay and free advice! Yes. But no one has come out with the truth—the straight truth for which women have so long been in need.

Every woman's most intimate concern

No subject can possibly be more vital to a woman than feminine hygiene. And most doctors and nurses frankly approve of the practice; if carried out *properly*. If caustic, poisonous germicides are used, it is *not* carried out properly.

Such preparations as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid compounds, for instance, are extremely dangerous to the woman using them. Think of the dreadful injuries which follow their continued use. Hardening of the delicate membranes. The formation, in many cases, of permanent areas of scarred tissue.

What woman would knowingly pay such a price for cleanliness?

Zonite—a blessing to all womankind!

Today these grave risks need *not* be run. Nor should any woman feel that the attainment of real *surgical cleanliness* is impossible. In *Zonite* a powerful antiseptic is available which is absolutely non-poisonous, absolutely non-irritating.

Zonite *kills germs*. Quickly. Surely. In strength it far exceeds *carbolic acid* in any dilution that can be permitted on the body. Yet to human beings it is as safe as pure water.

So harmless that dentists freely recommend Zonite for oral hygiene. So harmless that a child can use it with safety! So harmless that, even if swallowed accidentally, there can be no serious effect. These facts explain why Zonite is today the trusted antiseptic, the *indispensable antiseptic* to innumerable women.

Free booklet contains the whole truth

Every mother, every older sister—in fact, all women—should read the booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." And pass it to others in their family or circle of friends. It is a frank statement, authoritative in every way. Use the coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infections or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

The Great Antiseptic for Every Household Use

• • • •

Zonite makes possible a new standard of antiseptic cleanliness in the home. It has a host of uses; actually takes the place of three or four products formerly considered necessary. It is the safest way, the surest way, to guard against germ-attack.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1
Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 30-G
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

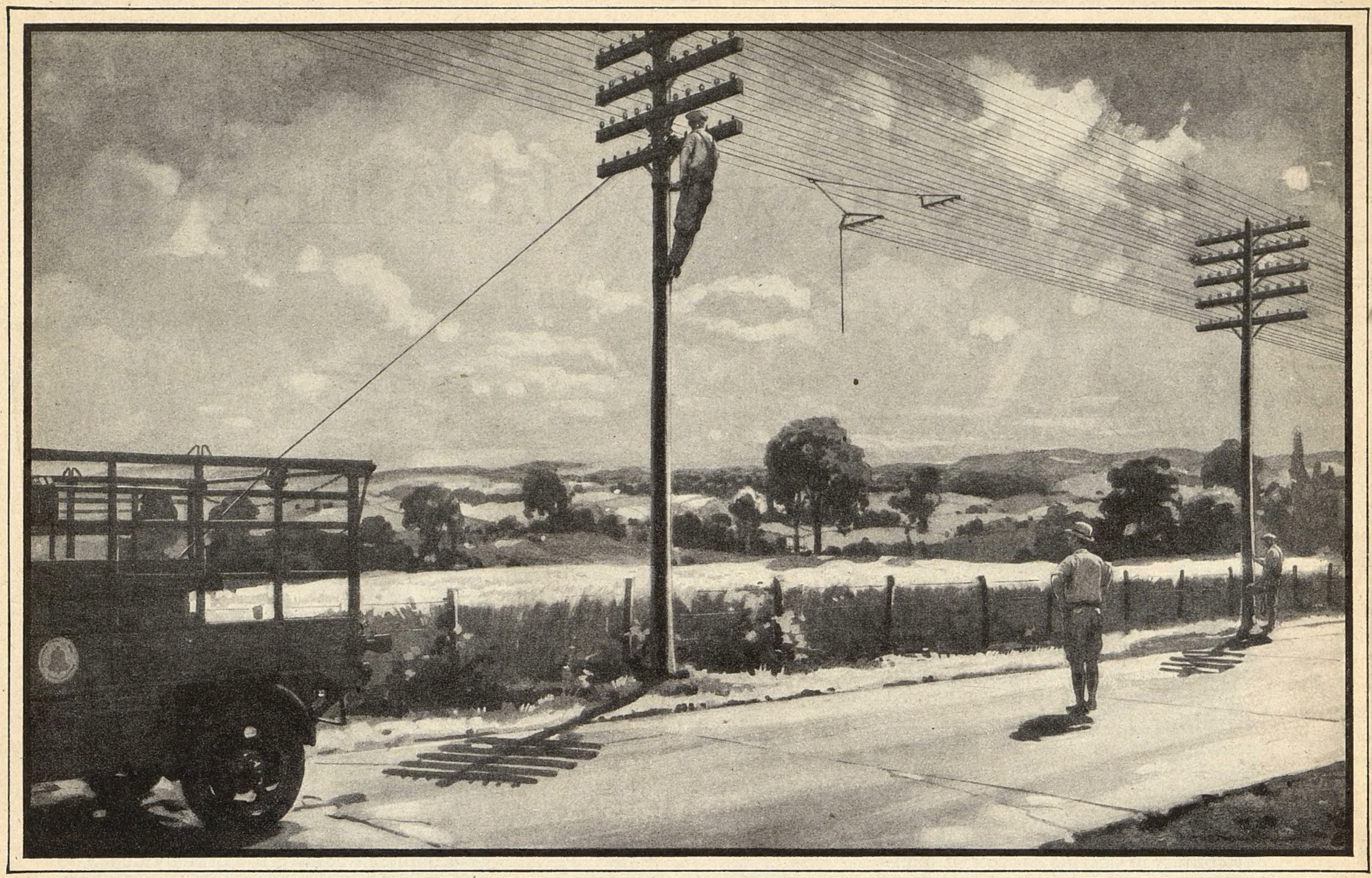
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name _____
(Please print name)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)



The U. S. A. is only a few minutes wide

An Advertisement of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In the gold rush year of '49 a stage-coach succeeded in crossing the continent in about three months. Two decades later, for the first time, an unbroken stretch of railroad lay from New York Harbor to San Francisco Bay, and America was seven days wide. Today, by telephone, that entire width is only a matter of minutes. And these few minutes represent a round trip, taken in the ease of office or home.

The Bell System is ever busy reducing the width of America and the distance between cities. For example, during 1929 it will add to its lines nearly 2,000,000 of the new permalloy loading coils for correcting and maintaining the speeding voice currents.

Seven thousand miles of new inter-city cable, $40,000,000 worth, will be added to the System to protect against storms and other slowing up influences.

In the last five years 350 major improvements, as well as thousands of others whose aggregate importance mounts high, have been made in telephone central office equipment.

Improved operating practices have eliminated the necessity of your "hanging up" and being called back in 95 per cent of toll and long distance calls, adding new speed and ease to out of town calling. You hold the wire and the operator does the rest.

Since New Year's Day, 1927, the average time for completing all out of town calls has been cut 35 per cent and at the same time the per cent of error has been further materially reduced.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the future's greater service.

"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"

JAN. 5, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 53

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WE CHANGE OUR FORMAT

for'mat' Shape and size of book; general style or get-up of a book; as, the *format* was too luxurious for a textbook.
Webster's New International Dictionary.

Next week LIBERTY will appear on the newsstands with a different format. It will be shorter and fatter. Each page will be smaller, but there will be more pages.

You will find the words on the cover, "LIBERTY—A Weekly for Everybody," in the same kind of type, just as you find them now.

The character of the contents will remain unchanged except, of course, that we hope to make them still more interesting. We shall probably play the war down a little, but we will go in for thrillers of another kind, particularly good detective and mystery stories. Some actual crimes have been more thrilling and exciting, and required more skilled detective work, than any told of in fiction. Mr. Sidney Sutherland has prepared a very interesting series on actual crimes and their solutions, comparing them with solutions obtained in fiction detective stories. This series will start this month and is worth reading, if you want a thrill.

In our next issue we shall begin a very remarkable biography of William Jennings Bryan, by M. R. Werner.

Besides fiction, we shall have our usual run of articles. In each of our articles we try to tell something that is really important in an entertaining way. It is possible to make history and science seem either dull or interesting. We shall continue to try to make them interesting. Our usual features will remain unchanged.

We gave a good deal of thought to the question of changing the size of our page and we finally decided to do it for a number of reasons.

The new size will be that of about three-quarters of all magazines. It will be approximately the size of *Cosmopolitan, American, Good Housekeeping,* and *Photoplay.* In other words, it will be the popular size.

We think the change in size will prove a convenience to our readers. This is an age of condensation and close contact, not only in the elevated trains, subways, steam railroads, and motor busses, but also in the home. There is less room to waste on the library table. Under the modern reading lamp, which sends most of its light down and very little out to the side, the smaller page is an advantage.

The editorial pages, those which contain articles, fiction, puzzles, pictures, poems, and so on, will be each one smaller in size, but there will be more of them. The total amount of editorial matter contained in the magazine will never be less than it has been. Usually it will be more.

In regard to advertisements, the same rate will be charged for the smaller page as formerly was charged for the larger page. If that were the whole of it the advertiser might have a proper kick coming, although, of course, we maintain that where large display type is used, the page for a page argument is valid. You can't get as many words of ordinary type on a small page as you can on a large one, but where the advertiser depends on illustration or arrangement, he can, we think, get as good effect, or, perhaps, a better one, with a convenient size page as with an unwieldy one.

However that may be, some advertisers would be apt to argue that they were not getting as much white paper for their money as they had been. We propose to meet this argument in a way which we feel should give them satisfaction. To wit, we shall greatly increase our circulation. We will give the advertiser 250,000 more circulation for the first six months of 1929 and 500,000 more circulation for the last six months of 1929. This will remedy, for a time at least, the oversold condition about which we have had many complaints from newsdealers.

For the last six months of 1929, therefore, LIBERTY guarantees a circulation in excess of two million. This is to be "Average Net Paid." This means that is the number we are going to sell, not the number we are going to print and keep on our shelves for a while, then junk for waste paper.

Remember then, folks, when you go to the newsstand next Saturday for your favorite weekly, look for Sandy and Lil on the cover the same as usual. They will be a bit smaller in size, but the same folks as ever. The baby, Ulysses, will be a week older than he is today, but he will be no bigger than he was a couple of months ago. LIBERTY will be the same size as a monthly magazine, but instead of paying 25c (or 35c) once a month for a monthly, you can pay 5c four times a month and get four LIBERTYS, a fresh one each week.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year, we remain,
Most respectfully hopeful of your continued favor,
LIBERTY.

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January 5, 1929 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 53

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(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

WEEK ENDING JAN. 12, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly For Everybody

The Falling Leaf

Beginning **BRYAN** *by* **M. R. WERNER**

Shorter *but Fatter!*

(see editorial)

The Great Commoner

NEXT WEEK LIBERTY will begin the serial publication of the amazing life-story of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN by M. R. WERNER, whose story of BARNUM was a best-seller of a few years ago. . . . Now WERNER has written for LIBERTY the first full story of the young Nebraska lawyer whose genius for oratory lifted him to world-wide prominence and made him a power in American politics for more than a quarter of a century. . . . The story of Bryan, the temperance leader; Bryan, the anti-evolutionist; Bryan, the pacifist; Bryan, champion of Free Silver; Bryan, whose astute political jockeying made Wilson president; Bryan, surnamed the Great Commoner! In this story, too, Werner has caught the peculiar glamour, glitter and excitement of that historic period which began in the Seventies and reached its height in the first decades of this century. A fascinating story! It starts in next week's LIBERTY.

Mystery!

Quick, Watson, the needle! . . . LIBERTY readers are in line for some rare brain-puzzling, spine-thrilling mystery stories in the coming months. Part of our 1929 editorial program. Also, of course, the best in general fiction, the timeliest and most interesting articles and special features—all presented in the same smashing manner that has distinguished LIBERTY's editorial make-up in the past!

Beginning NEXT WEEK, with the issue of JANUARY 12th, on sale Saturday, January 5th—LIBERTY will appear in a NEW SIZE! The new size will be SMALLER than at present. The new size will be the popular size—the same, for example, as Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, Photoplay and other magazines. (See actual cover size illustration on opposite page!)

THE PAGE SIZE OF LIBERTY will be SMALLER. . . . BUT there will be MORE PAGES per issue! . . . In other words we grow shorter, but fatter. We clip a little off our length but let out considerably around the waist!

LIBERTY believes the new size will prove a greater convenience to its readers. The smaller size LIBERTY will be more compact—will permit easier handling. At home it will take up less room on the library table; will fall more fully under the range of the modern reading lamp whose rays come down rather than out to the side. The smaller size LIBERTY will slip more readily into the overcoat pocket; tuck more easily under the arm; be more easily folded for reading on the busses, on the 5:15.

CONTENTS: The contents of LIBERTY will remain unchanged—except that they will be even more interesting than in the past! As promised in the editorial elsewhere in this issue, LIBERTY has some excellent serials, short stories and articles in store for its readers for 1929.

REMEMBER! . . . When you go to your favorite newsstand next week to get your copy of LIBERTY—look for the NEW SIZE —SHORTER but FATTER!

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Look for the New Size LIBERTY on the Newsstands Next Week!

Here is some common sense about toothpaste

Read what this authority says on a subject that has become confused in many minds.

> "The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in many of the widely advertised dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."
>
> From an article in "Hygeia"
> —the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

DENTISTS and physicians recommend a dentifrice for one purpose only—*to clean teeth safely.*

That is the one thing *you* can do for your teeth. If you think your mouth needs treatment, see your dentist at once—that is *his* job. Don't rely on a dentifrice to correct conditions of teeth or gums—its function is simply to *clean.*

Teeth kept thoroughly clean are likely to be healthy teeth in a healthy mouth. And healthy teeth are apt to be pretty teeth.

This is directly in line with modern thought. Today leading authorities on the care of skin, hair, teeth advise that the most effective means of safeguarding natural beauty lies through utter cleanliness.

For that one purpose—to clean—Colgate's was designed, on a formula suggested by members of the dental profession.

Made as Dentists Advised

Before we decided upon this formula, we went to the dentists and asked the question: "What kind of dentifrice would be best for dental health and beauty?" Their answer was: "Make a toothpaste that really cleans. If a dentifrice cleans thoroughly, it does not need to do anything else. Drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Upon this fundamental principle, we created a dentifrice of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

So scientifically correct has this formula proved that more dentists now recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. As a result of their expert advice to patients, Colgate's is today the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form . . . combined with calcium carbonate and aromatic oils.

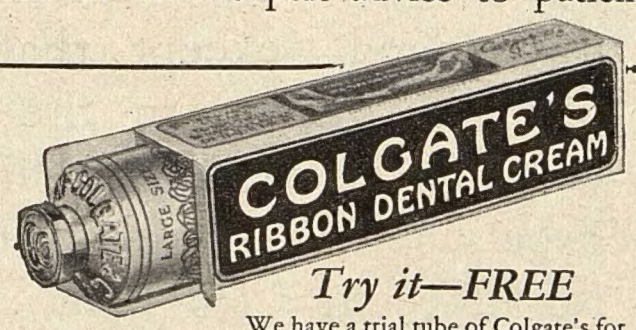
As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth.

And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits . . . polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream!

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to this enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard *quality.* And, as far as we have been able to find out, Colgate puts *more* dentifrice into the famous 25c tube than is found in any other make priced at a quarter. That's *value!*



Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

Colgate, Dept. B 1611, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Mothers

For many years, Colgate has been permitted to help in the splendid efforts of dentists, physicians, educators and health officials to teach the children in the schools to brush teeth regularly. The results of this work—in promoting the general bodily health of children—have been outstanding.

It is natural that Colgate should cooperate in this work, because Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the ideal dentifrice for children—safe, pleasant-tasting, free from drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives.

If you are interested in helping this great health movement in your own community, write us for full information.

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S

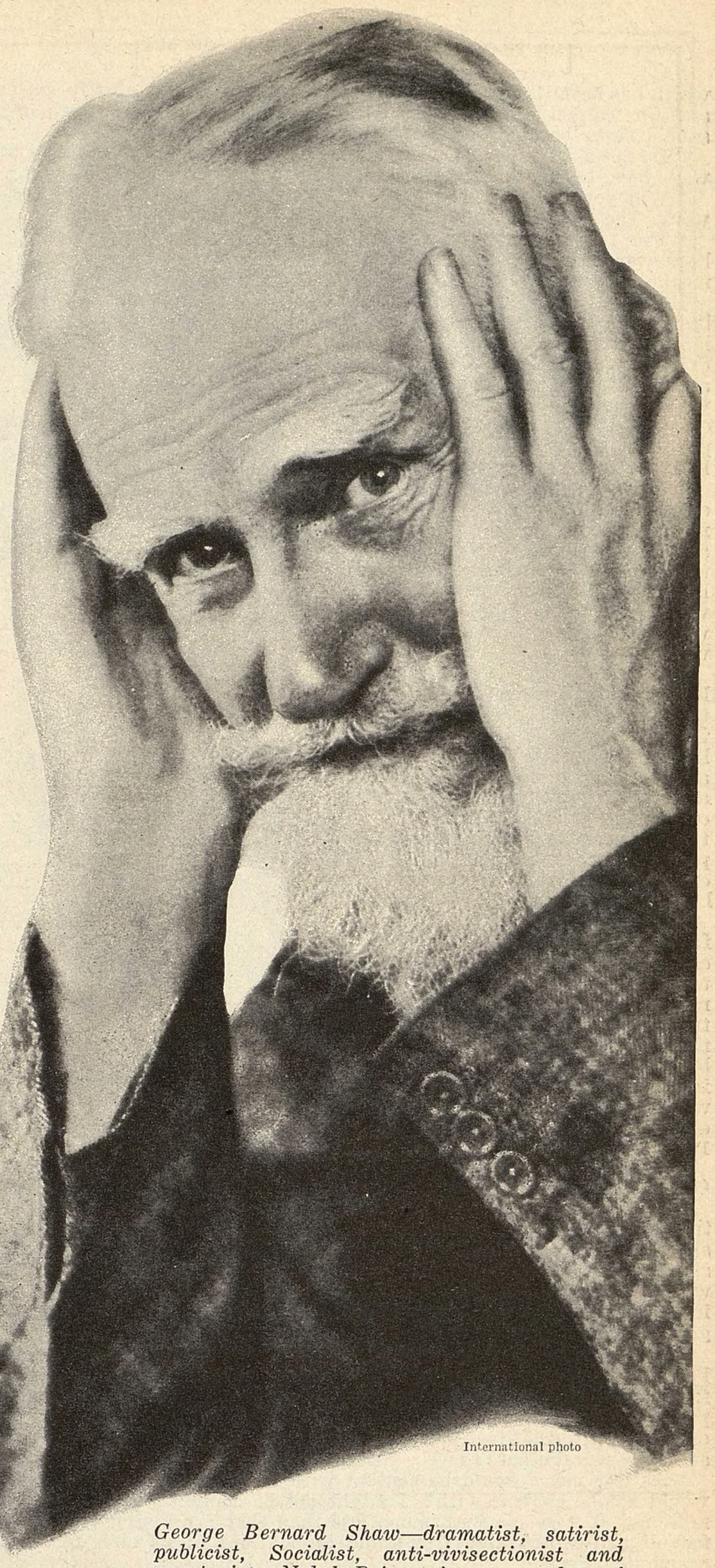
AND MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S

Mr. Shaw Speaks of HATES *Across the* SEA

Likewise of Love, Prohibition, God, Spiritualism, a King for America, and Birth Control

In an Interview with

HAYDEN CHURCH



International photo

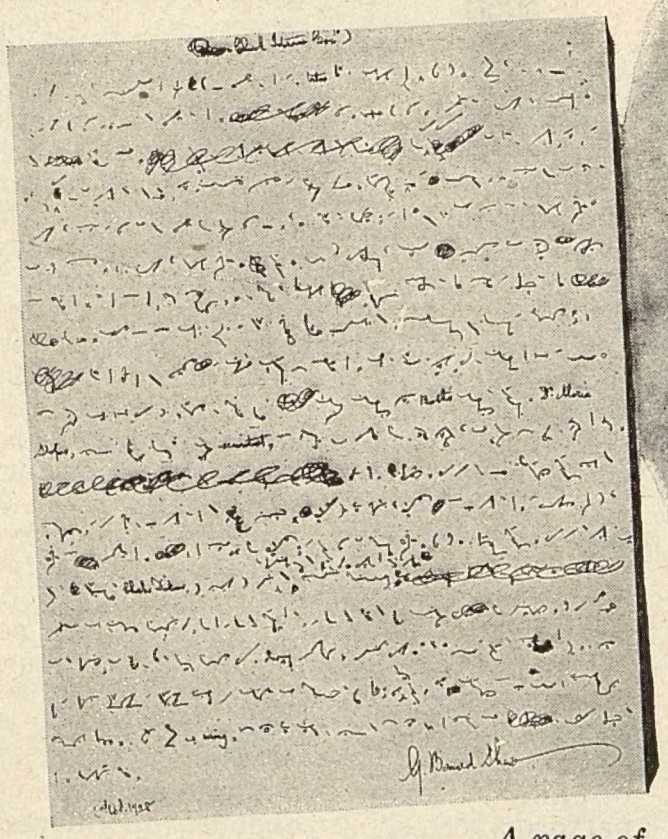
George Bernard Shaw—dramatist, satirist, publicist, Socialist, anti-vivisectionist and vegetarian, Nobel Prize winner, prophet of Nietzsche's superman—at seventy-two.

IS a war between the United States and Great Britain conceivable? It certainly is conceivable, in the opinion of George Bernard Shaw, who asserts that the two peoples, supposedly the best of friends, actually hate each other.

"If only we would confess our hatred," declared Shaw to me, "and ask ourselves what it is all about, we should have a chance of purging our souls of it. But this pretense of being affectionate cousins is pure poison and leads to jealous extensions of our respective navies."

The Grand Old Man of literature is obviously in fine fettle after his recent holiday on the French Riviera. For all of his seventy-two years, he came into the room where I was awaiting him with the elastic step of a "fit" man of half that age, and, as the stock phrase has it, "radiated energy" throughout our long conversation. He has now, of course, deserted venerable Adelphi Terrace, his habitat for so many years, and lives at Whitehall Court (a big block of modern service flats nigh to historic Whitehall itself), where, by the way, H. G. Wells also lodges when in town.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Shaw occupy an exceedingly pleasant suite, and enjoy, among other things, a fine view of the Thames as it flows past the Houses of Parliament. At night they are treated to a perfect orgy of sky signs, one of the biggest of which, by the way, advertises an American tooth paste.



A page of Shaw's shorthand: the concluding paragraphs of this article. That there might be no mistake as to his meaning, he wrote out much of the interview himself.

The interview with G. B. S. that follows is, in one way at least, indubitably unique. To some of my questions Mr. Shaw preferred to give written answers, and he wrote these, as he invariably writes his plays, in shorthand. He was kind enough to present me with the original shorthand notes (previously typed out by his secretary), one page of which is reproduced here. It will be especially interesting to those who write shorthand. Mr. Shaw uses the Pitman system and makes his outlines, as will be seen, very carefully, putting in all the vowel signs.

But enough of preliminary! Now for the interview itself.

As a beginning I asked Mr. Shaw what plans he had for future work. "Are you now writing a new play or book?" I inquired.

"I have no book or play on hand just now," he replied. "I am engaged upon a collected edition of my works which has been waiting on my leisure now for some years—unluckily for it, as I never have any leisure. There is a mass of my writings scattered about the press

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MR. SHAW SPEAKS OF HATES ACROSS THE SEA]
Continued from page nine

which has never been collected and made accessible, most of it forgotten and unrecorded except by amateur bibliographers, without whom I should never be able to recover it.

"Do not ask me what my plans are. I am not a man of plans. I always have too many arrears to make up, to have any need of plans."

"Will you say anything about the reception given to your newest work, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism?" I asked.

"The reception of the Guide has been overwhelming," Shaw replied. "I meant it to be."

In this tremendous work, a recent best seller on both sides of the Atlantic, Shaw declares that most of the evils of modern civilization would disappear if national incomes were divided equally—in other words, if everybody, chimney sweep and college president, rat catcher and ruler alike, had exactly the same amount to live on.

I asked him if he had been able to calculate what everybody's share in the national incomes of the United States and of Great Britain would be, were there an equal distribution. Also if he himself would be content with the universal income, which, presumably, would be beggarly compared with that which he now enjoys.

"Such a calculation is impossible," he replied. "You can take the income tax returns and the commercial statistics and arrive at a figure which you know has no static value because there are enormous omissions of unrecorded activities, countings twice over of recorded ones, and no discrimination between parasitic activities and really productive ones. But an equally fallacious figure for next year will show how we are moving.

"Unfortunately it will not save us from disaster because a dangerous increase in parasitism—for instance, in unearned income from foreign investments and in the taking of the luxury trades, accompanied by a rise in wages making motor cars as common as umbrellas—would be registered as a great increase in prosperity, although it would be as delusive as the prosperity of the Russian grand dukes before 1917.

Shaw listening to his own voice, which is musical, resonant, and Irish; and at right, Mrs. Shaw, whose likeness very few of her husband's American admirers have ever seen.

P. & A. photos

"ONE of the dangers of these bogus calculations of income is that they are used by thoughtless people to show that if property were divided equally, everybody would get fifteen shillings. Having comfortable incomes themselves, they do not realize what a temptation fifteen shillings is to a laborer. There is not a mob in Europe that would not burn the whole place out if it thought it could get fifteen shillings a head for the job.

"By including such figures as capital values and land values, as any business man would do, I could bring out a much bigger figure than fifteen shillings. These calculations are utter nonsense except for purposes of comparison when the same data are used. All you have to depend on is the flat fact that every worker can produce enough for himself and several others as well. Stick to that and it will not let you down.

"As to what I would be content with, who cares what I would or would not be content with? I might not be content with a thousand millions. Yet people with much less than that are giving it away in fistfuls and establishing trusts and foundations to spend it for them on public objects.

"The question is not what we would be content with, but what there is for us to get. We shall have to be content with our share, whether we like it or not. It is our public business to see that everybody shall have as much as possible, and not less or more than anyone else. It is up to anyone who wants more to explain why we should give it to him."

Switching to a more immediate problem, I asked Mr. Shaw to discuss the effect of Prohibition on sex morality. In doing so I reminded him that in the United States under Prohibition, girls who formerly never knew the taste of liquor carry pocket flasks and behave recklessly, and that women go to men's rooms to drink, with the inevitable result.

"Oh, come!" exclaimed the Superman. "Don't make Prohibition an excuse for drawing me on sex morality. By all means let that sort of girl go to the rooms of that sort of man and get as drunk as they both please, with or without 'the inevitable result.' You don't want to cover the United States with saloons on their account, do you? Let them drink themselves dead. They know how to sterilize the inevitable results at all events, in spite of the successors of Comstock."

How great (or how small) a part has love for women played in the life of George Bernard Shaw? There is an unexplained side to his character which might, one thought, be made clear if he could be induced to say something about his early love affairs. As to these (if any) his biographers are silent, and although Shaw's voluminous "prefaces" abound in autobiographical details, his experiences with the "tender passion" are not among them.

In his plays he has, of course, invariably depicted woman as the pursuer, and before, at the somewhat late age of forty-two, he surprised everybody by marrying, he was generally regarded as a misogynist.

Some people persist in regarding him as something like that, even now! Among these is one of the cleverest women of my acquaintance, and she, on hearing that I was to interview Mr. Shaw, remarked, "The question I should most like to ask G. B. S. is 'Have you ever been in love?' But I think," she added, "that I could answer it myself with one word—Never!"

I ASKED Shaw to say if she was right or wrong. His reply (in this case written) was as follows:

"Your circle of female acquaintances must be an extraordinarily stupid one if the cleverest of them cannot guess. What does the question mean? A love affair may mean anything, from a correspondence continued for years between people who have hardly ever met, to one of those inevitable results of a drunken orgy which you described as characteristic of American girls under the spell of Prohibition.

"The truth is, all the cases worth counting are different. I could tell you that I have never been in love. I could tell you that I have never been out of it. And you would be no wiser than you were before. Therefore I shall not tell you anything at all. Next question, please."

"Cannot you suggest," I asked, "the needed name for 'talking films' and indicate what their future may be, and under what conditions you would permit your plays to be represented by this process? What would be the effect of such a production on the regular dramatic rights, and on the future of the theater?"

"*I* speak of 'movies' and 'talkies,'" Shaw replied. "I cannot foresee what names will catch on. I do not see how dramatic rights need come into the discussion, as the existing ones cover all the developments that are yet within sight. It is the theaters that are likely to be affected, not so much by talking films, which require theaters for their exhibition as much as *viva voce* representations, as by wireless television.

"You must remember," he went on, "that a theater, besides being troublesome to get to, especially on wet nights, and expensive, is also much less comfortable than the domestic fireside of a reasonably well-to-do family. At present a large theater with low prices, not exceeding a dollar or so for the best seats, and giving at least three hours and a half of solid entertainment, is sure of an audience of lodgers and people whose homes are crowded and uncomfortable. Raise the prices to the level which only very comfortably housed people can afford and you may go whistle for your audience. I hate going to the theater, and would never darken the doors of one again if the drama could be brought to my home for me. Who that can afford a good wireless set would go to concerts if he could have all the music he needs broadcast?

"It is in this direction that you must look for the most important changes. You have two main developments to study: the reproductive process by which a performance can be repeated as often as anyone can be induced to listen to it, and the broadcasting device by which audiences of millions can enjoy a single performance. Both tend to make artistic performances so stupendously lucrative that it is possible to disregard the great and hitherto prohibitive cost of bringing them to the utmost perfection that money, pains, and purchasable talent can achieve.

"Go home and think about that, and you will have no time to worry yourself about dramatic rights and box office shop."

It was, curiously enough, a jesting answer given by Mr. Shaw to a further question of mine that led to discussion of the "conceivability" of a conflict between the United States and Great Britain.

Just recently an exciting report from across the Atlantic announced that Shaw had been nominated for the throne of America by a "royalist league" in the United States. Its members were stated to have "hired a hall" for discussion of a resolution that "A monarchy was better

than our so-called democracy." These " royalists " and their resolution later proved to be myths. The incident reminded me, however, that something Shaw once said to me had led me to believe that he considered the United States would be better off as a monarchy, and I asked him now if I had been correct in thus inferring.

" That would depend," he replied, " on how far the monarchical form was carried. If every state in the union had a king and a court and a dynasty, then God help you! I should not recommend even one federal king at the White House.

" But if you were to return to the British Empire as dominions on the footing of Canada and Australasia, you would be surprised at the convenience of being a crowned republic instead of a tyrannically Presidented one.

" If you go to war with us and beat us, that will be quite an eligible form of annexation. But I am afraid nothing short of such a defeat would induce England to take back the prodigal. You see, England used to like colonies, because England was the dog and the colonies were the tail. At present the tail is beginning to wag the dog so vigorously that England will presently have to bite it off if she is to continue to call her soul her own.

" If the United States came in, the combination would be magnificent, unprecedented, irresistible, everything that appeals to American megalomania. But where would this poor little island be? Only a more crowded and uncomfortable Ireland! So I am afraid you will have to go on as you are for the present, and be content with an occasional visit from the Prince of Wales."

" YOU were joking, of course," I said, " when you spoke just now of our going to war with you. Seriously, do you consider a war between the United States and Great Britain conceivable? "

" Of course it's conceivable," he replied. " It's the hardest thing in the world to prevent men of English stock from fighting one another!

" I very well remember," he went on, " attending a big meeting that was held at the Mansion House to celebrate the Hundred Years of Peace between Great Britain and the United States. The then Mr. Asquith, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the American Ambassador all made eloquent speeches saying how wonderful it was that for an entire century there had been a complete absence of hostility between these kindred peoples.

" The truth was, however, that there had been scarcely ten minutes during the entire period when the two peoples were not, more or less, at each other's throats."

And then he made the striking commentary already quoted:

" If only we would confess our hatred and ask ourselves what it is all about, we should have a chance of purging our souls of it. But this pretense of being affectionate cousins is pure poison, and leads to jealous extensions of our respective navies.

" If you have any doubt of this," Shaw added, " read the papers on the Anglo-French proposals and the American reception of them when Mr. Hearst spotted the cat in the bag and let it out."

International photo

Taking a sun bath beside Lake Maggiore, between Switzerland and Italy, and at right, in winter plumage, out for a walk. In his younger days Shaw was a boxer, and is said to have been good at it.

Answering a clergyman, the other day, who asked him, " Has religion lost its thrill for the young? " Shaw replied, " Common, shop religion has no thrill for anybody, young or old; the real thing has a thrill for everybody, old or young."

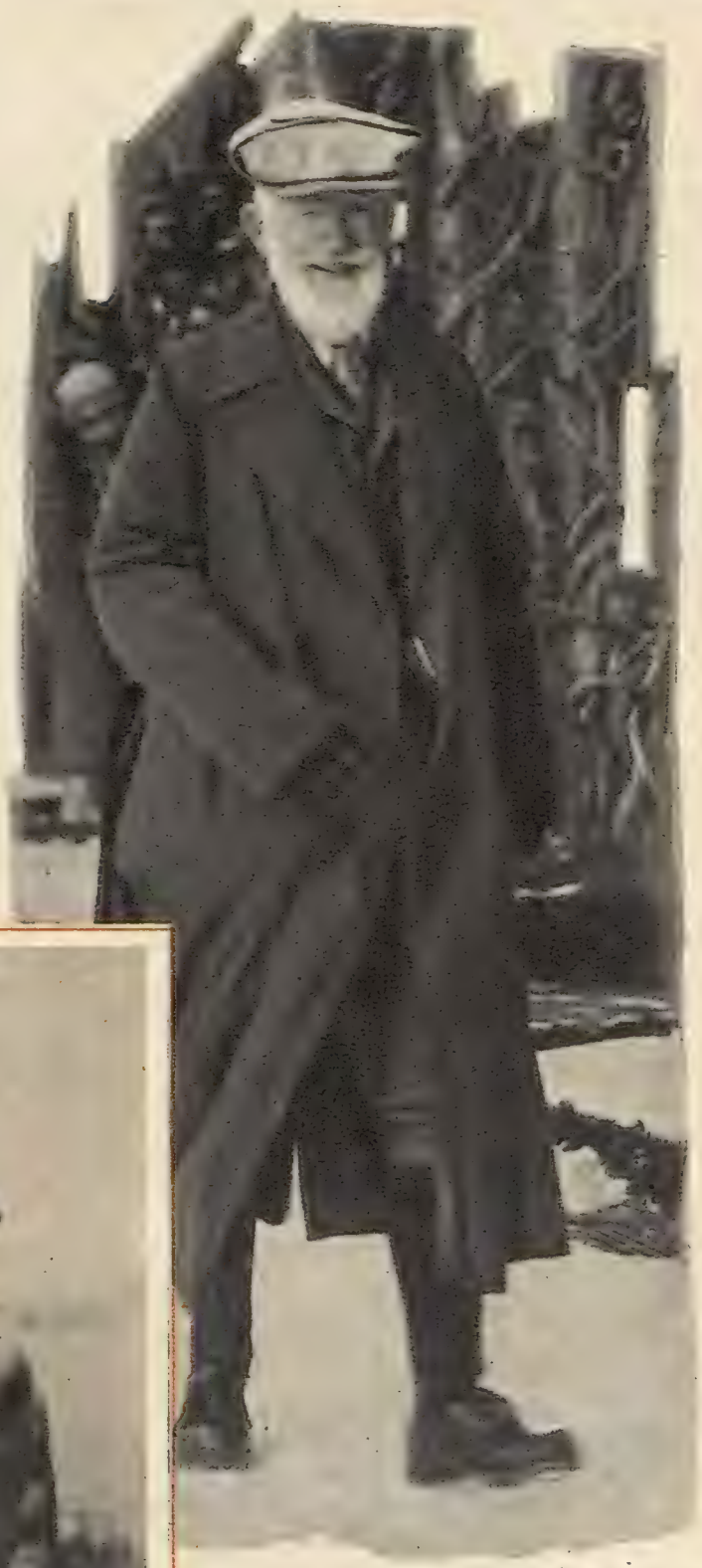
But what is, for Shaw, " the real thing " in religion? Does he believe in God, or is he, as is generally inferred, an atheist?

Yes, Shaw does believe in God, but he conceives the Almighty (as the Church of England in 1562 solemnly proclaimed that it did) as " without body, parts, or passion." Not as a Being at all, in fact, but as an *élan vital*, or Life Force.

I asked him if this Life Force, according to his belief, is sentient, or if it works automatically. And if, in the latter case, prayer is a waste of time.

" The Life Force becomes sentient," he replied, " by creating organs of sense; your eyes and ears and nose and fingers, for instance. All living things are its organs.

" No," he continued, " prayer is not a waste of time except when it is mere begging. Even then it may be a comfort. If you pray that the horse you have backed may win you will not increase his chances of winning, and to that extent you are wasting your time; but if it makes you more hopeful until the race is over, it may be worth your while.



Wide World photo

" The praying by which a saint ' makes his soul ' was said by Mahomet to be a greater delight than perfume or women. Nobody who understands the prophet will ever say that this kind of praying is a waste of time."

At this point I reminded him of a poser that, when a young man, he put to a priest who attempted to convert him to Roman Catholicism. It amounted to this, that, granting the universe was made by somebody, somebody must have made him. And I asked if, in the meantime, he had formed a theory as to the beginning of everything, including the Life Force.

Shaw gave an exclamation of disgust.

" Whoever," he said, " does not know enough about the limitations of his own mind not to waste time asking unanswerable conundrums is a fool. This particular conundrum belongs to a childish stage of speculation. How do we know that creation was a business of making?

" THE Jews who denied that Christ was God did so on the ground that he was a carpenter. We are not bound to regard creation as the work of a carpenter, who must have been made by another carpenter. It only leads to an infinity of carpenters; that is, to manifest bosh. Napoleon's ' Who made all that? ' was baby talk. The problem is beyond our mental powers."

That Shaw believes in survival after death is clear. Stated more accurately, he believes that we die to be born again and " born better " (to be " re-manufactured," as he puts it in one of his prefaces) and so again and yet again " at each lift toward the goal of evolution, which can only be a being that cannot be improved upon."

But he made it equally clear to me that he does not believe that our individualities survive eternally, nor does he consider it desirable that they should.

" If you want to live forever," he said, " if you want to carry your memories of your blunders and infirmities and defects and meannesses and mistakes and humiliations and sins and illnesses with you to the last syllable of recorded time, you must be on better terms with yourself than I have ever succeeded in establishing between myself and Bernard Shaw.

" Combine my advice with Dogberry's: die like a gentleman, and thank God you are rid of a knave. Anything that is worth keeping in you will be worked up into some better attempt at a man than you are.

" All the people I know who look forward to an eternity of themselves stipulate that they shall be angels in the next world. As in that case they certainly will not recognize themselves, nor be recognized by any of their friends, they might just as well go the way of all flesh without murmuring, and believe in the life to come without insisting that it should retain their names and addresses.

" Tennyson told them to rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things; and I tell them the same. But no: they want their dead selves to be kept as my grandmother used to keep old wax candle

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MR. SHAW SPEAKS OF HATES ACROSS THE SEA]
Continued from page eleven

ends. I have no patience with such conceit."

This brought us inevitably to spiritualism, to which faith, by the way, Sir Frank Benson, the well known Shakespearean actor, is the latest notable convert. I had been especially anxious to obtain Mr. Shaw's views on this subject because, so far as I knew, he had never expressed them. And it appears I was right; he never has—until now!

"My experience of spiritualism," he said, "began when I was a small boy. My mother amused herself in her old age by making what she called spirit drawings (I have a bundle of them somewhere) and holding conversations with the dead. She was as sane and shrewd as Sir Oliver Lodge, which proves that if a belief in spiritualism is a craze, it is one which a thoroughly sound-headed person can keep in a thought-tight compartment without injury to their general mental health.

"I noticed that my mother soon got bored by the spirits of people she had known, including the relatives for whose sake she had taken up the practice. She communicated almost entirely with a sage whose date was 6000 B. C.

"I have never before said anything about this in public. I held my tongue because I did not like to say anything that could worry my mother; and I have kept it up since her death because Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle are friends of mine; and there is a fact in my past that makes it impossible for us to be in sympathy on the subject.

"I am quite sure that neither of them has ever cheated at a *séance*. Well, I have. I used to say that unless everybody cheated as hard as they could, and the results obtained went beyond those that could be obtained by cheating, the *séances* could prove nothing. Accordingly I cheated, and was amazed by my success (I am no conjurer) and by the discovery that the more cultivated, clever, and imaginative my victims were, the more easy it was to cheat them—or rather to induce them to cheat themselves.

"Even when I owned up, they would hardly believe me. I thus lost my innocence, and could not feel about the experiences of Lodge and Doyle as they did themselves.

"YOU see, there is the terrible difficulty that almost all the believers who are not mere miracle gapers have lost somebody they are fond of; and one cannot shatter a consolation and a hope as one could criticize a scientific experiment. Why should I trouble Benson with my skepticism if his relations with the dead make him happy?"

From spiritualism to "sex" novels was something of a jump, but I made it, nevertheless. It has been declared recently (in connection with the official banning of The Well of Loneliness) that the line must be drawn somewhere in regard to the limits to which novelists may go in discussing sex.

I asked Mr. Shaw to say where the line should be drawn. And who should draw it and for whose benefit. Should there be graduated censorships, I queried—i. e., for those up to fourteen, those up to twenty-one, and those up to seventy?

"What is the use of drawing lines," demanded Shaw, "when the lines are continually moving? Where is the line that was drawn at Shelley's Cenci, at Tolstoy's Power of Darkness, at Ibsen's Ghosts, at Mrs. Warren's Profession, and at the Showing Up of Blanco Posnet? As to age limits, how would they be fixed?

"You may put any book into the hands of a child; it will find nothing in it except what its innocence brings to it.

"After twelve, it is desirable that children should have access to poems, pictures, statues, plays, and films to educate their growing sex appetites by associating voluptuousness with beauty, refinement, delicacy, grandeur, and high personal honor.

"At twenty-one, people should have sufficient strength of mind to tell busybodies to mind their own business. If adults are to be interfered with, it should be by law, not by censorships. When you ask me whether there should be graduated censorships, I feel just as if you had asked me whether there should be graduated inquisitions. What do you want a censorship at all for? Are you incapable of managing your own affairs in the matter of choosing books to read?"

The British Empire, (in red) which Shaw thinks it might be to our advantage to reënter as a dominion, though he says we'd have to conquer England to make her take us back.

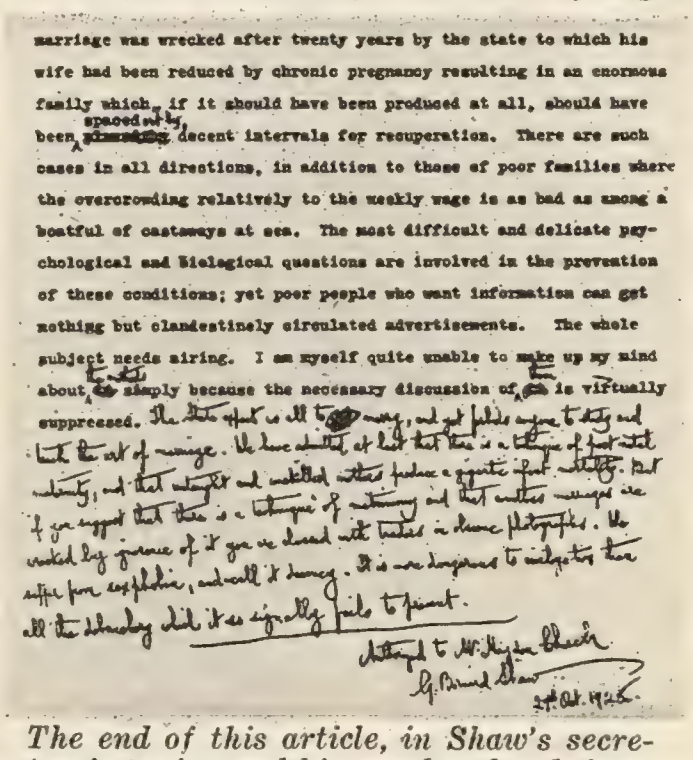
THERE having been a renewal of controversy over birth control recently, I asked Mr. Shaw for his views thereupon. These, which he wrote later, are as follows:

"The question is a manifold one. The objections to birth control differ very widely. There is the simple taboo: the classification of the subject as unmentionable. With that there is no arguing. You just keep on mentioning it until the taboodlers get used to it and the taboo dies a natural death.

"Then there is the objection that if you give people knowledge they will make a bad use of it. Well, of course they will. The result of a knowledge of chemistry has been poison gas. If we were not taught to read, write, and cipher we could not read bad books, write anonymous letters, and forge checks, falsify accounts, and gamble.

"There is no sort of knowledge that cannot and will not be used for evil as well as good, just as there is no sort of poker that will not crack a skull as well as poke a fire.

"That is the price of civilization; and it has to be paid in the matter of birth control, as in other matters. But the knowledge that birth control is possible is now so widespread that neither American, French, nor Irish legislation can suppress it. What our obscurantists can do, very mischievously, is to prevent all disinterested public criticisms of its methods and discussion of its effects. Anyone can go into a shop and buy a contraceptic device guaranteed by the manufacturer to be effective and harmless; but if it turns out to be useless and injurious nobody may expose it.



The end of this article, in Shaw's secretary's typing and his own longhand, from his shorthand notes.

"INSTEAD of appointing a royal commission to investigate the subject—nothing is more urgently needed—we set the police to prevent even an unofficial investigation like Booth's investigation of poverty. Dr. Marie Stopes, making a desperate effort to investigate it and advise us as an individual scientist, can obtain no redress for the worst libels that any fool may choose to hurl at her.

"Just consider the situation. We are up against an overpopulation problem created by capitalism, and are trying to get rid of it by substituting emigration. Socialists say quite truly that Socialism can get rid of it, and clergymen tell us that self-control can relieve it.

"But it cannot wait for Socialism, and people will not practice self-control. We are not to be allowed even to discuss the practical remedies.

"Then there is the domestic problem. We are all reading a new batch of biographies of Charles Dickens, whose marriage was wrecked after twenty years by the state to which his wife had been reduced by chronic pregnancy resulting in an enormous family which, if it should have been produced at all, should have been spaced out by decent intervals for recuperation.

"There are such cases in all directions, in addition to those of poor families where the overcrowding relatively to the weekly wage is as bad as among a boatful of castaways at sea.

"The most difficult and delicate psychological and biological questions are involved in the prevention of these conditions; yet poor people who want information can get nothing but clandestinely circulated advertisements. The whole subject needs airing. I am myself quite unable to make up my mind about the methods simply because the necessary discussion of them is virtually suppressed.

"The State expects us all to marry, and yet forbids anyone to study and teach the art of marriage. We have admitted at last that there is a technique of postnatal maternity, and that untaught and unskilled mothers produce a gigantic infant mortality. But if you suggest that there is a technique of matrimony and that countless marriages are wrecked by ignorance of it, you are classed with traders in obscene photographs.

"We suffer from sexphobia and call it decency. It is more dangerous to civilization than all the debauchery which it so signally fails to prevent."

THE END

"Hello—" But what he didn't say was what made Kerry kneel at his bedside and press her lips lightly to a bandaged hand.

The Come-On Play

A Story of a Gambler and a One-Man Girl

By

FRANK R. ADAMS

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

SHE was a little girl, not nearly so tall as the garden fence, and could not see over into the next yard, from which proceeded fascinating sounds.

Finally she got a box and set it up tallwise. By climbing it precariously she managed to get a view.

In the next yard was a young man—young but still ten years older than herself. He was sitting on the ground talking earnestly to a half-grown shepherd puppy.

"You've got to pay attention, Kitty, or I'll swat you just below your tail feathers." The pup apparently promised to do better, for he continued, "This is a serious business and your life may depend on it. Go into the burning building and save Rowena, the millionaire's child."

The dog turned away and started toward a big packing box in the corner of the yard. From the box came a smudge of authentic smoke that oozed through the cracks and through a hole cut in the side, something like a small door.

Just before she got there the pup turned a pleading eye toward her commanding officer and paused a moment to see if he would not call her back.

"I said, 'Go in!' Nothing will hurt you."

Without further irresolution she got down on her furry stomach and crawled into the opening. For a few seconds the audience over the fence could hear her whimpering. Then she emerged, carrying in her mouth a large rag doll.

There was an unmistakable expression of relief upon the dog's features and she sat down at once as soon as she was a safe distance from the supposedly smoking ruin and, holding the beautiful heiress between front paws, began to chew one of her ears.

"No!" the instructor exploded. The pup looked up inquiringly, startled a little and with her head cocked to one side. "You leave that lady's ears alone. Bring her gently to me. Remember, she probably has fainted. Bring her here."

The pup got up cheerfully and, after two or three tries, managed to get her teeth into the fainting lady's hip and bring her over to the presumable ambulance.

The young man took the doll. "Pretty good that time, Kitty." He patted his pupil on the head and rubbed one of her ears thoughtfully. "We'll try again in a minute."

"Kitty is a funny name for a dog," commented the audience on the other side of the fence. The young man looked up and scowled. Then he saw that she was only a child and relaxed. "Her real name," he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE COME-ON PLAY
Continued from page thirteen]

explained, "is Katherine the Great, but I haven't got time to call her that."

"Oh! Oh!" The first was merely acknowledgment of understanding. The second combined surprise, disappointment, and pain.

At the same time the face that had been peering over the community fence disappeared and there was the sound of splintering wood on the other side.

The pup bounded over to the place whence issued the sounds of wounded feelings and the young man followed as soon as he could scramble to his feet. Leaning over the fence, he could see on the ground a young person with a shocking amount of white panties exposed lying amid the ruins of an ex-packing case.

"What's the matter? Are you hurt?" he asked when she didn't get up.

"I think I have appendicitis."

"A very sudden attack, it seems to me."

HE grabbed her by the slack of her step-ins—thank heaven, the buttons held—and transferred her to his own side of the fence. The trouble proved to be no more serious than a splinter and did not turn out to be a hospital case.

"There," he told her when it was out, "it doesn't hurt any more."

She was still crying a little.

"I said, 'It doesn't hurt any more.'"

She looked up. "So it doesn't," she conceded. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

He did not seem inclined to answer and he did not question her further about herself. But she volunteered.

"My name is Selma Kerrigan and I'm eleven years old, although," she added as if quoting, "I am quite small for my age."

"All right, Kerry, I got you."

"Is that what you're going to call me, 'Kerry'?"

"Yes."

"I like it."

"Well, it sounds more as if you were a man or a boy."

"Don't you like girls?"

"Not after they're twelve years old."

"How old are you?"

"Listen, kid, let's get this over with. I'm twenty-one, my name is James Conover, I'm white, Republican, no church affiliations, unmarried permanently, I'm training this dog for the stage or motion pictures, it isn't my dog and—"

"It thinks it is."

"How do you know what she thinks?"

"I don't know. I just do." Kerry played with the soft ears of the puppy.

"What does she think?" He asked the question carefully, not so much as one asking for information, but in the manner of an examiner who wants to find out how much a student knows.

Kerry replied slowly, as if she were searching her own mind for data. "She thinks that you are God and that whatever you tell her to do is all right and safe. That's what she thought when you told her to go into the smoking box over there. She hates fire and is afraid of it. But she felt certain that if anything happened to her you would come in and get her. She will always think that whenever she does the trick, no matter who else gives her the orders and no matter if you are so far away that you couldn't help her if she was burning to death."

It was funny, Conover mused, that she had come so close to what he had often thought himself.

Kerry watched him work several mornings with Kitty and then she didn't see him again for seven or eight years. By that time she thought of herself as quite grown up.

They met on the street. She would have recognized him anyway without the dog, but Kitty was with him, limping a little on a front foot.

Apparently he even remembered her, and that was strange because Kerry had changed a very great deal, almost entirely for the better. Her skirts were even shorter than they had been when she was eleven, but that was the mode. Aside from that one item she had grown up.

"Have you had any more attacks of appendicitis?" He *did* remember.

"No. If I had I should have sent for you."

"Sent for me? Why?"

"Have you forgotten how you stopped my pain that first time by telling me that I didn't have any?"

He seemed a little harder than he had formerly. Apparently nothing had happened in his life that had softened the exterior any.

"You're not married, I see," she told him deductively.

"No. But you must be, I suppose."

"No, I'm not. I've waited. I always knew that I should meet you again sometime."

He looked at her suspiciously. Apparently he was not used to fencing with modern young women.

"This is leap year, you know," she warned.

"When they leap," Jim laughed shortly, "I let 'em fall and lie right where they land."

"You scare me. Stop in at our house—it's right here—and have tea while you tell me how you come to have Kitty with you yet and why she limps and all about both of you."

She was allowed to win only once in three or four times.

"Gee, this is a grand little tenement you're living in now. Your dad turned bootlegger or something?"

"No, he got in on a merger."

"Who was mergered?"

"Nobody much. The public, I guess."

"Oh, yes, I must have read about it. I can't come in without Kit."

"Your dog is welcome anywhere in this house. We're going to have tea on the porch anyway. Orson"—this to the servant—"tea out here, please, with cinnamon toast, jam, and a good nourishing bone."

"Yes, miss."

"Now about Kitty. She was being trained for a highly lucrative position on the stage or screen when I first saw her."

"Yeah. I remember. I remember, too, what you said about my being her god or something and that she only used to do that fire rescue trick because she was sure I'd come after her if she got into any real trouble. Well, I fell down on her, that's all. There was a real fire one time and she didn't get out until she was burned pretty bad and a timber fell on her foot besides. She knows now that I'm only a kind of a dumb human being like herself."

KERRY eyed the dog reflectively. "I think you're entirely wrong. When one really believes in a god, the god can make any number of mistakes without shattering the faith. But how come she belongs to you now?"

"Nobody else wants her. After the accident she couldn't be depended on to do her tricks any more and they were thinking of putting her to sleep when I came along and—well, the way she acted it just couldn't be done, so—"

"So you had to marry her?"

"It amounts to that."

Kerry reached over and petted the animal which was watching them both as the conversation shifted back and forth. "Even if I must utter a platitude I believe that she understands what we are saying about her."

The man did not echo this opinion.

"Don't you think so?" Kerry insisted.

n she did win it was always on a big-paying bet.

" I don't think that the theory that animals understand what you say when you talk to them is so very true. They understand what you are thinking about, no matter what you say. It must be much the way that they communicate with each other. A bark or a mew serves for very simple communications or when they want to call attention quickly to something important, but their real talk is always silent."

This time Kerry did not say anything, so he continued, " You don't believe, or at least you don't understand. I'll try to show you. Kitty, come here."

The dog obeyed and stood awaiting further orders.

Jim looked at her silently for a moment and then said, " Lie down! "

The animal hesitated for the fraction of a second and then stood up on her hind legs.

At a sign from her master she dropped again to all fours.

KERRY laughed skeptically. " That's a good trick. You've trained her to be feminine and do exactly the opposite of what you tell her."

" But I haven't," Jim defended. " Try it yourself. Kitty," he ordered, " do as Kerry tells you."

The dog went to the girl and stood, patiently awaiting orders.

" Lie down! " said Kerry, and the pup slumped to the floor.

" You see. You were thinking and saying the same thing at the same time. Try the other."

Kerry did. She said, " Lie down," trying at the same time to think the command, " Stand up." The result was chaotic and the dog whimpered and did nothing.

" Darn it, it's hard to say one thing and think another, isn't it? "

" Not so very. I've heard that women are very good at it."

" You mean like when a girl tells her lover to stop and all the time hopes that he won't? "

" I don't know about that particular example. No girl ever told me to stop."

" No, I suppose they wouldn't."

He eyed her coldly. " I told you once that I don't care for women."

"—over eleven years old," she completed. " But am I supposed to remember everything that you said to me the first day we met? "

" You seem to," he pointed out.

" It's easy to do. You said very little, but what you did say seemed to me quite important. You were the first unconventional person I had ever encountered."

" Unconventional? "

" Yes. You didn't fit into any groove that I knew of. You don't yet. Obviously you are not a doctor, an attorney, not even a business man in the ordinary sense of the word. Of course I know that you can train animals, but that does not seem to be quite consequential enough a job to warrant the air of importance in your bearing."

" Still inquisitive, aren't you? " But there was no offense in his banter. " I gave you the facts before. Why not now? I'm a sort of a gambler amongst other things. I run the only real brace game and three-card concession under police protection in the city."

" Smoky Jim's! "

" Uh-huh. So it *is* your dad who comes in every Tuesday and Friday. I thought— " He subsided. " Never mind what I thought. Anyway, he hasn't had the world beaten for luck these last few months."

" I wonder," Kerry mused, " why a man of considerable education and culture becomes a professional gambler."

" Mostly because it's exciting," Jim told her. " I like night work and a gambler meets more interesting people than a burglar or a watchman."

" I suppose your place is straight—on the level? "

HE looked at her quizzically. " As straight as a hairspring. All gambling resorts are. And everything I make in excess of ten dollars a night I hand over to charity."

Kitty sat up and gave a short, sharp bark, just one, like the uttering of " Attention! " by one of a squad of loafing soldiers.

On the walk, nearly up to the veranda, was a young, golden-haired man who clung to the collegiate custom of no hat. He was tall, he was well built, he was handsome, he was conscious of it.

" Mr. Haydn " was the name by which Kerry introduced him. It transpired almost immediately that his first name was Thomas.

Jim Conover faded from the conversation. Try as she would to bring him back into it, Kerry found that he had nothing to contribute on the subjects of dancing, golf, polo, clothes, jazz, and motor-mugging. But although he said little or nothing, he did not seem ill at ease, nor was his personality dimmed by the advent of this shining modern Galahad sort of person. On the contrary the gambler made the conversation seem trivial. And he himself appeared like a sort of disinterested, black, pagan idol across whose knees were draped beautiful and ineffectual offerings by his votaries. Brunettes may well thank heaven for blonds—they make brunettes seem so much more interesting.

But in a while Conover rose to go. Kitty dropped obediently to heel.

Kerry followed him down the steps. " Excuse me a moment, Tom."

She walked to the gate. " I shall be proposed to as soon as you are gone."

Conover looked down at her. " How do you know? "

" It happens daily."

" And what are you going to answer this time? "

" I don't know. I'd like to put it up to you. He's nothing at all like the ideal of a man I've had ever since I was—well, ever since— "

Conover leaned over and scratched his dog between the ears " Wherein do you find him falling short? "

" I doubt if his dog, if he had one, would think he was God."

" Dogs are easy to fool."

" Easier than women, do you think? "

" I don't know. I only fool dogs. If you want my opinion I would say that this chap seems like almost any girl's ideal of a man."

" Probably no compliment for Tom," Kerry retorted. " But he would think it was, at that. If it were yourself now—would a girl with the kind of qualities he possesses be the kind that you would marry? "

" You're an absolute gimlet, young woman, but this time you can't extract a ' Yes ' or ' No ' from me. The only answer is that I wouldn't marry any kind of a girl."

" Thanks," Kerry told him slowly. " I guess that answers all my questions."

Jim Conover had little experience of weddings so the invitation to Kerry's was the cause of considerable perturbation to him. Across the corner was written, " You must come. I don't know why, but you must. Kerry."

It seemed imperative. He rather wanted to, anyway. There was something about the way she had looked as she had said good-by to him that time at her front gate that had haunted him a little ever since. There had been something she wanted him to know that he had not quite grasped. Maybe he would understand better at the ceremony. Besides, she was the only girl who had ever made a favorable impression on his memory. Probably that was because she was so darn young, even when she grew up, that the wiles of women, which he mistrusted, had not yet become an overpowering characteristic. That clear-eyed smile of hers—well, a man could easily brighten the rainiest day there was with the memory of that.

At the church he had a premonition of what it was that bothered him even before she came down the aisle. Then, of course, when she came in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE COME-ON PLAY
Continued from page fifteen]

on the arm of her distinguished looking father, he knew. He loved her himself.

A heck of a time to find it out, he told himself. All for the best, he answered back. Much better to kid yourself about some wonderful jane you might have married than to wake up ten years later and wonder why you did it. Oh, much, much better. But that didn't change the fact that Kerry, coming toward him through a mist of loveliness and then receding toward the altar in a mist that was nearly tears, was the only human being who had ever broken through that hard shell which Conover had been plating on his heart for almost all his life.

Afterward, during the reception, he asked her, "Why did you make me come?"

She smiled at him. She had a hard veneer, too, something rather recent. He noticed it for the first time, now that he was close to her.

"I wanted you here to come and get me out if anything happened."

"But nothing did."

"Nothing did? My dear, you'd be surprised. I was united in marriage to one of the wealthiest young men in town and you say nothing happened. How could you? It means the end of all worry about bills, luxuries, amusements—"

Conover was confused. "Were you ever worried about such things?" It scarcely seemed like her.

"No. But my family was. Dreadfully." Then she dismissed the subject. "That's all over now. Dad goes in as manager of one of the Haydn plants very soon and my husband will be vice president in a few years. All in all, I have done very well. Congratulate me."

He did and left soon after, but with a feeling of uneasiness inspired by her reply to his question as to why she had wanted him present at the ceremony. Some way she had made him feel that he had sent her into this union just as he had formerly sent Kitty into the burning box and that she had wanted him to be present to give her courage. But that was absurd. It presupposed so many impossible things. That she cared about himself, for instance. That—oh, hell, there wasn't any use trying to figure it out.

CONOVER sat in his place of business facing the detective inspector. It indicated his importance in city politics that the inspector had come to him instead of sending for him.

"You're going to be raided tonight, Jim," the inspector told him. "And they're going to make it stick this time. The Haydn gang is too strong with the mayor for you to get by any longer—especially since this Kerrigan scandal. If the old man hadn't tried to kill himself here it would have been different. You can see that."

"I know," Conover admitted grimly. "The worst of it is that I haven't allowed Kerrigan to play here for over a year. He got cleaned somewhere else and came over here later."

"You can afford to quit for a little while anyway," the inspector urged. "You've made a fortune out of the town."

"And spent it, too, right in this same village. How much do you think I've got tonight?"

"Oh, a million and a half."

"Not even a hundred thousand. But it doesn't matter. I wouldn't have any particular use for money if I had it. When does this vigilante committee arrive?"

"About one o'clock. There won't be many here and you can be out for supper. But you'll have to let some of the boys put up the front for you. The Haydns won't be satisfied without a victim or two."

"I'll be here myself. Don't worry. If there's any medicine to be taken I'll swallow my own. Can I depend upon one o'clock as the time limit?"

"Almost to the minute."

"Thanks."

Conover's floor man had been waiting until the police representative departed. Now he came in.

"There's some fresh fish out there." He nodded his head slightly toward the gaming rooms which were clicking and clinking unobtrusively with the early evening quota of patronage. "Shall we give 'em the usual sucker come-on play?"

Jim considered.

A "sucker come-on play" is usually a good investment for any gambling resort.

Even a perfectly straight place, conducted according to the most rigid rules of honesty, will sometimes make it very easy for a newcomer to win in order to give him an inducement to come back. And certainly no one can accuse a dealer or a croupier of cheating if the only mistakes he makes are in favor of the patron.

KITTY was with him, limping a little on a front foot.

"Not tonight," Conover decided. "Give everybody an even break."

There was no point in making any play for future business when there wasn't going to be any business or any future. Besides, whatever the house made in the next hour or two, provided he could hide it some way, might be his entire fortune. He had few quick assets besides the "bank" for the week's play which he kept in a safe on the premises.

"Any women playing?" Conover did not like the skirt trade but had been forced to accede to it or stand for the opening of a rival protected establishment.

"Only three or four. All regulars."

Conover made a mental memorandum to get rid of them some way before the trouble began. He did not like the idea of riding in the patrol wagon with anybody who would be apt to weep.

Then the manager remembered something. "There's one out there who isn't playing. Said she wanted to see you personally. I nearly forgot."

"What's her name?"

"She didn't say. Well dressed but looks kind of little and sad. Kind of gets you."

THE proprietor regarded his henchman cynically. "When did you join the sympathy sisterhood? You want to look out for that kind. It's a touch of some sort, I suppose, but send her in. I'll give her the air, at least."

Probably, on any other occasion, instinct would have told him who it was, but tonight he was too preoccupied with other worries.

So Kerry walked in on him quite unexpectedly. He looked up and she was there, sad, little, and with a look that did kind of "get you."

He almost opened his arms to her—he had scarcely seen her in four years—when he remembered.

"Well, Mrs. Haydn?"

She looked at him, startled. "But I'm Kerry."

He considered briefly. "Perhaps you once wore a fur coat by that name. I seem to remember something of the sort. But I presume from the fact that you are here on this particular night that you have thrown it aside and are now concealed in a wooden horse. Well, I don't want any horses."

Kerry regarded him, bewildered. "I don't think I quite understand."

"But I do and that should be sufficient. I know that your haloed husband and his sainted father are planning to have me closed up tonight and that they have sent you ahead to see how the land lies. I can't say much for their courage that they risk their womenfolk among desperate characters like myself and my men."

KERRY seized him by the arm and shook him. "Jim, snap out of it. All this talk about my being a sort of a spy means nothing to me. There is another reason why I came to you tonight and you've got to listen to it. It's because no one else can help me, not even God. I'm caught in a tight trap. I've looked the world over and you're the only real friend I've got."

"Why not your husband?"

"Because he isn't my friend. He would do anything that a conventional husband would do, but that isn't enough now. Besides, he has to side with his father and—"

"Why?"

"I don't know. Because his father controls all the money, I guess."

"That shouldn't make any difference."

"I know. It wouldn't to you. Women marry men like you when they can, but when they can't they have to take the other kind."

Jim stood off and regarded the implication in her speech. Finally he relaxed the tension of his attitude, at least, and said briefly, "Tell me what the trouble is that your husband and his money can't pull you out of."

"You know what happened to father?"

"Yes. It occurred right here."

"You can guess why."

"Not entirely. He had lost a great deal, I understand."

"Yes, but that wasn't the worst of it. The money that he lost was not his to lose. You see he has a responsible position in the Haydn Company and—"

"I see."

"You don't see everything yet. Father is a gentleman and his life insurance would have been enough—"

"How much?"

"A lot, I'm afraid—about seventy-five thousand. You see now how he feels. Dead he would be an honorable man. Alive he is a criminal."

"How is he now?"

"A raging maniac. I have to stay with him all the time. Right this minute he thinks that I am in the room next to his, resting. There is a nurse with him but I mustn't stay away very long. If I were in his place I don't know what else I could think of except the way out that he has already tried. The Haydns don't know yet what he has done, although I think they rather suspect.

"Dad has the idea that if he lives without making restitution he will not only be sent to prison but it will also wreck my marriage. I guess he's right. But I love him. And you can't let anyone you love go into a dark, mysterious, and dangerous box without going in after them."

Jim grinned. "You're darned right you can't. I'm coming after you."

"Do you mean that you—"

"I don't mean a thing. But you do just as I tell you for the next hour." He looked at his watch. It was a quarter of twelve. "Have you got five dollars?"

She had.

"Go out into the casino and put it on the zero of the roulette table. If it should win play any number you like at that table or any of the others until I tell you to stop. The only condition is that after the first win you must

bet the table limit on every spin of the wheel or on the turn of each card at faro. Do you understand?"

"I understand what to do, but—"

"The why doesn't matter now. You'll have to hurry."

He went out into the main room ahead of her and to the croupier who spun the wheel at the table to which he led her he made a slight but significant signal.

She placed her five dollars as directed on the O. The wheel spun, the attendant tossed the ivory ball in the opposite direction. The few players gathered at the table leaned closer to await the decision of fate.

Jim was apparently not further interested. He turned away from the table and he spoke to his floor man. "Tell everybody that the 'come-on play' goes for the lady in the blue hat."

"For how long?"

"Until I tell you to stop."

"Then you'd better be watching pretty close. Sometimes a woman like that will change her mind and quit with a roll before you can shift back to a straight play."

"I'll take the chance."

Kerry won $175 on her first play. Jim smiled as he looked back at the table and saw her methodically bet ninety dollars on the next spin of the wheel. He went back to his own office, locked the door, and let himself out through a private entrance which led to the side street. Kitty, who had been sleeping underneath his desk, stretched her somewhat rheumatic legs and followed him.

For three-quarters of an hour he walked around the neighborhood.

When he returned he found, as he had rather expected, that the lock on his door had been forced and his floor manager was walking the floor, tearing his hair.

"Where in hell have you been?" he demanded. "Had you forgotten that you left the house playing a come-on with orders not to stop until you said so? That jane has broken every bank in the place and—"

"All right." Jim opened the safe and extracted the reserve funds. "We're going to be pinched tonight and this is just a way to get all the coin out of the place before it happens. Do you want to stand the pinch with me or would you rather beat it?" He indicated the private entrance. "You've got about fifteen minutes to decide."

"I'll stick."

"Thought you would. Then send old John Farson home. He's got a sick wife. I'll take his place. No use telling the others." Jim gave his manager some last and definite instructions and led the way to the casino.

THE main room was full of an electricity which had certainly not been there when Jim had left it. Subdued excitement made itself felt in what was almost a throbbing pulse. He watched Kerry play for a few moments. In accordance with a system that was not in the least obvious she was allowed to win only once in three or four times, but when she did win it was always on a big-paying bet.

"About thirty-five thousand to the good," the floor manager whispered in Jim's ear.

Before the next spin of the wheel Jim took the place of his oldest operator. "The betting and bank limits have been lifted," he announced. "Place your bets."

The pikers and tin-horns who had been trailing Kerry during her run of luck suddenly deserted her. The fact that the proprietor himself was banking against her seemed some way to augur a change of fortune. Jim had never been known to lose. So it was her bet alone on the black which he had to pay.

By rough calculation Jim estimated Kerry's capital at the end of that spin as about $52,500. She placed half of it back on odd.

Odd won.

Jim's manager stepped up in back of her and deferentially whispered something in her ear. He it was, too, who escorted her to the cashier where all of her winnings were converted into currency. Jim did not even glance up when she left the table, although she looked back at him wistfully and hesitated again at the door.

Downstairs a taxicab with the engine running was waiting for her. It had only been gone about three minutes when the patrol wagon drove up.

It was not till long after, when her father had been restored to a less desperate frame of mind, that Kerry learned that the money with which they had been saved was practically a present from Jim and that her father's losses had been sustained in another and far less reputable resort.

She tried to find Jim and restore at least part of what he had let her win, but no one seemed to know where he could be located. So she began putting away every cent she could save against the day when she should finally run across him.

The discovery came two years later through a newspaper headline:

UNKNOWN HERO FOLLOWS HIS DOG INTO BURNING BUILDING

The dateline gave another and far distant western city as the scene of the news story.

Kerry read all of the story to find out what happened, but she knew without reading that Jim and Kitty were the actors in the melodrama.

An unidentified gentleman [the first paragraph began whimsically] lies unconscious at the Mercy Hospital because he thought rather less of his own life than that of his dog.

It happened during the fire at the residence of J. Phillip Ogden last evening. According to witnesses, the man and dog came along after all the members of the Ogden family had been rescued

"The man staggered through the fire-ringed entrance carrying the dog in his arms."

and all hope of saving the structure had been abandoned. They stood watching the fire for a moment and then suddenly the dog dashed through the front door, yelping in wild excitement.

The man called to the dog to come, and kept on calling and whistling for some time after the dog had disappeared. Then he started for the door himself and, fighting his way through all opposition, entered the house which was then on the verge of collapse.

The fire department turned a battery of streams on the doorway in order to hold down the fire at that point until he should reappear. After nearly five minutes the man staggered through the fire-ringed entrance carrying the dog in his arms.

He was taken to the Mercy Hospital where he became unconscious before he could tell who he was. All marks of identification have been burned away. The dog, a female shepherd, is not badly burned. She limps a trifle but that seems to be from some old injury.

The chances of the unknown hero for life depend entirely on how badly his lungs are affected. The surface burns are very serious but are slightly inside the fatal limit in extent.

EVEN before she took the train for the west, Kerry telegraphed the Mercy Hospital in the city of her destination instructing the superintendent to engage the best medical attention available and to move the patient to a private room.

He had regained consciousness before Kerry got there and had identified himself, but had not been told yet that she was to visit him. This had been in accordance with Kerry's own request in case there should be a mistake.

Now she went to his room.

"Hello, Jim."

"Hello—" But what he didn't say was what made Kerry kneel at his bedside and press her lips lightly to a bandaged hand. "What are you doing here?"

"I don't know. Crying a little, I guess."

"I mean how did you find me?"

"Partly instinct, the way Kitty would have found you. Besides that, I guessed it was you when I read how the dog went into the house even when you called her back. I remembered that old theory of yours that she would obey your thoughts rather than your words. What were your thoughts doing in that burning building, Jim?"

"I was born there. But I ran away. It was too smug and I was a very black sheep. When I saw it burning I wondered if a picture of me as a kid that used to hang on the wall had been taken down."

Kerry's eyes were shining. "And you found Kitty standing under it, barking?"

"Yes. It was silly, wasn't it? When I think of the whole thing it makes me laugh and that hurts. I've got to keep my mind on something serious."

"I thought so. That's what I'm here for."

"Oh." For a moment he enjoyed it, then a conventional thought upset him. "Mr. Haydn is downstairs, I suppose?"

"I don't know, but I don't think so. You see, Mr. Haydn parked me just after that night I won so much money in your wicked gambling den and I don't keep any very close tab on his whereabouts."

"Divorced you?"

"It amounted to that. Anyway, I'm a black sheep, myself, cramped as to style somewhat by an old-fashioned father who is so reformed that he won't even let me play bridge for money, but otherwise very wild and wooly."

Jim regarded her through one unbandaged eye. "You may talk wild and wooly but your face fairly shines with docile domesticity. I don't see how young Haydn ever let you go."

"Well, I'm afraid my face didn't shine with domesticity when he was around."

"And does it for me?"

"Is this a proposal?"

"My God, no. A proposal is the last thing I'd think of."

"But you did think of it?"

"No—yes—I don't know. Anyway, I'm not the proposing kind."

"I know it. That's why I'm prepared to do it for us."

"Hush, stop. Wait till I'm well and—"

"Wait till you're well enough to escape? Not on your life. You either promise to marry me as you should have done ten years ago or I'll—or I'll step on your dog."

"Step on my dog? How can you?"

"She's hiding under your bed where you both know she has no business to be. But she forgot to tuck in her tail. Come on out, Kitty, and kiss your stepmother."

THE END

The Movie Year in Review

A Tabloid Survey of People and Pictures in 1928

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE year 1928—the one in which the infant movie found its voice, enunciation temporarily supplanting sex appeal.

The best selling stars—Clara Bow, Harold Lloyd, Emil Jannings, Greta Garbo, and John Gilbert.

Steadily nearing big stellar popularity—Janet Gaynor.

The year's new stars—Western Electric, Joan Crawford, General Electric.

Most scorching newcomer—Baclanova.

On edge of doing big things — Lupe Velez, Camilla Horn, Nils Asther.

Crowding the leaders in popularity: right, Billie Dove; above, Buddy Rogers.

Players who disappeared — Pola Negri (when Paramount refused to renew at more than $8,000); Rod La Rocque (when Pathé declined to re-sign at $3,500); Lars Hanson (who went home to Sweden); Harry Langdon (because he thought he could direct); Lillian Gish (just tired and wanting a rest); Fred Thomson (faded with the waning of Westerns); Tom Mix (ditto); Jackie Coogan (at the awkward age); and Gilda Gray (not a real film personality).

Leading second-string players in popularity—Billie Dove, Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen.

Young players who failed to justify their 1927 popularity — Charles Farrell (almost wiped out by his phony sheik in Fazil); Dolores Del Rio (hurt by bad publicity and varying performances); William Boyd (who seemed briefly a logical contender of William Haines).

Best work by long established stars—Thomas Meighan, who did a smashing comeback in The Racket, and Richard Barthelmess, a big hit in The Patent Leather Kid.

Next big male star—William Powell.

Biggest advance in acting ability—Marion Davies and Evelyn Brent.

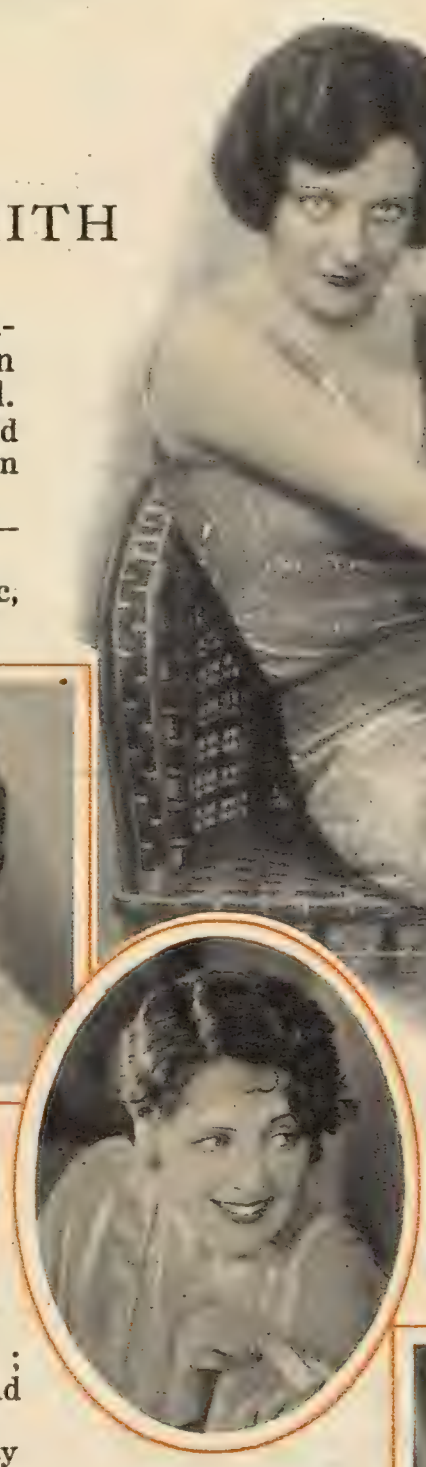
Stars showing some slipping—Lon Chaney (whose thunder has been stolen by Jannings); Ronald Colman, John Barrymore, Colleen Moore, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, Reginald Denny.

Real players who never get a real chance—Louise Brooks, Greta Nissen, Dolores Costello, Mary Philbin, and Olive Borden.

The biggest acting flops—Eva von Berne, Mary Duncan, Ralph Forbes. Also all comedy teams and all Western stars.

The biggest surprise — Madge Bellamy emerging from silk-stocking rôles to score, via real acting, in Mother Knows Best.

Promising youngsters—Anita Page, Don Alvarado, Barry Norton, Sue Carol, Hugh Allen.



Joan Crawford, the year's new star.

Notable year for character players — Jannings (of course), George Bancroft, Louise Dresser, Jean Hersholt.

Promising, but suffering from inferior stories — Esther Ralston, Dorothy Mackaill.

A. W. O. L.—Carol Dempster, Dorothy Gish.

Piles of publicity, but not over as year closes—Ruth Taylor, June Collyer, Lina Basquette.

The year's vogue in screen stories—underworld. Next year's—Anything with sound.

Biggest film disappointments—Von Stroheim's The Wedding March (also most expensive film of year) and Clarence Brown's The Trail of '98.

Most surprising film flop—Abie's Irish Rose.

The one big talkie hit—Al Jolson.

The most touching moment of the year: Al Jolson singing to Davey Lee in The Singing Fool.

Four best selling stars: top, Emil Jannings; bottom, Clara Bow; left, John Gilbert; right, Harold Lloyd.

The best talkie voices—George Bernard Shaw, Lionel Barrymore, and Richard Tucker.

Most concentrated *IT* of 1928—Greta Nissen as the Parisian charmer in Fazil. Least *IT*—Maria Corda in Helen of Troy.

Best laugh — Chaplin monkeying with the magician's outfit in The Circus.

Tenderest love scene—Janet Gaynor and Charles Morton in the dressing room of Four Devils.

Most touching moment — When Al Jolson sings to Davey Lee in The Singing Fool.

Highest degree Fahrenheit love scene—When Greta Garbo loses her ring in A Woman of Affairs.

Best original film story—Josephine Lovett's Our Dancing Daughters. Best screen adaptation—Hans Kraly's scenario of The Patriot.

Most ambitious film—King Vidor's The Crowd.

Most tragic event of 1928—Death of Mauritz Stiller in Sweden after finding Greta Garbo and losing her to Hollywood.

The ten best pictures of 1928 (personal selection)—The Patriot, Four Devils, The Last Command, Our Dancing Daughters, End of St. Petersburg, Czar Ivan the Terrible, The Man Who Laughs, The Crowd, Interference, The Circus.

The ten best selling pictures of 1928 (based on box-office reports)—The Jazz Singer, The Singing Fool, Our Dancing Daughters, The Last Command, Speedy, Red Hair, Patent Leather Kid, Street Singer, Four Sons, and Lilac Time.

Five best directors on basis of 1928 results—King Vidor for The Crowd and The Patsy; Ernst Lubitsch for The Patriot; F. W. Murnau for Four Devils; Paul Leni for The Man Who Laughs; and Lewis Milestone for The Racket.

The twelve best performances of 1928—Emil Jannings in The Patriot and The Last Command; L. M. Leonidoff in Czar Ivan the Terrible; Janet Gaynor in Four Devils; Lewis Stone in The Patriot; William Powell in Interference; George Bancroft in Docks of New York; Madge Bellamy and Louise Dresser in Mother Knows Best; Sybil Thorndike in Dawn; Conrad Veidt and Baclanova in The Man Who Laughs.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

Saving Up

A Story of Lonely Lives

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by T. K. HANNA

"Lookit!" she said. "Guess who that is." She was holding out to him a photograph.

THERE was an unreal air about the street that hot evening. The sky was violet, the lights looked faint against it; there was, Bradley thought, something subdued and strange in this very familiar scene. In the Italian fruiterer's tiny place on the corner was a dull glow, and as he moved about in there, the swarthy little man looked like a gnome in a cave, the golden fruit his treasure.

Three little girls were playing on the steps outside the house, sitting in a row, whispering. They moved aside for Bradley and as he passed he felt them staring solemnly after him.

He opened the door with his latchkey, and entered the dim hall where a hundred weary old scents lingered. He turned to the hatrack to see if there were any letters there for him, and just then a door opened behind him.

"Excuse me!" said a voice.

He turned. It was that girl he had noticed before, that girl who had made him notice her. When he came downstairs in the morning, she would come out of her room into the hall and pretend to be looking for mail; she would smile at him, and he would politely smile back at her.

"Excuse me!" she said. "But could you *possibly* help me? I can't get this thing *down!*"

"All right," said Bradley. He had taken off his hat and stood before her, neat, slender, dark, with no expression at all upon his serious young face. But at heart he was annoyed. He was so tired; he didn't want to be bothered with this girl.

He followed her through the open door, and she pointed out to him an electric iron connected to the chandelier in the ceiling by a clumsily spliced cord.

"I can't get it down," she said, "and if the landlady saw it—!"

The ceiling of that old front parlor was high; Bradley had to step on a chair to disconnect the cord.

"There you are," he said.

"Oh, thanks awfully!" she cried. "Won't you sit down for a moment?"

"No, thanks," he answered.

"Oh, do! Just for an instant! Just for one smoke. Try one of these."

She was holding out a brass box of cigarettes, and it was difficult to refuse. And he thought that perhaps it might be just as well to stop a few moments and let her see, once and for all, that she was wasting her time. So he took one of the cigarettes and sat down.

The long windows were open and a faint breeze stirred the grimy curtains. This big, lofty room was very much cooler than his little cubicle under the roof. The chair was comfortable, too. He wished he might close his eyes and rest here for a little while.

"Do you like these cigarettes?" she asked. "A gentleman gave me five hundred of them yesterday."

"Very nice . . ." said Bradley.

HE glanced at her. She was sitting in the corner of a shabby old sofa, her head resting against the wall, and, in spite of the cigarette between her lips, she had the look of a good child, in her short, sleeveless white dress, with her silky fair hair and her vivid blue eyes. She was very pretty—no doubt about that—but it was not a prettiness that appealed to him. Not compared to Violet.

A little twinge of pain seized him at the thought of Violet. All day he was busy, preoccupied with his work, but every evening, when he came back here after his dinner in the Greek restaurant on Sixth Avenue, he thought of Violet, always with this same anxiety and longing.

He did not see her often. Twice a week, perhaps, he spent the evening with her in the parlor of the boarding house where she lived. When he had a chance he would kiss her, but they very seldom had any time alone, and it was just as well, for when he held her in his arms a dangerous recklessness came over him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SAVING UP
Continued from page twenty-one]

and he did not want to keep on waiting. He wanted to marry her *now*.

"And that wouldn't be fair to her," he thought. "I won't marry her until I can look after her properly—give her a decent home."

"Penny for your thoughts!" said his companion gayly.

"They're not worth it," said Bradley. It was an effort for him to talk to her, but in a moment the cigarette would be finished, and he could go up to his stifling little room and have a go at that commercial law.

She sighed.

"Gosh, I wish I could be in the country this weather!" she said. "Down at the seashore, and go swimming, and all."

"You're right," said Bradley. "But after next month it'll be cooler."

"Nex' month!" said she. "I don't look that far ahead. I might be dead nex' month."

"Not likely," he said with a smile.

"Well, you never know," she said.

Something in her voice touched him a little; he looked at her, and saw on her pretty face an expression almost somber.

"You got to enjoy things when you get the chance," she said. "You're only young once."

He smiled again, too tired, too little interested, to argue with her. And again his thoughts flew to Violet, who was so different. A dark girl, quiet, with a sweet, careless voice; such a little lady, Vi was. They had been engaged nearly two years, and even now he couldn't understand her; she was always a little aloof, even her tenderness was reserved.

"No one like her!" he thought.

"I don't get out of town much," said his companion. "Jest once in a while. . . . I work at Hibbard and Sons. . . . I saw you come in there once. You know Mr. Joe Hibbard, don't you?"

"Only by sight," said Bradley.

"He's a prince!" said the girl.

"He doesn't look it," said Bradley, thinking of Joe Hibbard's red face and little porcine eyes.

"Well, you can't judge by looks," said she. "In a job like mine, a girl gets to *know* a man."

The cigarette was finished, and Bradley wanted to go, but she had begun to speak again.

"I don't mind telling you—in confidence—that twice Mr. Joe Hibbard's driven me down to Long Beach for dinner, and he was a *perfect* gentleman all the time."

SHE spoke with a sort of vehemence, as if she were very anxious to make Bradley believe that. But he did not believe it, and he did not care, either. He rose.

"Well, thanks—" he began, but she interrupted him.

"Wait a moment!" she said. "I want to show you something."

She was rummaging in the drawer of a table, and as he waited, in bored patience, he glanced about him. Behind a screen he caught sight of a saucepan piled with dirty dishes; on the mantelpiece he observed a bottle of shoe-blacking, a vase of faded flowers, and a tin of milk; the electric iron was still on the table, and beside it a pair of gloves, a magazine, and a half-eaten almond bar. Efforts had been made to disguise the place as a sitting room, but that couch with its dingy red cover and the velvet cushions was nothing but a little iron cot; it was obvious that in this room she slept and cooked and ate and, apparently, did her laundry work.

"Lord, what a place!" he thought. "What a life!"

And he was a little disgusted.

"Lookit!" she said. "Guess who that is."

She was holding out to him a photograph of a girl sitting up in an apple tree.

"It's you," he said politely. "Very nice . . ."

"That was summer before las'," she explained. "Three of us girls from the office took our vacation together. We went up on a kind of farm."

He was impatient to get away, but she would not stop talking, telling him all about that vacation. He waited for a pause, then he said:

"I'll have to get along—"

"Oh, please don't go yet!" she cried.

There was such urgency in her voice that it startled him; she was standing before him, with so strange a look on her face.

"It isn't eight o'clock," she said. "It's real early. Have jest one more smoke!"

"Thanks, but—"

"Oh, Gawd!" she cried. "Sometimes I think I'll go *crazy* in this place! Hot nights like this . . . you can't sleep—and it's hours and hours . . . And I jest *sit* here—and I think I'll go crazy. . . ."

There was something like terror in her eyes; her lip trembled.

"You don't know—what it's like," she said.

"Poor little devil!" thought Bradley, wondering.

"I—h-hate the summer!" she said, with a sob. "Hot nights like this—you feel like going out . . . And shut up here . . . It—gets on your nerves. . . ."

He could not endure to see her crying.

"I know!" he said. "It's darned hard. But—see here! Don't do that!"

"Well—will you stay—a little while?" she asked, like a child, with tears running down her cheeks.

"All right!" said Bradley.

He had rather the manner of a nice young doctor humoring a trying patient; he sat down again and lit one of his own cigarettes, and he tried to talk to her. It was very hard, though; they had nothing at all in common. He tried baseball; he tried a trans-Atlantic flight, and the poor little thing responded with such brisk, secondhand remarks. She was actually tense with her effort to converse with him, her blue eyes fixed upon his face with such anxiety. A silence fell.

"I read a real nice story in this magazine," she ventured, taking up the one on the table.

"Oh — that!" said Bradley.

She was silent again, and he could fairly see the struggle she was making to find something to say.

"Isn't he sweet?" she said. "I'm going to call him Lindy."

"Poor little devil!" he said to himself again.

He felt extraordinarily sorry for her, in her dingy, untidy room, with her inexplicable sorrows.

"There's some—awful pretty things in the Metropolitan Museum," she said, in despair.

This was unbearable, this unconcealed effort to please him. It made him wretchedly uncomfortable; he could not leave her like this.

"Look here!" he said abruptly. "Suppose we go to the movies—"

"Oh, I'd love to!" she cried, her face all alight. "There's an awfully good picture up at the Regal, they say. If we take a taxi, we wouldn't be so very late."

"You darned little gold digger!" thought Bradley angrily. The most expensive picture there was, and a taxi all that way . . .

He was ashamed of his own weakness. He ought to tell her bluntly that he couldn't afford this sort of thing. But he did not. He could not. Grim and unsmiling he strode out of the house and got a taxi.

"All right," he said to himself. "It's my own fault. Serves me right!"

She was waiting on the steps and as the cab stopped she ran down.

"I'm tickled to death!" she said.

He got in beside her and off they went. And his anger turned to bitterness.

"If it was Vi!" he thought.

If only it were his own girl sitting here beside him! He wanted her so, wanted to turn and see *her* face, hear her voice, wanted to put his arm about her. "I've never taken Vi out like this," he thought.

But Violet wouldn't want him to spend all this money. She knew he was saving up so that they could get married. Vi wasn't like this darned greedy little kid, out for all she could get. Vi was sensible, dignified, wonderful; no one like her.

LAST Saturday afternoon he and Vi had gone to look at furniture, just to get an idea what it would cost, and he remembered now how tired she had been.

"It's the weather," she had explained.

At the time that had satisfied him, but now the memory of her fatigue alarmed him.

"She shouldn't be so tired," he thought.

Her work in an office was not too hard, and she was young, only twenty-three; no, twenty-four now.

"Well, that's no age!" he thought, frowning. "I hope she has sense enough to get plenty of rest this hot weather."

Then it occurred to him that she had no very pleasant place to rest; only her room in that boarding house, a room that was very likely no better than his own hot little cell, certainly not so large or so cool as this girl's room. What did Vi do with herself, all those hours, these hot evenings and holidays when he was not able to be with her? He had never thought of that before; he had been so busy, working, saving for her.

"She's not like this girl," he thought. "She likes to read, and so on. . . ."

Suddenly a great fear overwhelmed him. She had looked so tired; perhaps she was going to be ill. Perhaps she didn't get enough to eat in that place. She didn't take proper care of herself; he felt certain of that. She needed him to look after her—and it would be at least another year before he had enough money to buy furniture. . . .

He had quite forgotten his companion; her voice startled him.

"Las' week I went to the Follies," she remarked, in a tone of complacency.

That was too much for Bradley, with the taxi meter registering more and more money to be paid, money that Violet ought to have.

"With a 'prince,' I suppose," he said with an unpleasant smile.

She did not answer for such a long time that he thought she was sulking. Let her!

"No!" she said, at last. "They're *none* of them princes."

He made no reply.

"Oh, Gawd!" she cried. "You don't know! I get—just sick of men!"

He turned to look at her, and by the light of a street lamp he saw her face, changed, somber, her eyes narrowed as if in pain.

"You don't know," she went on. "You're dif'rent. I could see that . . . I don't know anybody else like *you*—a—real gentleman."

He was curiously touched and disquieted; he did not know what to say.

"And Joe Hibbard," she said; "he's the worst of the lot. I jest hate the sight of that man!"

"But look here! Why—?"

"I got to have some fun!" she said passionately. "I can't jest work all day in the office, and sit in my room evenings. I'd—I'd go crazy! I'm only twenty-one. And I don't know anybody—nice. You're the only real *young* fellow I know."

Naturally, thought Bradley, she wouldn't know many "real young fellows." They wouldn't have enough money to spend. Only middle-aged men, like Joe Hibbard, could afford to be princely.

"It's her own fault," he thought. "She's simply out for what she can get."

But perhaps she didn't get so very much, after all. A dinner and a play now and then, cigarettes, chocolates. Not a notably prosperous gold digger, was she, if she had to work all through this hot weather and live in that room? Not such a bad little kid, after all. . . .

"I know I'm a fool," she said unsteadily. "But—if I jest knew a nice boy like you—jest to go out with sometimes . . ."

"The trouble is," said Bradley, "that I can't afford to go out much."

"Well, that's a big mistake," said she. "You can't save up your youth. If you don't have a good time when you get the chance—"

"I'm saving up to get married," said Bradley.

HE knew he had to say it, yet when the words were spoken he felt sorry for her. She said nothing at all; she sat as still as a mouse; he glanced at her, but her head was averted.

After all, they did not see that "awfully good" picture at the Regal. There were no seats left.

"We'll try somewhere else," said Bradley.

"I guess I'm not so crazy to go to the pictures," she said. "It's—such a hot night."

She had begun walking along Broadway, and he went beside her. She kept her head averted; he could see only her hat.

"What would you like to do?" he asked, almost gently.

"Oh, I guess I'll go home," she answered. And now she looked up at him with a brilliant smile. She kept on smiling, while tears welled up in her eyes. Then abruptly she stopped and began looking in a shop window.

"Isn't that cute?" she exclaimed. "That li'l' dawg?"

It was a round box of chocolates she meant, on the top of which was a little velvet dog, tied on with blue ribbons.

"Isn't it sweet?" she said brightly, and he saw her surreptitiously dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Oh, you poor little devil!" he thought. And aloud—"Want it?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she protested, but he went in and bought it.

She untied the blue ribbons and took off the velvet dog, held it up against her cheek.

"Isn't he sweet?" she said gayly. "I'm crazy about this little feller. I'm going to call him Lindy."

Bradley paid three dollars and a half for this folly, and they went out into the street again.

"I'll get a taxi," he said.

"No," she said. "Don't. I—guess I'll stop in somewhere and get some shampoo powder and wash my hair when I get back. No, don't you *bother*! Please! Honestly, I'd—I'd *rather* go back by myself and—take my time."

"I don't like to leave you—"

"Oh, don't you worry about that!" she said. "We're going to have a grand time with these chocolates—Lindy and me."

She smiled and smiled.

"I'm crazy about Lindy. . . . This hot weather makes me silly, I guess. . . . Thanks ever so much. 'By!"

He watched her for a moment, until she was lost in the crowd. Then, moved by an unaccountable impulse, he went back to that shop and bought another of those boxes.

As soon as he had done it, he was amazed.

"I'm a darned fool!" he thought. "Vi doesn't want things like this. Three dollars and a half. I could have got her something—useful—a pair of gloves. . . . I *am* a fool! I don't know why I did it."

"Honestly, I'd—I'd rather go back by myself and—take my time."

He was so ashamed of the box that for a moment he was ready to throw it away, rather than face Violet with so ridiculous a gift.

"But anyhow she'd like the chocolates," he thought. "Perhaps I could take off that fool dog."

Somehow, he couldn't. He glanced at his watch; ten minutes to nine.

"It's too late to see Vi now," he thought.

Just the same, he was going in the direction of her house. It seemed to him that he could not possibly go to sleep that night unless he just saw Vi. He remembered how tired she had looked; unreasoning anxiety drove him on.

"You can't save up your youth," that girl had said.

And a year and a half of Vi's youth had gone, waiting for him. Twenty-four. . . . He must get to Vi in a hurry, to see with his own eyes that she was all right. If she laughed at him for coming like this, with this preposterous gift, he wouldn't blame her.

HE was relieved to see people sitting out on the steps of the boarding house; it made the hour seem less late for a call. He went up the steps, and was about to ring the bell, when he heard her voice behind him.

"Ed? Is that you?"

She rose and opened the door for him, and together they entered the lugubrious parlor. She was prettier than ever, young and smiling, dearer than ever.

"Vi!" he said. "Vi, darling!"

"Someone's coming," she murmured. "What in the world have you got there, Eddy?"

His face turned scarlet.

"I—it's for you," he said. "But I don't think—"

She began to unwrap the box.

"Why, Eddy!" she cried. "How sweet!"

She untied the blue ribbons and took the velvet dog off the box, held it up against her cheek.

"Isn't he sweet?" she said. "I'm going to call him Lindy."

"*Vi!*"

She looked up, startled at his tone.

"No, don't call him that," he said. "Vi—look here. . . . I've been thinking. . . . I mean—*couldn't* we manage, Vi? I mean—of course we couldn't get any furniture yet—but we could get a pretty decent furnished room—or even a little flat. . . . I mean—anyhow, you could give up your job. Anyhow, you'd have a chance to rest."

"Oh, Eddy, stop!" she cried.

"It wouldn't be so bad, Vi. I mean—we could go out to the movies, you know, and a dinner now and then. . . . I've been thinking, Vi. . . . You're so young. You—you don't want to spend all your evenings just sitting in your room—"

"Oh, Eddy, stop—or I'll cry!" she said.

"You mean you think we could manage?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course we could!" she said.

"But see here! If you thought that, why didn't you say so long ago?"

"I did try to," she said. "Only you didn't seem to see. . . . Oh, Eddy! What's waked you up?"

She was smiling, but there were tears in her eyes as she held that little fool dog up to her face. She, too, was young and lonely. . . .

"But she's so different!" he thought proudly.

THE END

A Chronicle of Jungle Cats and a Woman's Courage

TIGER! TIGER!

By GRACE ROBINSON

Behind the black jaguar, Nigger, is this is all in fun, part of the wrestling stunt that features Miss Stark's act. The tiger's name is Beauty.

H. A. Atwell photos

MABLE STARK weighs only 110 pounds, and stands only five feet two inches in her patent-leather boots. Yet this tiny blonde woman is the world's greatest tiger trainer. Twice a day during the torrid circus season she compels sixty-five times her weight in murderous jungle cats to do stunts that most folks can't teach the family dog.

It was a rollicking dare, thrown out carelessly by a man friend, that led to her choice of this dangerous profession. She was studying to be a nurse. Vacationing at Venice, California, she chanced to be standing before the cage of a big tiger named King. He was owned by the Al G. Barnes circus, which leased him to the Warner Brothers and Ince concerns for moving picture work.

Among her friends she was already known as a girl of high spirit and strong will. She liked to have her own way about things, and bend people to her wishes. She was, in a word, imperious.

"Well, Mable, *there's* something you can't handle," taunted her companion as they surveyed the great black and yellow cat.

"Is that so?" retorted Mable.

It happened that the circus people needed a trainer for King. Mable Stark became that trainer.

Now she is not only the one woman tiger trainer in the world, but she is also the one person, male or female, who works sixteen of the great, bloodthirsty felines in one group. Twice a day this company of sulky jungle beasts comes rushing into the steel arena of the John Robinson circus. Snarling and protesting, they are put through their tricks by this slight woman trainer with a whip, as if they were so many big, rough dogs.

This assemblage of gorgeous, soft-footed kitties, with death and mutilation in their teeth and claws, constitutes a world's record for numbers, in the annals of wild-animal training.

Wonderful exhibition of skill and courage! Marvelous for a man! More marvelous still for a woman, of slight physique, with golden hair and tired-looking blue eyes!

But when Mable Stark told me about her exploits in tiger training, she was lying ripped and torn in the Eastern Maine General Hospital at Bangor. Ripped by two-inch tiger fangs, torn by treacherous tiger claws—and a skilled doctor and two nurses helping her fight a grim battle against infection and death.

Two of her sixteen tigers had turned on her during the evening performance of the John Robinson circus at Bangor. And for weeks thereafter the jaunty Mable looked more like an early Christian after a session in a Roman arena than like a gallant conqueror of wild beasts.

Her slim white body was gashed with nineteen wounds. Her right leg lay broken and helpless between sandbags.

If you passed an average childhood in an average American town, it is probable that your first big ambition was to be a trainer of wild animals. When your dad took you to the circus, you drank pink lemonade, exulted over the trapeze performers, and laughed till your sides ached at the antics of the painted clowns. But the wild animals fascinated you most. You wondered whether tigers ever bit, and if so, what a tiger's bite felt like.

Mable Stark can tell you. Lying on a bed of agony after her striped pets had all but torn her limb from limb, she testified that it smarted and burned as no fire ever did. That it was almost unendurable. But that it would all be forgotten on that glad day "when I get back to my tomcats again."

At Mable's suggestion one morning I watched Dr. Harrison L. Robinson change the dressings on her wounds. He was assisted by the special nurse, Miss Reynolds, and the regular attending hospital nurse, Miss Ide.

"It will give you the real lowdown on the profession of tiger training," the intrepid woman assured me.

It did. My latent juvenile ambition to train wild animals died a speedy and permanent death.

SHE was clothed in bandages. It was impossible to get a nightgown on her. It took two hours to change the dressings, and flush out all the wounds with Dakin's solution. They gave her morphine before the ordeal, and one day, early in the long siege of getting well, it was necessary to make her entirely unconscious with an anæsthetic.

Over the right hip was a terrible gash twelve inches long. A half-inch farther and vital organs would have been mutilated.

The deltoid muscle of the right shoulder was almost gone.

"Zoo ate it," remarked Mable, in a philosophical tone. Zoo is one of her Bengals. Then, plaintively, "Doctor, do you think this shoulder will heal so I'll be able to swing my whips?"

On one thigh there was a ten-inch gash where "that brainless little animal Sheik" had got her with his teeth. "His beautiful white teeth," murmured Miss Stark, as the nurse shot the stinging fluid into the lean thigh with a red rubber syringe.

Her back was polka-dotted with claw marks. Farther down there was another great rent

Zoo, one tiger that attacked Miss Stark at Bangor.

over the spine, where she had moved in the tiger's grasp.

On her neck was a nasty claw mark, where one of her assailants had just missed the jugular vein. The other animal had barely missed the femoral artery in her thigh. Rupture of either blood vessel would have caused the brave trainer to bleed to death in a few minutes.

One large leg nerve was torn out of place, and various muscles were injured and torn.

The first day the dressings were changed Mable Stark lay on her white bed in such pain that the doctor himself was exhausted from watching her suffer. For days she ran a high temperature while her vigilant attendants watched every inch of lacerated flesh for the slightest sign of infection. Luckily, none developed, and in a week it appeared that eventually she would be able to return to her tigers again.

As soon as she learned that her recovery was probable, she began to make plans for getting back to the circus. The sixteen tigers were having a vacation. Nobody but Mable could work them.

"The broken leg won't bother me long," she announced cheerfully one morning. "I can soon get about in the arena with a cane. But I won't try the wrestling act with my big Rajah until I am a little stronger."

This wrestling tiger act has made Miss Stark famous. She wears a white leather suit—necessary because of the animal's claws—and wrestles the great beast as any small boy might rough-and-tumble with a gentle St. Bernard. Always when she finishes there are scratches on her face. Always on her dressing table is a colorless antiseptic for these twice-a-day injuries.

Wrestling on the ground. After throwing each other, Miss Stark and Rajah II roll in a rough-and-tumble.

TO this day, Mable Stark believes the viciousness of her sixteen tigers at that particular time was due to the weather!

The great personnel, both human and animal, that makes up the John Robinson circus was using its last ounce of nervous energy when it reached Bangor. For weeks there had been rain—bane of circus life. On the opening night at West Baden, Indiana, it rained. Next morning there were two and a half feet of water in the lot. By noon the Lost River had overflowed, and the water was almost up to the high rear circus seats.

Human labor was powerless. Lying in the hospital at Bangor, Mable recalled how Captain Bill Emery had turned his elephants into the flood, trying to pull down the big top. The great quadrupeds plunged into the water in delight, and started swimming. They forgot their work and began to play, frolicking in the stream like children unexpectedly released from school.

Day after day it rained, as the circus traveled from one town to another. Every noon the big canvas went up sopping wet. Every night it came down dripping while the performers—human and beast—went wearily to their train berths to be carried to the next town.

FOR five weeks it rained almost every day. At St. Stephen, Canada, where the circus played on the day that is Memorial Day in the States, they gave their show on a sodden field. When they prepared to leave, the grounds were a quagmire. The elephants were hitched to the heavy wagons. When they pulled, the tongues were ripped out. When the animals were reversed and put their mammoth heads to a pushing job, the wagons folded up like candy boxes. The tractors, capable of hauling a dozen wagons over ordinary soil, failed to budge the morass-bound paraphernalia.

There was nothing to do but dig, and to this task hundreds of sweating men devoted themselves all night with feverish energy. At 6 in the morning the long train pulled out, headed for Bangor, 137 miles away. A circus train can travel only fifteen or twenty miles an hour because some of the cars are top-heavy, and a burst of speed can topple it from the tracks.

At Bangor the tired company found Bass Park, where they were to pitch their tents, slippery and muddy from weeks of rain. They arrived hours late, and were obliged to call off the advertised matinée.

Finally the menagerie opened. To escape puddles, spectators jumped from one mound to another while making the rounds of the cages. The gay red wagons were spattered with dried mud.

The lions roared in ominous protest against the drizzly state of the world. The tigers sulked in their cages, black and yellow hillocks of disgust.

Behind the scenes the performers were worried. All the circus omens were unfavorable. Some fool whistled in the men's dressing room. An Arab acrobat was discovered carrying a camel-backed trunk. (No thoughtful trouper will use this old curved-top variety—it puts a Jonah on the whole show.) In the mess tent Miss Tetu, the Japanese slack-wire artist, observed that thirteen persons had unthinkingly seated themselves at one table. Two riders in the mannish girl riding act had been hurt that season, she recalled. In a circus, accidents always come in threes. Who was to be next?

The stubborn camels had to be pulled and cursed at when they started their glittering parade into the ring in the Solomon and Queen of Sheba spectacle that always opened the performance.

In the big top, the ushers remarked that the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[TIGER! TIGER! Continued from page twenty-five]

elephant act had never gone so badly. The elephants slipped and slid about in the mud, trying to roll their barrels and make their awkward bows after the applause. In one ring they refused to work at all.

The ballet danced in galoshes. The trapeze performers doffed rubber boots when they started their ascent to their perches above the heads of the audience.

Bedini, the daring bareback rider, came out in her fluffy skirts, a vision of delicate loveliness. She watched her beautiful white horse with its long marceled tail run its paces in the ring. His usually perfect gait was uneven; his broad fat back was hazardous footing tonight. Bedini shook her head and retired.

Something was wrong. Everything was wrong. Disaster brooded in the damp air.

AT last Mable Stark, whose sixteen ferocious tigers were always the sensation of the show, entered the big top, a trim little figure in her black shiny boots and her white uniform with its gold braid frogs. She walked to the huge iron cage in the center and quietly entered through the strong door, which an attendant locked after her.

Through the long, low, triangular runway the great cats came on a run, shaking their black and yellow heads, their honey amber eyes glinting in the flood lights. One lithe body after another plunged into the iron-cage arena, in groups of three or four, as they were released from their separate wagons at the farther end of the runway.

First Zoo—what a glorious fellow he was, with his 450 pounds of compact muscle and bone!

Then in a quick succession of flashing white and yellow and black came Sands, Helen, Princess, Queen, Pasha. These were Miss Stark's old friends. She had known them for years—had trained them when she worked with the Ringling show. Beauty came, then Boston, and then Chiquita, her great head down.

Froth was dripping from Dolly's mouth; she was irritated—the damp and cold had made her half sick. Benita showed her teeth when she emerged into the wide circular performing cage.

On they came—more and more tigers—any one capable of killing a man with one snap of its mighty jaws. The audience gasped in astonishment.

Babe, Daisy, Belle, and Ruby arrived in another sensational burst of color and movement.

And finally came Sheik, a young animal, three and a half years old. He was the baby of them all, and he seemed the least ferocious. There was no menace in his eyes, only a gentle, puzzled stare as he glanced around the circle of white wooden pedestals which the other animals had already mounted, with difficulty, owing to the wet ground.

So far as the audience could see, everything was going smoothly. But a small thing had happened. Belle had got on the wrong seat. She was on Dolly's pedestal. And Dolly was on Sheik's seat.

The slim little trainer cracked her lash whip—cracked it again—and again. First in front of Dolly. Then in front of Belle, while Sheik waited an instant, bewildered because his seat was already occupied.

H. A. Atwell photo

Giving three-weeks-old Leo, the circus' baby lion, his bottle. Miss Stark won't work with grown-up lions. They are too slow, she says.

Then there was a cry from the attendants outside—"Look out for Sheik!" The young Bengal had sneaked up behind his trainer. He was ready to spring. Mable turned quickly to give her attention to the menacing beast, and in turning slipped on the muddy ground. She went down on her left elbow as Sheik grabbed her left leg.

At the same moment Zoo, for no apparent reason, seized her right leg as a dog would seize a bone. For the fraction of a second Sheik pulled at one leg, and Zoo pulled at the other.

DOWNED though she was, Miss Stark never for an instant lost her head. With her right hand she used her whip on Sheik. With her left she fired her revolver at Zoo. By this time the young lion-tamer, Captain Terrell Jacobs, had jumped into the arena. He got Miss Stark to her feet.

"Get Sheik out," she cried. Jacobs caught up a wooden pedestal and drove the infuriated animal down the runway. All the animals were off their pedestals now, milling about in what promised shortly to be a mad hurly-burly of teeth and claws.

Outside, 5,000 men, women, and children silently watched the strange performance. Few realized that a woman was fighting for her life. So accustomed are circus audiences to thrills that the majority, they confessed afterward, thought the combat with the tigers was part of the show.

Mable Stark knows audiences. She knew that injury and death to spectators might result if the smoldering fear inside the tiger cage should flame into panic outside.

So she kept her head. The scarlet stains on her white uniform were spreading. But she started to go on with her act. She would have gone on if the doorman, confused by orders from a dozen frightened attendants, had not *let Sheik back into the ring.*

There was a brief moment when those outside slipped her more blank cartridges. Then back into the crazy tiger mob the maddened animal ran, his teeth horribly bared.

Miss Stark saw him coming. She backed away from him, and in a flash Zoo, who was now at the front of the cage, pounced on her from behind. He sank his teeth into her right hip, and in another instant he was chewing at her right leg. Those in the spectators' seats heard a shrill scream from under the furry mass behind the bars.

By this time Robert Thornton, the equestrian director, had sprung into the arena and was belaboring the animals with the first weapon he saw—a grubbing hoe. Mable fired her revolver again. Then the tigress, Helen, aroused to a nervous frenzy, started for her with scarlet mouth wide open.

There was no longer any hope of going on. Blood was streaming from a dozen wounds. The audience was becoming excited. Miss Stark got up and walked out, while the men battled 7,000 pounds of crazed jungle strength.

EVEN then the courageous woman did not leave immediately. She stood on the rain curb and watched for a moment while Thornton and Jacobs vainly fought the tigers, and attendants outside threw mudballs in their faces and fired a fusillade of blank cartridges under their noses. Local police outside formed an impromptu guard, and pulled their guns, ready to shoot in case any of the ferocious animals attempted to escape from the cage.

It was ten minutes before the last tiger had been driven through the runway and back into its wagon.

When Miss Stark reached the hospital the doctor found she had walked on a broken leg!

And next day, after the ordeal of the operating table, she said: "Of course my tomcats didn't want to go out of the arena. They knew they hadn't done their work!"

No one will ever know what suddenly disturbed Sheik when he came into the great iron cage looking like a puzzled house cat.

"It was he who made all the trouble," Miss Stark said afterward. "Zoo would never have started after me if he hadn't been aroused by Sheik. But that is the way with jungle creatures. You can work a wild animal for a lifetime, and suddenly he'll turn on you, without any apparent provocation. We trust them too far. There is no such thing as a *tamed wild animal.*

"Sheik had always seemed the most docile of the lot. But he had a furtive way of watching me, watching me with his glowing eyes, and when he got me it was by treachery, sneaking up behind."

After the tiger onslaught the first act of the John Robinson circus management was to sell Sheik to a zoo in Little Rock, Arkansas.

"Too dangerous for anybody to work," commented Miss Stark when she dictated a telegram negotiating his sale the day after her escape from death. "Mary, another tiger, will take Sheik's place.

"Once the trouble started, the other animals were easily aroused. They were all nervous. There had been rain for weeks—always a strain on their dispositions. The ground in the arena was wet. More than anything else, tigers hate to wet their feet. Sheik got me once before—not badly—just tore my uniform off. The third time would have been death."

IF you are still interested in tiger training as a profession for women, read on while I relate the scenes that ensued in the Eastern Maine General Hospital at Bangor.

Dr. Robinson, who attended the torn little woman, had never had a tiger-bite case before. What doctor, outside a few in India, ever did have a tiger-bite case? As Dr. Robinson remarked afterward: "Sometimes two or three weeks go by without our even seeing a tiger walking down Main Street in Bangor."

But Miss Stark knew tigers. She had felt their sharp teeth before. She was fully conversant with the extraordinary dangers of infection that arise in such a case. She knew heroic measures were necessary to save her life.

For her own protection, as she explained afterward, she became hard-boiled. Besides, she had once been a nurse.

"First you must etherize me," she said, "because the pain will be too great. Then you must remember that every one of these holes is right through to the bone, and every one is poisoned. There's poison in a wild animal's teeth and there's poison in his claws. They have no way of keeping their teeth and claws clean."

So Dr. Robinson took heroic measures. Against the advice of older surgeons, he poured ninety-five per cent carbolic acid into the wounds, and neutralized it with alcohol. Then he cut away all flesh that had touched the tiger's teeth. Before she went under the anæsthetic Miss Stark pointed out which were teeth wounds and which were made with claws.

Scores of stitches were necessary. The broken leg was laid between sandbags—an old-fashioned method. The more modern plaster cast could not be used because the flesh wounds on the same leg would have necessitated so many "windows" in the cast that it wouldn't have had substance enough to hold together.

In addition to the hurt of her many wounds, Miss Stark suffered severely from shock. "One of these wounds," said Dr. Robinson, "produces as severe shock as the average patient suffers from an abdominal operation."

The job of getting this extraordinary woman's life story, in the early part of her hospital confinement, was as tedious as the narrative was thrilling. Some days she was not able to endure the strain of even a few minutes' conversation. On other days the watchful nurse would permit me twenty minutes or half an hour with Miss Stark, and signal me away with hard looks if I attempted to overstay my time. Two weeks of patient plugging drew out as much of her early history as she could be induced to reveal.

Like many circus people, Mable Stark is more or less a woman of mystery. She was born on December 9, 1890, in Princeton, a little town in the mountains of Kentucky. When she was only eleven, her mother and father died within a month of each other. Since early childhood she had wanted to be a nurse. Her mother discouraged this idea, but the child, already tenacious in her purposes, persisted in looking forward to nursing as her future. She "liked to doctor people."

After her parents' death she lived for a time with relatives, and for six years worked her own way in public school. She had no brothers or sisters. Her greatest playfellow was a big rough dog called Bum. He trotted to school with her mornings, and at night was waiting for her when she came out.

SHE took a nurse's training at St. Mary's Hospital in Louisville, and had nearly finished her studies there when she went to California—in 1913—for the momentous vacation that was destined to change her whole future.

"I was just going about the studios as a casual visitor when I saw that tiger King in a cage," Mable related. "People there said a woman hadn't the brains or the courage to work a tiger. That irritated me. And when that man friend dared me to go in, nothing could have held me back.

"I decided I'd show them all.

"King was not a docile tiger. People predicted I'd be killed. But I went in anyway. I worked King alone for a month, just practicing. Then Toby and Nelly, other tigers, were added, and I worked all three in the circus.

"The following spring two lions were added and I worked the mixed group for a year."

Mable can't recollect how she felt when she stepped into a tiger's cage for the first time. Or if she does recollect, she can't put her sensations into words.

The old notion, revived in late years by Mr. Kipling, that jungle beasts cower before the power of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DO THIS TONIGHT

and your cold will feel better in the morning

INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Rubbing Mentholatum over the entire outside of the nose is very helpful. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

GET RID of your cold by quick, prompt action. Know the 3 stages of your cold—and how Mentholatum relieves each stage. You can beat your cold, if you use this common sense treatment tonight.

In the FIRST STAGE your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

In the SECOND STAGE your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or linen.

In the THIRD STAGE the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edge of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

(This important story is more completely told in the booklet *"How to Get Rid of Colds."* Send the coupon below for a *free* copy.)

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Increases Sales—Increases Salary

J. L. Aldrich was an order clerk. His home-study training with LaSalle—in Business Management—prompted him to take up selling. He knew that in the selling field he had real opportunity to build greater profits for his employer.

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It took years for Ernest W. Neir to come up through the ranks in hotel work by the "experience route." Then he took up home-study training with LaSalle—in Higher Accountancy.

His immediate task was to put the Hotel Rowe, one of the finest hotels in Grand Rapids, on a paying basis. With the aid of his training, Mr. Neir changed losses into profits—and increased his salary more than 100 per cent.

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H. S. Leavy, of Kingston, Pa., saw his chance in Traffic Management. He enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training, and during the first year saved his firm $40,000—simply by changing its method of packing for shipment, thereby obtaining a different freight classification and a more favorable rate.

"This saving," he writes, "procured for me the title of Traffic Manager and a salary above my expectations. Since starting my training with LaSalle my compensation has increased about 300 per cent."

Boosts Production 59 Per Cent

J. R. Hollingsworth was in charge of a shift of men in one of the big factories in Akron. To further his advancement, he pursued home-study training in Industrial Management. Read this paragraph from a letter to LaSalle:

"With the aid of my assistants and the whole-hearted support of the men, I have brought the shift from one of the most inefficient to one of the most efficient, with an increase in production of 59 per cent. When I started, my men were disgusted—almost ready to quit; their earnings averaged 68c an hour; they average 98c now. Haven't had to fire a man. Have made 27 suggestions so far, showing savings from $20 to $75 daily."

How can any man who pursues such methods—training in his spare hours for increased knowledge and ability whereby he may help cut expenses or get more business and profits for his employer—fail to win sure and swift advancement?

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[TIGER! TIGER! Continued from page twenty-seven]

the human eye, has never been a part of Mable Stark's way with animals. She discounts the theory, or at least ignores it.

"How could I keep my eye on sixteen tigers at once?" she asks.

When she first walked into a tiger's cage she had had no contact with wild animals, nor indeed with tame ones, except for her old companion, Bum. And even Bum she had never taught tricks.

After Miss Stark had worked the mixed group, the show went to Portland, Oregon, for the winter. The lions were taken out and two tigers, Duke and Pasha, took their places. The following summer Duke, to the astonishment of the entire circus, gave birth to three cubs.

Miss Stark with Kitty and Boston. There is no group that had ever been assembled in this country by man or woman.

"We didn't know she should have been Duchess until the babies came," recalls Mable Stark. "She was such a mean devil that we had always thought her a male. Nobody had ever been able to get close enough to ascertain differently.

"ONLY one cub lived. His mother had no use for him, so I took him to my stateroom when he was two weeks old. I named him Rajah and petted him like a dog. He was the size of a house cat at birth, and no one ever had a sweeter pet. I fed him milk from a bottle until he was old enough to wean, and then he went right on a raw meat diet.

"He slept with me in the drawing-room of my train. I took him about on a collar and chain and broke him to wrestle. Between shows I'd take him into the fields near the big top for play and exercise. When I was walking with him down the street, he'd often stop and lie down at my feet, just as an affectionate house cat will do when it wants to engage the attention of a person it loves.

"Finally Rajah grew so large that people became terrified when I walked into hotel lobbies with him, and policemen stopped me when I tried to walk him on the street. At full growth he weighed 550 pounds, which is large for a tiger.

"I worked Rajah for five years. In 1921 I left the Barnes show and went to Ringling's. My old employers wouldn't sell or lease Rajah to me. After I left, the poor fellow grieved constantly. Attendants told me that when a light-haired person came into the menagerie he would raise his head hopefully, and when he saw it was not I he would slump right back on the floor of his cage.

"Nobody could ever work him after I left. He became vicious—killed two tigers when they tried to put him in a group. He had never hurt me, beyond a few scratches during our wrestling act.

"At last, I am told, he died—of a broken heart, if a tiger ever did.

"Before I left Rajah and the Barnes show I was working an act of twelve tigers—then the biggest

MABLE'S present wrestling partner is Rajah II, a female bought in 1923, and broken by her near her home at 917 State Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

She worked this tiger for a time in the Ringling show. Then Rajah was sold to the American Circus Corporation. Miss Stark continued with Ringling's, filling out a six-year term, and last winter went abroad.

"Finally the American Circus Corporation cabled me to come back and take the tiger act over. I came, going to Buffalo, where Rajah was playing in vaudeville. As I walked down the aisle of the theater she knew me, and started to purr, much to the amazement of the stage hands. It had been two years since she had seen me.

"She is a Bengal, brought from the Indian jungle when she was two and a half years old. I would rather have them from the jungle. They mind you better. They're not used to being around people and being petted from infancy, and they haven't lost their respect for humans. Sheik was born in captivity—a petted cat—and look at me now!" Mable waved a small white hand toward her mutilated body and helpless leg.

The wrestling tiger act is a marvelous exhibition of training and courage. It is the big feature of the John Robinson show.

"First I throw him. Then he throws me. Then we roll over twice on the ground. Then I stand him on his hind feet and let him go. He takes cues for the different things he is to do.

"For some movements I cue my cats by speaking, for others I use my hand, and for still others my feet. I like a group to take cues as I walk, and from my voice, without using a whip. But my present group is not completely broken, and I am obliged to use the whip at times, for the crack of it and psychological effect on the tigers.

H. A. Atwell photo

such thing as a tamed tiger, she insists.

"I NEVER hurt my animals. I never fire my gun with its blank cartridges unless absolutely necessary. I carry the whip, and a small stick, four feet long and smaller than a broomstick. Tigers like to bite on something, like a dog that is nervous and excitable.

"I never use food as a reward. Even when breaking I have nothing to do with the feeding. Each animal gets his twelve or fourteen pounds of raw meat a day from the attendants, who throw it into the cage. They drink water. On Sundays they get milk and eggs, and sometimes liver, which acts as a cathartic.

"Once a week they get cod-liver oil rubbed on their meat, and also sulphur for their blood, given in the same way. They would take their cod-liver oil straight if served that way. They like it. No vegetables are served them. They are naturally carnivorous.

"They catch cold easily, and have to be carefully bedded in straw even in hot weather.

"Each cat has a different disposition. Each has to be taught differently. Some are scared by loud tones. A tiger is as nervous and excitable as a girl. Teaching tigers is like teaching a lot of high-strung girls; if you worry them beyond their endurance they go to pieces and can't do their work at all.

"You will hear people say that blood makes them crazy. That's all nonsense. They eat blood every day. And as to human blood infuriating them—if that was the case nobody could possibly have got me out alive when Sheik and Zoo tasted my blood at Bangor."

There was a time, not long ago, when Mable Stark decided she'd had enough of scratches and danger and tigers. She went in for trained horses—Hungarian cobs—and worked in the Bertrand W. Mills circus, at the Olympia Theater, London. The climax of the act was Mable Stark going up in a balloon on a horse, and coming down in a parachute, all in a blaze of fireworks.

"Once or twice the horse stepped off the balloon platform, but otherwise the act was without incident. I tired of it. I was nervous and unhappy. I wanted my tomcats back.

"So when the John Robinson show cabled me to come and take their tiger act, I said I would if they would get me enough tigers. They cabled back that they would get all the tigers I wanted. So I rushed back. I had only seven weeks to break the sixteen-tiger act, and ten of the animals were new to me. I put in three or four new ones, with one or two old ones, gradually working up to the whole number.

"I never worry about my own appearance before them. In the arena I wear a pink or a blue or a white uniform, whichever my fancy suggests when I am dressing.

"I wouldn't touch a lion or a leopard. Lions are too slow. Leopards are small and, although dangerous, don't make an impressive appearance in the show ring."

MABLE STARK loves her work but advises women generally to keep away from it.

"It's the most unappreciated work on earth. Audiences don't realize what risks one takes, and what long and patient breaking lies back of the act they watch for ten minutes on a hot night. It pays well, though—better than top vaudeville salaries.

"In the winter a wild-animal trainer works his hardest—changing his act, getting ready for the summer ahead."

Mable's present act, exclusive of the wrestling tiger, lasts ten minutes, with peril in every tick of the watch.

First, the sixteen tigers come on a run into the arena, and take their seats on their respective pedestals. Boston does a fight on a forty-inch roller, battling his way with Mable across the arena. The powerful Pasha does two awe-inspiring jumps, sixteen feet in the air, Mable says they are, and eighteen feet across, over her head.

Then she pyramids the tigers on pedestals of different heights, with

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Women call it LOVE

AS she gazed down into that white, still face—the face of the man she had once loved with all the fierce passion of her ardent, innocent young soul—something stirred in her memory—something she had thought was dead.

She heard again the shrieks and curses of the enraged villagers, who had lain in wait as she crept at night from her lover's door.

She saw Lebolt, the farmer—big, crude, bestial—his face distorted with insane jealousy, waving his long whip and urging the maddened mob on.

Even as she groveled at his feet, pleading, protesting her innocence, she felt the stinging lash descend. Again and again it fell—a merciless rain of blows that stripped her naked, seared her tender flesh like red-hot irons, and drove her forth like a wounded animal, to die of terror or go mad with pain.

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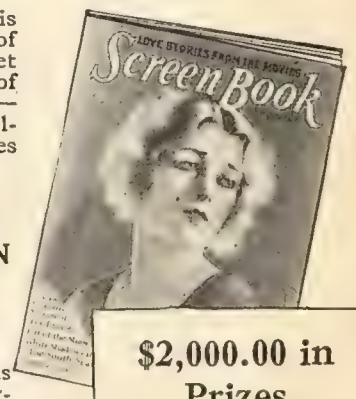

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LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

[TIGER! TIGER! Continued from page twenty-nine]

Beauty making the apex and Miss Stark standing on a pedestal behind. Then Zoo fights her around the cage, jumping, growling, and slapping at her with his mighty paw.

Mable Stark felt tigers' teeth long before the Bangor experience.

"Zoo got me once—in 1922. I slipped and fell in the ring, rolled and hit him. He grabbed me. Just tore the calf of my leg loose. I went right on with the act. Was only out ten days."

Sometimes she has to minister to a tiger's aching tooth.

"We never call a dentist. If I notice a cheek swollen from an ulcerated tooth, attendants help me rope the animal down, and I lance it myself. He understands I'm trying to help him, even though it hurts. Some cats will lick your hand. You can't stand much of this love-making—their tongues are like coarse sandpaper.

"When they purr, it's a loud roll. They don't meow, but they roar, and it's often a friendly sound. When really angry, they growl like twenty deep-voiced dogs.

"They keep themselves clean by licking as a cat does. They are heavy and hate jumping for fear of burning their feet. On this account, all their pedestals are padded.

"Don't let anybody kid you. They have all their claws and teeth. A tiger without claws would be like a man without fingers. He would be mutilated. He couldn't eat his food.

"And they are never doped, as some people imagine. A doped tiger couldn't learn. He couldn't perform if not his normal self."

Miss Stark says she can't get insurance covering death or accident in her work. "No company will take me."

She has no philosophy of courage, has never concerned herself with the cause and effect of fear. She is a fatalist.

"God Almighty has placed me in this work. It seems to be the most successful thing I can do. Once I tried dancing in vaudeville and in musical shows. And I have tried horses. I get along better in tiger training. What is to be will be. When our time comes we die, no matter what we do to prevent it."

Despite this reckless philosophy, Mable Stark avoids walking under ladders, and wouldn't wear a peacock feather on her costume for a year's salary. Peacocks spell terrible luck to show people.

She is scared to death of mice, and monkeys make her excessively nervous. "They're so small you can't seem to see them," she explains.

Horrible as Mable's wounds were after the Bangor experience, they were merely half-hearted snappings compared with what the tigers could have done. "They don't realize their strength and the puniness of humans," she said. "Otherwise no one could go near them."

Injury, mutilation, death lurk in every instant of this woman's job. A mere scratch may yield a harvest of hideousness. But by the time you read this, Mable Stark, a girlish-figured woman with tired blue eyes, will be "back with my tomcats again."

THE END

In Next Week's Liberty

Bryan

An American Phenomenon

Beginning a remarkable new biography by M. R. Werner

who wrote Barnum and Tammany Hall

Aimee Semple McPherson

A portrait of the evangelist by

JIM TULLY

Short stories by

VINGIE E. ROE DOROTHY BLACK
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

I Learn to Fly—After a Fashion

The story of a girl's first experiences in the air, by

ALICIA PATTERSON

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page forty-four)

1—For what Roman deity is January named?

2—What is a cairn?

3—The name of what Shakespearean character is applied to a newly married man?

4—Who wrote The Ring and the Book?

5—What is a soporific?

6—What is the birth stone for January?

7—Where are the Canary Islands?

8—What is common to cashew, chinquapin, pistachio?

9—With what branch of literature was Victorien Sardou identified?

10—What are the names of the four phases of the moon?

11—How is 1929 expressed in Roman numerals.

12—Who was the maiden beloved by Cupid?

13—What is the literal meaning of *pince-nez?*

14—What is a scalpel?

15—Who was a member of his father-in-law's cabinet?

16—What is still life, in art?

17—What is a canard?

18—In what century did Chaucer live?

19—In Mohammedanism, what symbol corresponds, approximately, to the cross in Christianity?

20—What legendary character is associated with Sherwood Forest?

Her slender back and shoulders shook with convulsive sobs.

Requiescat

A Story of Things as They Are

By

Edward Hope

Pictures by A. D. Fuller

DARK shades kept the early spring sunlight out of the sick room. A gay young breeze fingered the lace curtain at the open window, came hesitantly in to be rebuffed by the white canvas screen the nurse had bent around the window against it. Sounds from the street ricocheted up—spring sounds: boys throwing a ball, raising knifelike voices; hammering on thin, hollow wood; a delivery horse clop-clopping on the pavement; an automobile motor, racing. . . .

Mr. Arbord was quiet at last.

Miss Kelly tiptoed to the chaise longue by the window, gathered her starchy uniform about her thighs, and sank back on the pillows. She picked up the red-and-black-covered book that lay opened, face down, on the arm of the chaise longue, where she had put it when he started moaning.

The noises them pneumonias make! It's enough to give you the heebie-jeebies. That nice young fellow, the sheik-like, down to St. David's. The noises he made in his throat the night he went out. Enough to drive a girl nutty, sitting and listening to noises like them. This fellow's doing it, too. Like he was trying to lift a piano. . . .

Where was I? . . . "'On the night of the murder,' said Hendrickson, relighting his pipe" . . . No. I read that. I was down here at the bottom of the page.

"'But if Violet knows nothing of the crime,' I insisted, 'why doesn't she come forward and allow herself to be questioned?' Hendrickson smiled tolerantly and flicked his burned match toward the fireplace.

"'Isn't it possible,' he suggested, 'that she may think she knows a great deal, although in reality she knows nothing? When you consider the intimacy between her and Oliphant, my dear fellow, you must see that she may have her suspicions, too.'"

I wonder how many detective stories I read since Christmas. Twenty-five, I bet, anyway. But I'm sicker of the love stories. And them books Mrs. Eustace had laying around her apartment! Talk about dirty! You pretty near had to go to confession every time you open one of them. Them English writers! Everybody's wife and everybody else's husband . . . I wish he wouldn't groan like that. . . .

I need a rest anyways. When I get off this case, I'm going up to Lou's for a couple of weeks. Connecticut's grand in the spring. And maybe Lou'd get a hold of that fellow, that what's-his-name, Joe. Joe McNamara, it was. . . . That night in that canoe—say! Does he know some stuff! . . . If you can't be good, be careful, like Frances use to say. . . . "Wait a minute," I says to him. "Where do you think you are?" And he near tipped the boat over! . . .

If it was to be warm up there to Lou's when I get off of this case and they get the canoes out on the river again . . . Lou said any time. A girl ought to be able to visit her own married sister, I guess. . . . Only if Bert don't lay off of me, I can't go there no more. You can't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[REQUIESCAT Continued from page thirty-one]

let your brother-in-law get funny with you, what I mean. Only he's all right when he ain't had too much to drink. . . . Anyways when I get off of this case . . .

Listen to them rales in his chest. Like sandpaper. And he ain't breathing good, neither. Prince said yesterday the crisis in twenty-four hours. Him and that Jew doctor, Castelbaum. Mumbling and buzzing together. Prince, the old stuffed shirt! "Ah—let-uh me see the-uh chart, Miss Kelly, if you please." And this Castelbaum! Where they got him! No more heart than a . . . . But good, I guess. You got to be good to have the practice he's got.

And his pulse is up, too. They got it right about the crisis all right. And it won't be too soon for me. I'd like to get done with this case. Let him have his crisis and get done with it. The sooner the better. Just so he don't go out this afternoon. I got no stomach for fixing a stiff tonight. And undertakers, and all . . .

I guess he's got it coming to him. He ain't no lily! . . . Grabbing me like that, first time I come near him. Enough to scare you out of your head. . . . He's got no strength for grabbing now, though. Don't even know it's me here, poor fella. All he knows, I might be his wife or his grandmother! . . .

Well, I hope he don't go out this afternoon, that's all. Keep him going some ways till seven o'clock. Pass him along to Massey. Then if he shuffles off, she can take care of him. And I go up to Lou's tomorrow. I need the rest. I'm wore out. These pneumonias keep you jumping. . . . And if this Joe McNamara hasn't gotten himself married or something since last summer . . .

One thing, they usually go out at night, when they go. . . . Massey's welcome to him. . . .

II

HENRY PRINCE, M.D., entered the stuffy-dark room as he had entered sick rooms ever since he could remember. His manner was calm in a way that suggested omniscience and a realization of the inevitability of fate.

The nurse laid her book down, rose with the crinkling noise of her stiff uniform. Prince paused, three steps inside the door, on the balls of his wide-shod feet. He jerked his eyebrows up at the nurse, placed his little black bag noiselessly on a chair. His hand went involuntarily to his chin, pulled at his clipped, nearly white whiskers.

The nurse handed him her chart. He noted rising fever, rising pulse.

"Castelbaum been in yet?"

"No, doctor. Not today."

He handed back the chart, crossed the room, seated himself in the white chair by the bed, pulling up his trousers to preserve the crease. He closed practiced fingers on Howard Arbord's hot wrist. The patient stirred, as if irritably. . . . Prince compressed his lips so that the short hairs above and below bristled forward. . . .

He'll never get through the crisis. He's going to die before morning. Before midnight, likely. Castelbaum or no Castelbaum. . . .

His hand went involuntarily to his chin, pulled at his clipped, nearly white whiskers.

Well, Castelbaum can take the blame. I called him. That's one thing a specialist is good for. We've done all we can. We've called in a Jew. . . . All these brilliant young men are Jews. Give 'em twenty years and they'll have all the Christians out of the medical profession. And they'll all be specialists. On fingernails and hair follicles. . . . Will Mayo said it: "A specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less." . . . And charges for it. . . .

As soon as I saw it was a pneumonia I called in Castelbaum. And he can explain how it happened. Three grunts and a snarl. . . . We used to think a medical man had to have manners. Old Halliday, now. A gentleman of the old school. . . . And now they're all these Jews. . . . Well, he can have the blame. . . . He would have had the credit . . . most of it.

You can't ask much of a fee when your patient dies. They don't understand. Not that Castelbaum'll give a damn. He'll send 'em a nice bill, just the same. But I . . . The old family physician can't charge anything much. . . . Not that they'd question it. Good people, these Arbords. Fifteen years and they've paid every bill on the dot. . . . But, my God, when your patient dies . . .

If we could get him through, Nettie could have the new Franklin. God knows that old rattletrap won't get me around much longer. And makes a bad impression, driving up in a 1922 car. . . . But . . . Well, he'll go out just as fast as if he hadn't had Castelbaum coming in, looking wise. Just as fast and just as dead. . . . His wife'll feel better about it probably. We've done everything. . . .

Might just as well call Nettie and tell her to tell the Fords not to come for bridge tonight. . . . Sit here and see Arbord go out. Tell his wife. Pat her shoulder. Tell her we know not the day nor . . . Up all night again. I'm getting old for sitting up all night. Sixty-five next August. A man ought to retire before he's sixty. If he can afford it. . . . Arbord'll hang on till three or four.

I'd like to see Phil Ford. Like to play that bridge. . . . They trimmed us last time. Four-fifty. No. Four-eighty. I remember getting two dimes. . . . If Nettie would only bid the strength of her hands. . . . We would have had three no-trumps easily, instead of . . .

I'll have to drop in to see that confinement, that Mrs. Jarvis. Scared brown eyes. . . . They're all scared, but good soldiers, most of 'em. Can't blame 'em for being a little . . . And come back here before dinner and see how . . . And back in the evening, if he's hanging on . . .

He rose, nodded to the nurse, spoke to her, as he took his bag from the chair. In a low voice:

"I'll be back about six, Miss Kelly. If you need me before that you can get me at home or . . ." He copied a telephone number on an envelope and gave it to her.

III

MARY MULCAHY, a long fork in her pudgy red fist, poked at the blob of grayish brown meat that bobbed from side to side amid the boiling liquid in the big pot. She threw the fork on the table and made a slanting gesture with her down-turned hand.

"I tell you, Dan," she stated to the butcher's delivery man, swaying back and forth a little for emphasis, "if they're going to pass away they're going to pass away. And no house full of doctors and nurses, and all, are going to do them no good. A croup-kettle in the beginning, now, like I was telling the Madam, when his cough first started up like. Or a hot whisky lemonade, now.

"But they put him into his bed, with train nurses hollering for broth and junket and boiling their filthy pans in me kitchen. And old Dr. Prince, him a fine old man, calling in this Jew fella, and the two of 'em a-grunting and a-jabbering together while the Mister gets sicker and sicker. If they was to of give him some camphor and oil when he first come down, like I always says!"

"Ah!" exhaled the butcher's delivery man, clearing his throat and deciding suddenly against spitting on the floor, "like you says, if they're a-going to croak, they're a-going to croak, and it ain't a-going to do them no good, having their temperchoors took, and all. What does the doctors say about him, Mary?"

"God knows. And who cares? They tell the pore Madam, 'We can't tell nothing yet,

Mrs. Arbord,' like as if anybody thought they *could* tell yet. They wait around and they hang around, and if he passes away they decide he didn't get well. And if he gets well, they come a-rubbing their hands and a-letting on they done it all with their instruments. Ah!"

"Ah, well. If he croaks you got one less to cook for—"

"If he passes away, they got one less cook to cook for 'em! I worked into a house where they had a funeral once. And that's enough. The crying and the howling. And the undertakers, filthy brutes that they are. And all the friends coming in to view the remains of him. . . . And him not in a state of grace! . . . Not to speak of I ain't living in the house with no body!"

"I was saying to Fritz this morning just before I come out—"

"And you tell Fritz for me, you tell him, 'Mary says them broilers he sent up on Toosday was all right for fricasseeing, but if they was broilers I'm a squab meself,' you tell him. And tell him the next time he sends us a couple old birds like that I'll send 'em back to him the next day. And tell him he ain't the only butcher in the world, and there's some would give us decent meat for half the price, tell him."

"Ahhh! What're you beefing about? Them broilers? The best you ever seen. The boss picked 'em out for you himself. He says, 'This Mr. Arbord is sick,' he says to me, 'and the best ain't too good for him,' he says. 'Take him these here ones,' he says. You maybe didn't cook 'em enough or something—"

"You tell me how to cook broilers! Get out of here with you! Out of my kitchen! Me with the house full of doctors and nurses and God knows what, and you come and tell me how to cook! I been cooking twenty-two years since I come from the old country, and I never yet seen the butcher's man that could tell me nothing. I got trouble enough. The Mister eating nothing but broth and junket, and the Madam not eating nothing at all, herself so nervous. And these train nurses wanting everything just so, like they was the Queen of Roumania!"

"And if he croaks, you're leaving, eh?"

"And no fooling about it neither! When Mulcahy passed on, God rest him, when he passed on—took off sudden with the fever, he was, and me a young girl, a green girl, just over, and him vomiting blood and all — when he passed away, I got all I want of the dead and gone. If the Mister is took off tonight, I'm through in the morning and no notice. If they don't give me my money, all right. I'm through." She picked up the fork and prodded the soup meat again.

Dan pulled his cap down over his eyes, grasped the handle of his empty basket, and started for the door. "I got to get on me rout," he declared. "I hope he don't croak and they'll be getting in some Swede or something. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

IV

"GEE, Jimmy, I *can't*, I tell you," said Olive Massey into her telephone. "Well, I know. I thought maybe I'd be off of this case by now, but he's worse. He's a pneumonia, and you got to watch them . . .

"Aw, Jimmy! You know I wouldn't fib to you, don't you? I want to see you, sure. Only you get a case and there you are. You can't walk out on 'em. This one won't last long, anyway, I don't think. He's got it bad . . .

"Say, what do you think I am, lying to you? Of course, I want to see Dolly. It's so long since I've seen a musical show, I don't remember what they look like, but . . .

"Jimmy, I tell you I got this damn pneumonia to look after. Can't you get that through your head? I . . .

"Well, what about *me?* Do you think I like it? Maybe you think I'm some sort of a statue . . .

"Not unless he goes out before seven. I got to relieve the other girl at seven, unless the case dies, see? . . . All right, if he passes out I'll call you. If you don't hear from me by seven you know I'm not coming. Understand? . . .

"Anyway, he won't last past tomorrow, probably. Tonight or tomorrow night I'm through. And then . . . I won't take another case right away, see? And we'll have a party, Jimmy. Yeah. Maybe the girl'd go out and leave me alone in the apartment, see? Maybe. I can't be sure.

"Sure. Absolutely. You call me up tomorrow and I'll tell you what I know. Yeah. . . . All right, Jimmy. Don't forget, now! . . .

"Good-by, Jimmy."

Howard Arbord, Jr., sprawled in a big armchair. He was turning the pages of a magazine disgustedly

V

IN his room in the front of the house, over the sick room, Howard Arbord, Jr., sprawled in a big armchair. He was turning the pages of a magazine disgustedly. It was one of those periodicals which are made up largely of stills from popular photoplays, generously interspersed with photographic studies of smooth young ladies in fragmentary costumes that reveal exciting expanses of sleekly naked shoulder and leg and torso without offending the Post Office Department.

That girl there, that Yolanda Springtime. She looks like Gladys. Big eyes and dark hair, and that funny kidding look. . . . Gee! Glad'd look swell in an outfit like that. Tight black velvet or something, cut way down in the back, and stopping short way above her knees, like that. . . . Glad could get in the movies, if her old man wasn't so finicky. . . .

They're always butting in. . . . "I shouldn't do that, dear. It isn't nice." . . . "You mustn't stay out so late at night, your father and I home here with no idea" . . . Cigarettes, and the movies, and books, and girls. Anything that's any fun, they've got to come horning in. . . . But dad . . .

Well, old men've got to die sometime, haven't they? You'd think there was something queer about it, the way they go on. . . . He must be . . . well, pretty nearly fifty. Pretty close to it. If not *more*. . . . And . . . well, he's got to die sooner or later. . . . But you have to make such a fuss about it . . . "Out of deference to your father." . . . Fat lot of good it does *him*, me hanging around the house. . . .

Poor mom! Rotten on her, all right. Only she ought've known it had to be this way sooner or . . . Pale and white; and only just whispering, as if she was afraid he'd hear her and . . . Poor mom. . . . "You must eat your dinner, dear. Just because father's" . . . And she fiddles with things with a fork and doesn't eat a scrap, hardly. . . . Rotten on her, all right. . . . Eyes are all red again this afternoon. . . . Damn if I see what good it does, crying and moaning around. . . . What's the use of making such a fuss? Making it harder is all. And . . .

Maybe it's all right for mom, but . . . Fat lot of good it does. . . . Might as well go out and forget it for a little, instead of . . . It isn't as if me hanging around was going to help him any. If I could run errands or . . . But just parking here, mooning . . . "out of deference to your father" . . . I don't even sit with mom. She sits down a minute and then rumples up her handkerchief and mops . . . And then she goes upstairs . . . And . . .

If I could go over to see Glad, now. . . . I don't suppose there's a chance but . . . Maybe at dinner, if dad's any better . . . Hang around this old cemetery any more, I'll go

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

10 minutes ago—

How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! How often you've heard of its quick relief of sore throat and tonsilitis. No wonder millions use it to conquer colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it has no effect on the heart. All drug-stores.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

QUICK RELIEF FOR COLDS SINCE 1889

Dangerous!

don't kiss baby

Mother's cold which seems only an unimportant discomfort may, if neglected, infect the entire family. In many millions of homes this serious winter health problem is solved by regular use of GROVE'S BROMO QUININE.

After any undue exposure and chilling, or if the feet get wet, wives and husbands who must guard not only their own health, but also that of children, should take GROVE'S BROMO QUININE tablets promptly.

As a weapon against cold, no remedy is better known. Taken at the first warning symptom—sneezing, headache, backache, or chills—it may help you side-step the cold entirely. Taken early or late, it tones and regularizes the system so effectively that colds are thrown off quickly... There is only one genuine BROMO QUININE. To be sure of getting it, emphasize GROVE'S when asking for GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. Price 30c.

GROVE'S BROMO QUININE

LAXATIVE TABLETS

[REQUIESCAT Continued from page thirty-three]

crazy. Everybody tiptoeing around and whispering and . . . That day nurse is pretty nearly a cutie, only you can't . . . She's busy all the time and . . . Patting mom's shoulder yesterday, when mom cried . . .

Gee, if I don't get out of this funeral parlor, I'll . . . If I could just run over and see Glad . . . "Can't go to the movies, kid, on account of my father being" . . . And old man Rea goes to bed early . . . rattling his newspapers and . . . "Come to bed early, dear. Remember . . . School tomorrow." . . . Anyway, it'd cheer me up a little.

Forget all this weepy business for tonight, anyway, and . . . And the last time I . . . Kissing *that* way. . . .

Maybe at dinner, if dad's better . . . And I can call her up then, if I have to . . .

He turned the page on which the stimulating Yolanda Springtime appeared in the seminude, and began on a study of Uldine Olivier, seated in a brief bathing suit on a scratchy-looking rock. . . .

VI

"MR. TALLMAN on the wire, doctor."

Miss Lewin smiled in a businesslike way as Max Castelbaum picked up the French telephone from its stand on his desk.

"Hello. . . . Yes, Harry. Yeah. . . . Today, Harry? . . . Just a minute.

"Anybody else in the waiting room, Miss Lewin? . . . Good. . . . Any calls? . . . Who? . . . *Oh,* yes! Arbord, Prince's pneumonia . . .

"Hello, Harry. . . . Listen, I'm about through here, and I've got to make one call. . . . Let's see. That'll make it . . . Say about five minutes to six? . . . All right! Fine! There's nothing I want more than a couple of those Bacardis of yours. . . . All right, Harry. All right.

"Say not later than six o'clock, and have the shaker frosted when I get there. What? . . . Fine! Thanks. I'll be there. . . . Good-by, Harry."

He turned to his secretary.

"Miss Lewin, will you call Dr. Jacobs, please, and ask him if he can put off the Masterson consultation till morning? . . . Tell him I'm . . . Tell him another case of mine has gone a little wrong suddenly and I don't see how I . . . You know."

He produced a large cigar from a desk drawer, bit the end off, spat out the little wad of tobacco. "I'll call you from Arbord's and find out what you hear from Jacobs. All right?"

I don't believe Arbord'll pull through. No reason why he should. This old Prince . . . Just like all the rest of 'em. These G. Ps. Fiddle along, putter around till the patient's just about dead, and then call a consultant. . . . Old pussy-cat-whiskers! Old-school medico. One step above the witch doctors. . . . All fine for pimples and sprained ankles, but when it comes to . . . Get in a consultant to take the blame. . . . Sure! . . . Well, I can stand it and he can't. . . . Old nincompoop . . . And a sweet old thing, too. Would've made a nice old minister . . . But an M.D.! . . .

Mary Mulcahy poked at the blob of grayish brown meat in the big pot.

VII

HAZEL WHITNEY ARBORD crouched on the edge of the sofa in the library, trying to reclaim her mind from the panic that had seized it, trying to arrange her thoughts in neat, orderly rows. . . .

He isn't *going* to die. He *can't* die, that's all . . . He . . . Why, it was only last week he was talking about sailing for England in May! . . . He . . . Such things don't happen. That's all. He *can't.* He mustn't . . . He's only forty-eight. Hardly middle-aged. And strong. Big-chested. Healthy. Lungs like a barrel . . .

If he does, what'll I . . . Oh, it'll be so miserable. Everything all mixed up . . . Money matters. And Junior . . . How on earth could I ever manage Junior? He's so big. Almost a man and . . . Howard's always kept him under control, anyway, and I . . . He gets that little, nasty sneer on his face when I . . . But if Howie *does* . . .

There'll be plenty of money, of course. And Junior's finishing with school in June. He could go to college. . . . Harvard, I suppose, Howie'd want him . . . And then . . .

But . . . It's so miserable, just sitting here . . . Planning. That's what I'm doing: planning. . . . It's wicked. Wicked. . . . Why, Howie was so . . . Young and straight, and his head so . . . Oh, God, God, God . . . He was only

twenty-eight when we . . . Such straight, smooth shoulders . . . And all that will be . . . He *can't* die! It's wicked. . . . Of course, he's changed a lot in twenty years. . . . Old and soft and . . . But cheerful, always. . . . I don't see how . . .

. . . . And, with Junior at Harvard, of course, I could travel. I've always wanted . . . His life's insured for two hundred thousand . . . and there must be . . . His interest in Sheertex must be . . . Oh, nearly a million . . . And . . .

Dan grasped the handle of the empty basket and started for the door.

I could go to Egypt, even. Egypt where . . .

She rose and slipped across a few feet of carpet to the door, where Dr. Castelbaum stood half bowing.

"How do you do, doctor? Dr. Prince went to see another case and he's just come back. You'll find him upstairs now . . . And . . . you'll tell me, when you come down, won't you? The truth, I mean. Whatever it . . . You'll find me here, doctor. . . . Yes. Go right up . . ."

YOU can tell by their faces when they come down. You can see by their eyes. By the way they look at each other. And at you. . . . And they said today was . . . I wonder if it hurts him. . . . They say he's delirious most of the . . . Those horrible noises in his chest. Gasping there, trying to . . . But you don't . . . You aren't really . . . I remember when I had my appendix . . . Just a sort of dream. Pain, discomfort, but it's not real . . . Anyway, you don't—realize . . .

Junior doesn't seem to understand. . . . Like a whipped puppy. Sulky. As if it were my fault . . . God knows I . . . I suppose you don't understand until you see it a few times and know how near you yourself . . . Father wasn't so bad. . . . Quick, anyway, but . . .

Howie could manage Junior . . . Antagonized him, of course, but he managed to keep him from . . . I don't see how I . . . He seems to think I'm just an old woman. . . . Those nasty little girls he goes with . . . Heaven only knows . . . It doesn't hurt a boy so much, but . . . Cheap. That's what it is . . . And when I . . . But if I can't, I can't. . . . He can go off to college in the fall and . . .

Anyway, there'll be money enough. I know that. . . . Not like poor Harriet when George . . . How *can* I be so cool about it now? I don't seem to feel . . . Not really, not the way I would have when . . . So young and fine, when we were . . . I suppose, when you're my age and you've lived with a man twenty years you don't . . . He's just a habit and you're sorry for yourself. But I *do* love him . . . in a way. . . . He *is* kind, *always* kind. . . . Everything I've ever wanted . . . But . . .

Oh, God, I hope he doesn't . . . I'd feel as if I'd killed him, almost. Sitting here, thinking like this about . . . It's wicked, wicked . . . And I wear black . . . and cry a lot . . . But there is plenty of money. Thank heaven for that . . . I can send Junior to . . .

VIII

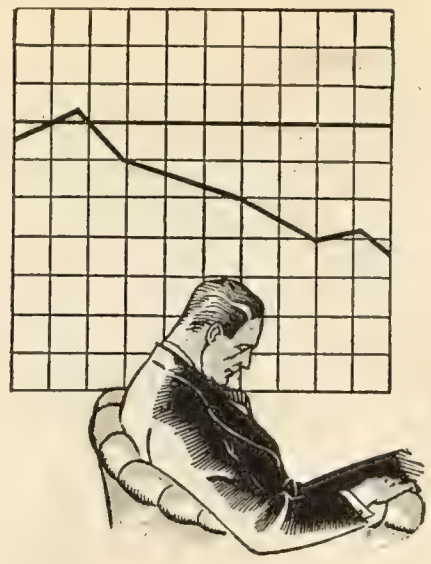
HOWARD ARBORD was, as they say, sinking. . . . You're hurting my chest, Sally, hurting quite . . . Take those . . . Take those bags off my chest, Sally. They press down so and hurt, don't you . . . It's hard to breathe with these bags on my . . . I'm not sure we can go anyway, even if you have packed 'em . . . Because if Hazel . . . What she don't know won't . . . So take the bags off for a little. . . . Leave 'em packed but, you see, even your old daddy has to breathe . . . So . . .

It's none of Warren's damn . . . "Howard, I hope you won't think I'm meddling, but this—ah—young woman" . . . I know damn well you're meddling! What do you think of that? . . . All nose . . . Talking through it. Sticking it into other people's . . . *I'll* take care of *my* reputation, thank . . . I'm not a schoolboy. . . . I . . .

Even if you'd just let me have some water, Sally . . . You can have all the champagne. It's for you, but I want . . . Don't pay any attention to the damn doctors. . . . What the hell do I want with . . . Just a glass of water, sweetie, see? . . . Because my mouth's all cotton, Sally, see? My tongue's all . . .

And stop those drums! Ta-*tump*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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for those below physical par

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* * *

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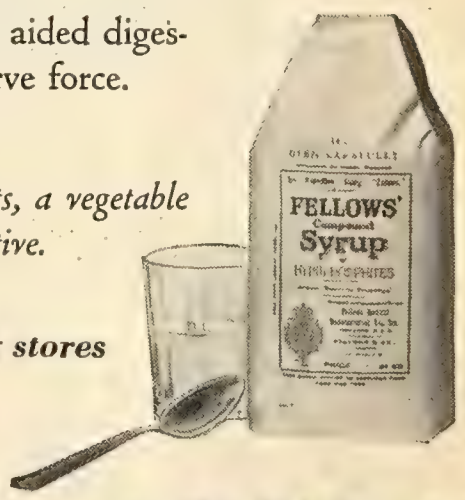

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THE TONIC

Fat Comes at 40

to most people—for this reason

At about the age of 40 most men and women take on fat. Medical men know the reason. At that age the thyroid gland often loses power. That gland largely controls nutrition. One of its functions is to turn food into fuel and energy. The food goes to fat when it weakens.

The modern method of treating obesity aims to correct that deficiency. Physicians the world over employ it.

That is the method embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years. That is one reason why excess fat is far less common than it used to be.

The Marmola prescription has been perfected by one of the greatest medical laboratories in the world. It is used by countless people to bring weight down to normal in a scientific way. You see the results in every circle, in youthful figures, new beauty, new vitality.

Every box contains the formula—complete. Also the reasons for the good results. When you see the fat depart, you will know exactly why.

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The Rexall Store — United Drug Company

[REQUIESCAT
Continued from page thirty-five]

ta-*tump* ta-*tump* ta-*tump* . . . We *should've got a table on* the *floor*. . . . *Away* from *all* those *drums* ta-*tump* ta-*tump* . . . Send up word I'll give 'em fifty dollars to stop those drums for a few minutes. Tell the waiter, Sally. Those drums are driving me . . .

And who the hell are you, that you're pawing at me? Huh? . . . I want to know. *I* want to. See? . . . Pulling my bedclothes around, breathing up all the air . . . Get away from me. Let me . . . *alone!* . . . What do I want with a lot of damn doctors and nurses? Yanking me around . . . I'll get out of here and smash your dirty nose. . . . *I* will. *That's* who. . . . Why can't you let me . . . *alone?* That's all I . . . Open a window. My God! Let some air in for a man who wants to breathe. . . .

Throw 'em out, Sally! Call that nigger elevator man. And have him throw 'em out. . . . What're detectives breaking in here for, I'd like to know? Detectives? . . . A New York divorce, hah? . . . It's none of your damn . . . Breaking into a young lady's apartment! Shame! . . . Private detectives! Pigs! Skunks! . . . Get out of here before I get my gun. . . . *I'll* show you who . . .

Respectable business man, see? Money enough to buy all the detectives in the world! That's what. Millions of money. For skunks . . . Come breaking in, smashing doors, hah? . . . Adultery! . . . Thou shalt not com . . . The Fifth or the Seventh? . . . One of the . . .

ALL right. . . . I'll pay the graft. How much'll it . . . Blackmail! That's what it . . . All right. Here's your . . .

Because Hazel mustn't find out. See? . . . A good woman. A dear, sweet woman. My wife. Hazel. And what she don't know . . . will it, Sally? . . . And Junior, too. He mustn't think his dad's a . . . What *he* don't know, too, hah? . . . The father of a family. Respected. Just a little girl friend . . . Eh, Sally? . . . Nobody misses the money. And I made it, didn't I? With my own work, I made it. I guess I can . . . But Hazel mustn't . . . Because she's a good, sweet woman, Sally. You understand that, don't you? It'd break her . . . So we just keep it quiet. To ourselves, hah? . . .

And . . . Take those things off my *chest*, Sally! I told you before! And let go my throat! What're you . . . Sally, Sally, Sally! You wouldn't strangle . . . You wouldn't kill your old sugar daddy, Sally? Let go! Let go! Let go! . . . Because . . . if you . . . do that . . . Hazel'll . . . You mustn't . . . Stop chok

The process ceased.

IX

HAZEL ARBORD still crouched on the edge of the sofa in the library, when Prince and Castelbaum padded silently downstairs. She stared at them with terrified eyes as they came into the room, Castelbaum bowing Prince ahead of him to the ordeal. She knew from their eyes, as she had known she would know. She said nothing. She thought of nothing to say. Prince looked older and more tired than usual. Castelbaum was grave but urbane.

Prince cleared his throat. "Your husband," he said in the voice he had used for such announcements ever since he could remember, "passed away quietly a moment or two ago."

Still Hazel Arbord said nothing. She noticed how perfectly the creases in Castelbaum's striped gray trousers broke just once at the proper distance above his shiny shoes. She pushed herself back into a more secure position on the sofa. Prince expected her to do something.

"Was he—in pain?" she asked in desperation for words.

"I think not, Mrs. Arbord. He was in a semicomatose condition. He said nothing. He moved very little. His heart merely stopped."

She did not know whether she was going to cry or not. She thought not, but she could not be sure. Words were still whirling through her brain. Fragmentary sentences that began with "Now—"

Now he is dead. Now I am alone. Now I shall not have to live this sort of life. . . .

"I am extremely sorry, Mrs. Arbord," said Castelbaum in his rich barytone.

She thought of saying that it was quite all right.

"Everything that could be done," he went on, "was done. His heart gave out at the crisis." Castelbaum offered her his hand. She grasped his fingers. They were thick and hot. Not like Howie's, thin, cold . . . Castelbaum bowed and made for the door. She heard him snap the face of his watch shut as he went down the stairs. . . .

Castelbaum was grave but urbane.

Castelbaum had learned that it was ten minutes before 6. He would not be late for Harry Tallman's cocktails at the club. . . .

In the library, Prince was patting Hazel's shoulder. "If there is anything I can do . . ."

She tried to look at him, turned her eyes down, away.

"We know not the day nor the hour," said Prince. He had found that effective with the bereaved. If Mrs. Arbord behaved herself, they could still have the Fords to dinner.

"What am I expected to do now?" she asked him suddenly, in a queer hard voice. Not the proper voice for a widow, he thought.

"The best thing is to get a good

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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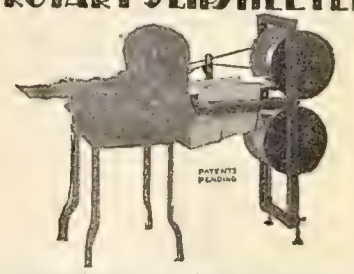

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

undertaker and leave the arrangements to him. Daniels is a good man. Would it relieve you if I should call him?"

"Please." She pointed. "There is a telephone in the hall." He went to it. She heard him working the dial, speaking in a low voice, saying, "Arbord, A-r-b-o-r-d . . ."

Then I shall send Junior to Harvard in the fall. It's not my fault if he . . . Heaven knows he pays no attention to what I . . . We'll live here together until school's over and then . . . I might send him to a camp. . . . Or take him with me . . . to . . . I wonder how they do all these things about a will. How long it takes . . .

"Aw, Jimmy! You know I wouldn't fib to you."

"Daniels himself will be here in a little while," said Dr. Prince.

"Thank you, doctor."

"If there is anything else I can do . . . Do you feel that you need a stimulant?"

She shook her head. "Thank you." Then she said: "I wonder . . . If you could tell Junior for me, doctor . . ."

"Certainly, Mrs. Arbord. I understand your feelings . . ."

"I think he is in the drawing-room. On the floor below."

"Very well, Mrs. Arbord." Prince bowed, made his way toward the door. He turned. "I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you in your hour of grief."

"Thank you."

X

JUNIOR sat in an armchair in the drawing-room. One leg thrown over the arm of the chair swung back and forth. Junior scowled at the window. He did not hear the doctor enter.

"Junior."

The boy whirled to face the doctor, defensively. "What?"

"Junior, you must steel yourself for a shock, a very great shock."

Dad's dead. Gee! Gee, dad's dead. . . .

"Your father passed away quietly a few minutes ago."

He *is* dead! He's . . . He won't be around any more. He . . . There'll be a funeral and a lot of tripe . . .

Junior got to his feet. "Gee, doc . . ."

"Death," pronounced Prince, "is a fact that the young must accustom themselves to. As you grow older you will realize better . . ."

The boy had a curious sensation in his throat and chest. As if he had breathed out all the air and couldn't remember how to breathe in again.

He jerked his head up.

Well, there won't be any more of those rows about coming home early and smoking cigarettes and . . . But gee! . . . Well, it was going to get him some day . . .

"If I were you, I should go to your mother. She is rather upset."

"Yeah. Yeah. I'll go to mom. Yeah."

. . . An old man like dad . . . But . . .

XI

SALLY and Gretchen Cole, who was by way of being a girl friend, had been to a musical show.

"Come on up to my place," Sally had said as they reached the sidewalk. "I'm feeling kind of rotten. Let's just sit around a little. I got some champagne and . . ."

Now Sally reclined on the pillows of the day bed, her slippers off and her toes wiggling with glee at their freedom. She was going through the pink edition of tomorrow morning's tabloid, having finished with the photograph of the dead fireman on the front page. Gretchen was in the bedroom. . . .

Gretchen came out presently and found Sally sprawled grotesquely on the day bed. Her golden evening dress was twisted about her. Her face was buried in a cushion. Her slender back and shoulders shook with convulsive sobs.

"Why, *darling!*" cried Gretchen. "Why—what's the matter?"

As she leaned over the crying girl she saw a small headline in the crumpled paper Sally's hand still clutched. It was:

HOSE KING DEAD

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Knew That Word

Bobby was enchanted with the quaint hotel we visited.

"Mother, is this place ours?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes, Bob, for the present," I answered, smiling.

"I like such presents," he joyously said.—Beatrice Winkler, 2664 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.

Same as the Ticket—Sometimes

When William rode on a Pullman train for the first time, noting the berths were assigned by numbers, he made a searching look of the car, and then asked the porter, "Are all your bedrooms numbered, mister?"—William Howard Anderson, 809 Metropolitan Bank Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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This patented red divider in the money compartment of Find-ex will keep the new small-sized bills separate from the larger currency.

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Vox

We Always Read Trash Very Carefully Before Printing It

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I have read (with great disgust) the article in your paper on the life of Barbara La Marr. I refrain from saying anything derogatory of anyone that is dead, but some of the cheap, flowery words that were used in the article have no place in a magazine.

In the first place, the deceased lady was *not* beautiful, nor was she talented. Having seen her in all the pictures she had a part in, I must say that, as a motion picture artist, she was a flat failure. Judging from what was said of her before her death, she "went the pace and paid the price."

Adela Rogers St. Johns' prelude is positively nauseating. Such words could be better placed, such as eulogizing Queen Victoria or any other nationally known good woman. If Adela thought poor Barbara was handsome, she certainly needed an oculist's attention at that time.

Always had a great respect for your publication, but someone of sense in your department should read over such trash very carefully before printing it.—*Ernest Stevens.*

How to Be Well, Though Fat

DETROIT, MICH.—I am a fat man. Being fat, I found something in Hugh Fullerton's article, "Exercise," that I agree with, and that something is that there are a certain number of men who can stay in good health without exercise.

For many years I took no exercise and stayed well, though fat. Then I began to take strenuous reducing exercises. They chased some of my fat away for a while, but it came right back. Finally I resolved to

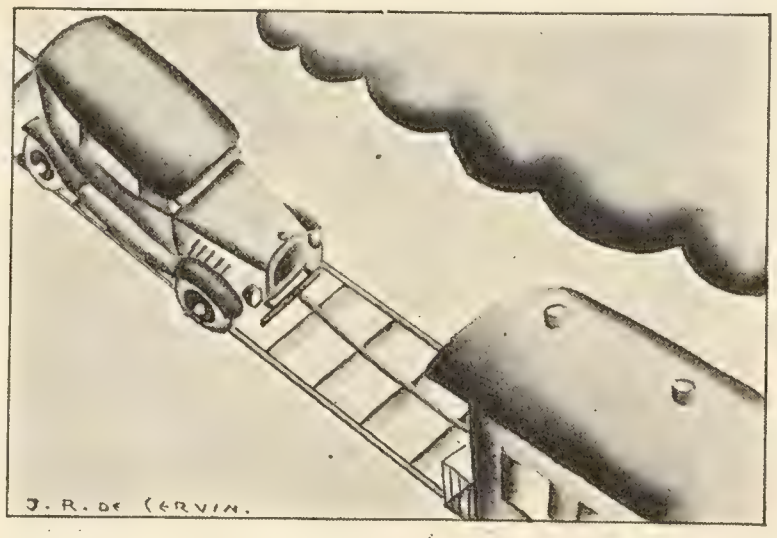
take only exercise in which I could use my weight to advantage.

So, whenever I get a chance to enter a tug of war, why, I enter—all 248 pounds of me. And when I go to Canada in winter, though my occasional efforts to ski are like a whale's attempts to walk gracefully on land, I'm in demand by the younger generation whenever they get up a toboggan race.

I'm laughed at on skis, *but* what a whizz I am on a toboggan!—*Pete Ward.*

A Few Words About Gracie the Beautiful Gasoline Gyp

NYACK, N. Y.—Why in heck did Grace and Ester, your Gasoline Gypsies, let themselves in for such a tough time in that high powered car? The pore lil' girls had an *or-r-ful*



experience. They only had all the money they wanted to spend, one of the best autos money could buy, and soft beds in the best hotels.

Things should have been made easier for 'em. Metal wheels, just like those on a Pullman, should have been put on their car. Then it should have been tied with a thick rope to the back of one crack express train after another, till they hit the Pacific coast, and could pour their bottle of Atlantic water into the Pacific.

Then mebbe they'd have been satisfied—but I doubt it.—*Mack.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Gracie the Beautiful Gasoline Gyp put over a fast one, I think, when on August 13 she spent $21.30 for gas.

About 100 gallons anyhow you figure it, and at ten miles to the gallon. That girl sure can drive!

When I put twenty-one bucks into gas for a day's driving I'll split with the car. Yessir, I'll drink half and give the rest to the engine.—*A Grip Gyp.*

IOWA CITY, IA.—What did Grace Robinson Ananias eat the night before she dreamed that impossible nightmare, "Gasoline Gypsies"? In one installment she spent a thrilling night with the Pueblo Indians.

We, three Iowa blondes, unable to enter the same Pueblo settlement, started to signal to the Indians, gesticulating wildly. An old brave dressed in a dark blue Hart, Schaffner & Marx suit and sitting in a Packard roadster, remarked contemptuously, "Say, lady, we all speak English here!"—*Ellie, Billie, and Marion.*

ROSE CITY, MICH.—Have read so many slams on "Gasoline Gypsies" that I hope Grace Robinson sees my comment. Her experiences were exciting and interesting enough for those of us who are mostly stay-at-homes and travel only through LIBERTY and other magazines.

Yes, the members of my family enjoyed her articles. My twelve-year-old son was especially thrilled by her forced visit among the real New Mexican Indians.—*Mrs. Frank Monoghan.*

ANDERSON, S. C.—We just read "Gasoline Gypsies and What They Cost," and oh what an end to Grace Robinson's series! For ten years we have wandered hither and yon over this continent and till just now we didn't know that every other item on our expense sheet should be a tip.

My gosh, what must the street sweepers, dog catchers, and janitors think of us for not tipping them!

That woman ain't no gypsy. She is a philanthropist. Eighty-five dollars and ninety cents in open figures. Oh!—*F. M. Willis.*

TULSA, OKLA.—The publishing of your little Miss Robinson's "expense account," with her introductory explanation, was sure one happy thought. I laughed till the tears came; and the more I "inspected" the account, the more amusing things did I see. There were too many to grasp at once.

I am fifty-two, and have been quite a reader all my life. I have never read anything funnier.—*C. L. H.*

LA SALLE, ILL.—Wall Street has its stock market with profit-taking, and a man can wax prosperous in real estate, but the most profitable investment I ever made was five cents for the December 1st LIBERTY, containing Grace's expense report tip:

"Meals $10.00, Tips $1.00; Meals $10.00, Tips $1.00; Meals $10.00, Tips $1.00."

Today, thanks to five cents and to LIBERTY, I am all set for my 1929 vacation.—*Salesman.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I should have thought that the editor of LIBERTY would have been so sore after paying (Dis) Grace's expense account that, instead of publishing it, he'd have buried it.—*Nicky.*

She Hasn't One

DES MOINES, IA.—I sure sympathize with Grace Robinson's husband (assuming she has one) if she eats as much at home as she did on that trip.—*Bert Laglan.*

We Hope His Riding Boots Do Not Sit Well on His Stummick, Fred

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In a recent issue you published a letter signed "Knocker and Booster," in which the writer said, referring to an incident in my story, "She Knew What She Wanted": "Felicia actually signed a contract at $2,000 a week without taking a screen test, or showing that she could act. . . . Now I'll eat my riding boots . . . if a thing like that ever happened in the films."

The story suggested itself to me because of an authentic incident in which a celebrated star and director sought for weeks to find a girl who looked enough like the star to be her sister, and discovered the person they sought in the director's secretary, who had been sitting in on the conferences.

She was forcibly made an actress and placed under contract, despite lack of experience and tests, and started upon a successful career.

Whenever a personality is needed for the screen—in my story the management permitted the heroine to hold them up because they were losing her $2,000 weekly salary every hour they delayed—they don't worry about tests and acting ability. Witness the multitude of notorious and celebrated persons made stars overnight for box office reasons.—*Fred MacIsaac.*

All Right. Let's Talk About Something Else

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I'm sick of reading about Ed Doherty's millionaire. Don't all the simps who write in, trying to give Old Moneybags' cash

away for him, know that that miser isn't going to give a cent to anybody, but is just getting a kick out of thinking up ways he *could* give it away? I was dead sure of that when I read Ed's second article, "Those Idle Millions."

An old uncle of mine was like that. Every once in a while he'd give somebody in his family a thrill by hinting that he might leave his money to nephew so-and-so or poor cousin so-and-so. Next month they were forgotten, and it would be somebody else.

He just got a h— of a lot of satisfaction out of saying: "Want it? Yes? Well, you can't have it."

Do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to knock Ed's millionaire off the pile of money bags he's sitting on with a brick fired right at his beak. He isn't really aiming to give anybody anything.—*Harry.*

Pop

Well, We Could Name a Couple of Distinctly Second-Rate Booze Peddlers

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—"There are more murderers, gangsters, rum runners, illegal booze peddlers, hold-up men, and divorce cases in America than in any other country in the whole world."

Perhaps the Canadian Vox Popper who wrote those lines was referring only to the United States of America. If so, he might just as well go on. We also have more money, automobiles, radios, homes, life, and pep—more peace and contentment than any other nation on earth.

And even if we do have more murderers, gangsters, hold-up men, and booze peddlers than any other nation, they are *the best of their class*, and would starve trying to make a living in any other nation.—*W. H. M.*

No. It Won't Be Long Now

CHICAGO, ILL.—LIBERTY has been putting on a lively debate between the drys and the wets. But gosh save us from a debate between those in favor of tobacco and those against it, now that the W. C. T. U. is trying to work up a campaign against the fragrant weed.

It's my habit, after dinner, to enjoy a good cigar, in my pet armchair. It wouldn't surprise me a-tall to have some tobacco prohibitionist sneak up

behind me some evening and spill half a bucket of water on the lighted end of my Long Brown.—*Jerry F.*

Blessings on Bridge—

MIAMI, FLA.—The editorial in LIBERTY, "Don't Play Bridge," reminds me of the story of a husband who said to his wife, who, he thought, played too much bridge: "My dear, if you keep on, you'll die playing bridge."

"Sweetheart," she said, "if I do, please bury me with simple honors."

When you are young, learn to play a good game of bridge, and you will have something to occupy you when you grow old. God bless the man who invented bridge!—*L. B. Bishop.*

—a Growl or Two—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your editorial, "Don't Play Bridge," struck a resounding chord in my innermost being. But I have long since ceased to crusade against bridge.

For one thing I play a rotten game and am regarded with tolerant pity. But my remarks are not truly resented, as one does not resent the crossness of a teething infant.

Meanwhile I am viewing the prolonged intense mental effort being religiously misspent with a rising sense of irritation.

The answer, which you have perhaps not perceived, and I did not for some time, is that the true intellectual could never be a bridge fiend. Curiously enough, when playing with these genuine experts, I am actually impressed with my own inadequacy.

They would make it appear that supremacy in playing this game is an index to intelligence, whereas what is most requisite is a mind that will readily adhere to petty and mechanical details and never be distracted by any flitting glimpses of the profound, and, above all, a never faltering intention to accomplish the humiliation of any opponent.

But what I marvel at is the bravery of the man who wrote that editorial! For goodness' sake, never let *my* wife see *my* name on this in print.—*Partner's Ace Trumper.*

—and Some Sobs

SCRANTON, PA.—I offer my sympathy to the man who wrote that LIBERTY editorial, "Don't Play Bridge."

Not because I'm in the same boat—I'm a bachelor. But my ability to chortle over his condition doesn't keep me from wishing I could do something about it.

It must be bad enough to be married to *any* woman. But to be shackled to one whose brain has been sterilized by bridge—who, like the snail, moves majestically but never gets anywhere—well, my eyes are wet and I'm not ashamed.

Reading is my meat. I can begin with the ancient Greek and come right down to the modern grafter and never miss an incident. I can tell why Rome reduced, why Cæsar ceased, why medieval Europe missed, why France flunked, why England expanded, and why Smith sank. The value of all this is clear. My income is equal to that of any ordinary plumber. About playing bridge I know two and a half times less than nothing. I'd know less than that if I could.—*Dennis F. Crolly.*

Nurse's Silence Is Not So Good

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—I think LIBERTY the best child's magazine published. Father thinks he could improve on it. My nurse has no opinion to offer.—*Baby Toots.*

Yessir

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Who in the heck can follow the twists and turns of European diplomacy, some of it still secret? Certainly few Americans. I'm no political expert, but my hunch is that we'd better stay out.

That's why it did me good to read your editorial, "Once Again: Let's Mind Our Own Business." Yep, them's my sentiments. Down with the multilateral treaty!

Here's hoping that Uncle Sam, when it comes time to enter or pass by that back door to Europe, with John Bull, Esq., and Mlle. France inviting him in, will stride on by, along the road to No Entangling Alliances.

We can keep England's and France's friendship even though refusing to be drawn in. With our hands and heads free of obligations we can take an impartial view of the European system. And it's only by taking such a view that we can act for the best interests of our country.—*Foe of the Kellogg Treaty.*

On Mr. Price, Mr. Chambers—

CHICAGO, ILL.—The pictures by Norman Price illustrating "The Happy Parrot" were magnificent.

I don't know who is the better man—Robert W. Chambers, who told the story, or Norman Price. Let's have some more!—*August Bauer.*

—the Girls of Today—

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Hand it to Robert W. Chambers! I bet when the modern girls read his stories, they stopped a bit before stepping out as they usually do. You will note that after his heroine, Cintra, got a good spanking from Uncle Quinn she was not quite so brash as she had been.

This business of letting girls run wild will ruin the country if it is not stopped, and the most effective way to stop it is to take the girl over one's knee and apply a hand or hairbrush where it will do the most good.

Chambers knew his girls. Hope he will give us some more stories in which they get spanked.—*A Hard-boiled Guy.*

—and an Intimate Problem

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Atta girl, "Smarting Marie"—you said something when you said: "Give us a LIBERTY story against spanking young girls!"

I am over sixteen, and, believe me, if there are as many mothers with old-fashioned ideas as I think there are, thousands of us would appreciate a story or article along those lines.

I am rather small, but pretty, and my mother is tall and strong. With her ancient notions she objects to my staying out late at night with boys, and all that.

The other night, when I came in very late, I found her waiting up for me, and I was expecting something, but not what I got.

As soon as mother found out I had been smoking, which, to her, means that I am sure to be damned, she hustled me to my room, and before I knew what was happening she sat down and pulled me across her knees, and spanked me with a hairbrush worse than she ever did before. I had to sleep on my face, and I didn't want to sit down next day.

Worst of all, she talked about it. As a result I have lost all my respect for her, and all my affection has turned to hatred and contempt.

Prohibition doesn't mean as much to the younger generation as intimate problems like spanking, which we have been afraid to discuss.—*M. W.*

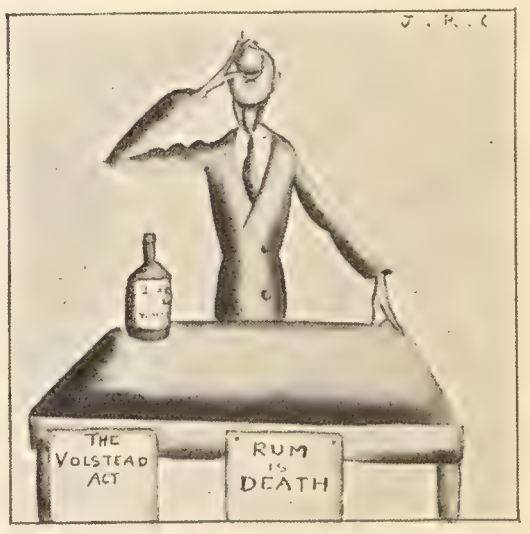
Heh, Heh! Very Comical

BENTON HARBOR, MICH.—I'm glad I don't like LIBERTY, 'cause if I liked it I'd read it, and I hate it.—*Hi-Gene.*

Prohibition Notes

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Prohibition is a hypocritical farce. People talk dry and act wet.

It's just as sensible and logical as



if a man should get up on a platform hung with Volstead slogans and make a violent bone-dry speech, taking a swig, whenever his throat felt parched, from a whisky bottle on the table before him.—*A Man Who Tries to Think.*

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I honestly believe that had that present day mastodon of temperance, Dr. John Roach Straton, been present at the Lord's supper he would have tried to talk Jesus out of changing the water into wine.—*John Karns.*

Pompadour and TAFFETA

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, December 10.

WOMEN are revising their ideas about themselves. I have been watching the roulette of fashion whirl around in Paris these last weeks, and a change of ideals is strikingly apparent. The lucky numbers of the mode that turn up repeatedly in all of the smart places show that women are no longer putting their money on the favorites of a very recent period.

There is a "right about face" movement in clothes. It comes solely from a changed ideal in the woman who wears 'em. What you are—that you wear. And when you change your idea about yourself, you are bound to change your clothes accordingly.

Clothes sometimes express only hope. When this is all they do they are pitifully inadequate. Generally they express facts—demonstrated or not—and in this case they are intensely potent.

Paris clothes right now are announcing the fact that women have changed. They are women, and proud of it. They are indirect, subtle, and are insolently assured about it.

Now, think a moment about the clothes that women recently have been wearing. What did they tell about womanhood? I know. The clothes that most of us wore were direct, straight - from - the - shoulder kind of clothes. Votes - for - women, equal pay, sexless clothes.

The smart clothes I see today are something else again. They express the ideas of the woman within. They say: "I am a woman, with all the history of womanhood behind me. I am Eve eternal. I don't want rights, or to be understood, so much as I want to be loved and admired."

Worth signs the evening frock at the left. It is of black and white pompadour silk, its hem of tulle.

From Lanvin comes this smart frock with a shirred bodice and trailing skirt.

I have studied this matter to get to the bottom of it—the two-and-two-make-four beginning. Women, like the American patriots of '76, have no way of judging the future but by the past; so out of the past they select certain materials and conceptions of clothes that best express what they aspire to today. This is how it happens that taffeta and pompadour silk have been brought back. This is why some very feminine lines in clothes have been adapted to today's fashions. These things are not in any sense revived to repeat the clothes of other days. They are used only to give to us moderns the peculiar charm of other days in our own day and generation.

Pompadour silk, with its dainty floral and figured patterns, is something that for a long time has been relegated to dolls and pincushions. Dolls and pincushions will have to look for other wearing apparel this season, because pompadour silk has been commandeered for the women themselves.

Taffeta, which for some time past has charted for itself an uncertain voyage, has arrived in port and is admitted to the inner circle of fashion. Faille silk, a sister to taffeta, has entered with it.

These fashions, like many others, come in in the evening. I don't know why it is so, but if you want to be well dressed for daytime tomorrow, you must watch the evening modes of today. You may have occasion to wear evening clothes only twice a year. They are vital to you just the same. Keep an eye on them, because that is the way in which styles arrive.

Louiseboulanger brings back pompadour silk to make this dress.

At the right, from Redfern, a black taffeta frock with an embroidered jacket.

The accompanying photographs show four evening frocks. I chose them because they illustrate the vogue for pompadour and plain taffeta which has arrived in Paris.

Our first model, from Worth, is in black and white pompadour silk. The transparent face of the hemline is a Worth creation, lifted at the left side to make a very flaring hipline.

The second model is a frock of black faille silk from Jeanne Lanvin. The rounded décolletage is very modest, and the bodice of this princesse dress is shirred at the sides of both front and back, while the skirt is tiered and dips to the floor on the right side.

A large bow on the right hip is circled with silver embroidery, and the left side of the skirt descends in a rounded dip that reaches almost to the ground.

LOUISEBOULANGER'S creation shown in the third photograph is in a pompadour silk in all the flower-garden colors. The pattern of this silk is resurrected from the time of Marie Antoinette, and the lines of the frock are entirely feminine with its straight bodice and scalloped décolletage, its wide, fitted girdle, its flaring-panel skirt with long double panels at the back.

In smart Parisian circles this is the type of frock that is effective—feminine, mysterious, all that. Not a two-piece velvet or lamé sports dress without sleeves or chest protection. That is too obvious, and is, moreover, out of date.

Remember this: To be understood—too well—is to be set aside, forgotten. It is like an old love, once known, and no longer thrilling. This is the secret of clothes as well as of the women within them.

Our fourth model shows a black taffeta frock from Redfern with a sleeveless cutaway blouse embroidered in silver. The skirt is shirred so that it is very full in front, and it is short and straight. An important detail is that this personality frock is worn by a size thirty-eight mannequin, and emphasizes the really feminine figure.

The significant fact of all of these models is that they do not reveal too much of feminine anatomy, but they conceal and by concealing excite the most important of all human functions—curiosity.

The Trucks Themselves Produce the Profits

In many a business where trucks are used, the trucks are only part of the business and the money they make or lose is overlooked. But when *transportation* itself is the business, the trucks must show a profit or the business won't.

Consider the case of the National Motor Renting Company of Philadelphia. One of their contracts is general hauling and delivery for the Hygrade Food Products Corporation, an outstanding provision company of the country. They have twenty-five International Trucks on this one job alone.

Day-in and day-out, the year round, in all kinds of weather, these trucks must stay on the job—not only stay on it, but *make money on it!* No guessing here—transportation is the business of the National Motor Renting Company and the trucks themselves produce the profits.

And there's a very sound reason. The Harvester organization builds profitable service into these trucks before they leave the factory so they'll deliver profitable service on the road. Maintenance, upkeep, cost per ton-mile—any way you figure it—*profit* is the answer with Internationals!

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The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 170 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

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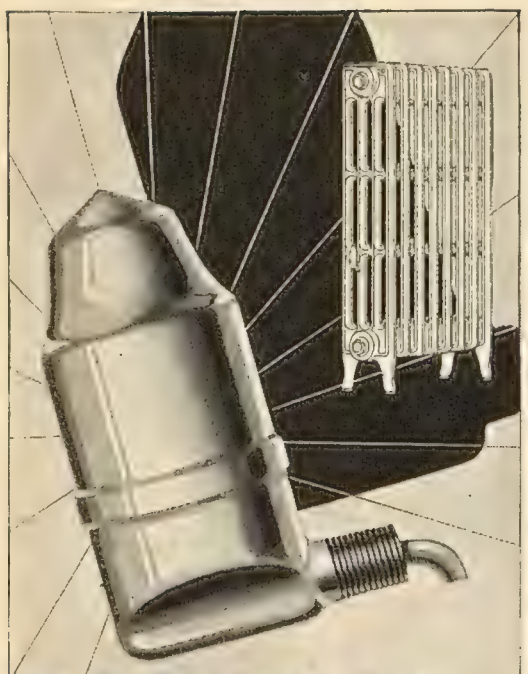

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When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.
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To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for children's Musterole.

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MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Happy New Year!

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

POP MORSE'S lodge was bidding festive farewell to 1928! Jungle moans of saxophones. Plaintive peeps from piccolos. Crash! Down flopped the cymbals. Horns meowed. Lights flashed.

"OOOOOH!" a violinist yelled like a whistling buoy. "Catch your baby before she winks at me—OOOOOH!" And he waved his bow in figure eight swoops and danced it up and down upon the strings.

"This is the wildest party!" Mrs. Morse screamed above the din to Lil. "I wonder if New York's any wilder?" And she turned her wineglass down before the waiter could pour in any harmless soft cider. "Drinks and everything. Keep your eye on Sandy. They say it's only cider, but it may be hard!"

"Eight dollars a plate!" Lil yelled confidentially into her mother's right ear. "If I eat only oysters they'll cost a dollar apiece."

Ma couldn't answer, due to olive pit vocal blockade, but she nodded her head up and down, down and up, and blinked.

"How's this for an ending to 1928?" Sandy grinned at Lil. Not having to shell out for the dinner tickets, he affected a wealthy host manner. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he suddenly apologized as his squab leaped from under his fork on to his mother-in-law's creamed potatoes. "Some high stepper!" And he stabbed it back.

"Don't mention it," Ma sighed, glaring at the dab of grease the emigrant bird had flicked upon her new mauve velvet. "But I'll send you the cleaning bill."

"I should worry," her son-in-law said. "Shoot it along. The boss gave me a raise for the New Year. Fire, flood, or volcano—nothing can worry me now!" And he blew out a long green tissue paper snake until it poked Ma behind the knot of her hair.

"OOOOOH!" the pale pianist yodeled. "Be my liddle roooooooose-bud—OOOOOH!" He looked rather hurt because nobody would take him up.

"It's a shame to kill these birds before they acquire flesh," Pop was complaining. "They smell good, but you'd have to eat six to get even a taste." He was hacking at a leg bone covered with a paper thickness of meat.

"Well," Ma bristled, "at eight dollars a plate you might know there was a catch somewhere! Thirty-two dollars for this dinner. Now, don't ask me what *I* could do with thirty-two dollars. If we'd each found a pearl in our oysters—it would've helped to keep you out of the poorhouse."

Mr. Morse cringed for the last time that year and then said, "Please shut up, my dear," to the inmost fold of his napkin. "Let's dance," his wife suggested, burying hopes of a filling banquet. "I feel real wild. They gave me just eleven green peas. No more, no less."

The moment Mr. and Mrs. Morse stepped into the center of the room, the music broadcast one ear-splitting splurge of noise and then sank into a dreamy waltz.

Twice around the dancing space, and their one-two-three, one-two-three left them quite breathless!

Balloons popped. Ma lit a cigarette for the first time in her life—looking around to see which fingers went on top. There were endless speeches made by people who were unaccustomed to speaking in public, waiters rattled dishes as usual, diners nodded.

Midnight!. They all yelled, "Happy New Year!" They shook pink confetti from their heads, wriggled free of entwining streamers, carried off the fancy menus and list of guests' names, and swiped as many extra souvenir quill pens as possible.

"Eight dollars a plate," Ma was still sighing when Lil and Sandy waved good-by from their car. "We'd better have a budget for banquets. Don't ask me what I could do with thirty-two—"

"Hurry home!" Lil whispered. "Never mind the traffic lights. If we wish on the New Year's calendar before one o'clock, all our wishes will come true!"

Cars driven by cocktail imbibers went zigzag, zigzag, zigzag. Horns tooted from the Hotel Seery doorway. Factory whistles sirened.

"The baby's first new year," Sandy said. "Why, in four months from now he'll be eating three square meals a day—and a year from now he'll be wearing trousers. I suppose we'll have gray hair then."

The familiar golden square of light. *Their* window! The janitor's wife was there, watching the baby sleep. She'd turned his ears flat twice, poked the blanket under his chin once, and pulled his thumb out of his mouth nine times. Sandy handed her sixty cents an hour for these infantile chores.

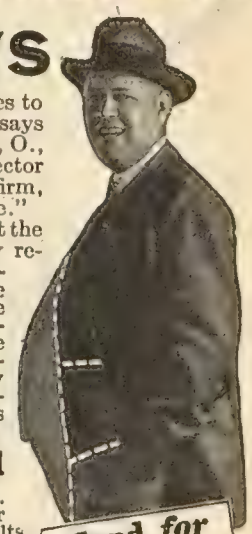
"Quick, let's wish before Ulysses falls asleep again," Lil said, closing the door after Mrs. Martin's rundown heels had stepped out. And she held Pop's business calendar high over the foot of the crib.

Twelve months of joys, sorrows, fun, and duties. The calendar for 1929!

NOTE—No award is made for a cover suggestion this week. The calendar which takes the place of Leslie Thrasher's usual picture is an annual LIBERTY custom.

(Next week's cover adventure: Their Sick Uncle)

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."
The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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She Stopped His Dandruff

You, too, can drive away dandruff and other scalp irritations. Night and morning for the next few days pour a little liquid D. D. D. on your scalp. Rub it in thoroughly. Note the clean, refreshing odor of this antiseptic. Its soothing, healing elements penetrate the scalp. Stops itching instantly. Clear, stainless and greaseless—dries up almost immediately. A 60c bottle will prove the merit of D.D.D.—or your money back. If your druggist does not have this famous Prescription on hand, you can send 60c for a bottle direct to the D. D. D. Corporation, Dept. 2551, Batavia, Illinois.

D.D.D. *The Healing Skin Lotion*

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.
WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME
1894 S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

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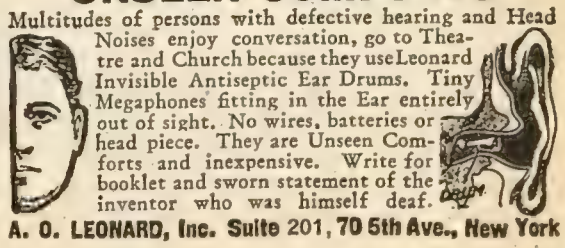
Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc. Suite 201, 70 5th Ave., New York

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Little Oil and Troubled Waters

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

I got me a job as a manicurist. You have to wear ketchers masks on your knees.

DEAR MIKE,

Ive just received your snippy letter and if you think Im goin to give it the go bye without a squark outer me, you better go fry a pan full of ice!!

Listen Big Boy, those boozem pals of yours are gettin you loopy hangin the lip over the giggle soup bottles, take it from me. The first thing you know the Boog-a-boo foundry will have you paintin eyes on potatoes. Grasp somethin Kid, youre slippin. Thats the place where you belong. The Goofy Club! Where the boys sit around in straight jackets tryin to fill funnels. Call your shots Kid before I play you close to the cushion. Two and a half cents an hour, thats YOU!!

You couldnt even sink a putt if it was in your locker! In the ruff, thats where you belong. Maybe you think youre an ultra sheik! For crimp sake soothe yourself. You couldnt thrill Minnie Willebrandt with a bottle of gin. Youre just like all the rest of the Johns, the conceit of some peoples offspring slays me. YOU, the booze peddler thinkin every frail would do a handspring every time you throw em the optics. No kiddin, as a dividend youre a total loss.

Now listen, Boy Friend, lay off razzin my family. I dont see your name in Whos Who. When the Mayflower shoved off your old man was sweepin off the dock. He either had to do that or carry a sign. And another thing, you wanta lay off putting the harpoon in my old man. A nice egg you turned out to be, sending him French post cards. The whole neighborhood has been talkin about it ever since. He had a good reputation before you started to send em, and now ITS BAD!!

I was sittin up in my room mixin some fifteen year old gin.

Why one night when the gang was up at the fire house with their eye glued on those terrible things they didnt even hear the fire whistle and the place burned down.

You, the bottle pedler tryin to wise me up. Use the brake, Simple, youre skiddin. I smile from you. You with the cane and the spats puttin on the dog! Yea, with the shammy gloves turned up at the wrist and the shoe lace tied on the cheeters. I chuckle! An the knobbs overcoat. Gosh, I knew you when eight bucks was TOPS for a shiver sheet on Tenth Avenue. Yes, you didnt have the big skull those days, didja? Look at you now! Mr. Stetsons patent leather hair covers dont come big enough anymore. Youre one of those birds that slides the band down a cigar as you smoke it. Always puttin on the front, AND HOW!!

Those movie frails out in Hollywood sure did rock your conceit. You must think youre Mr. Shakespears Romeo or John Barrymores understudy no less. Why, you poor prune, get hep to yourself. You, the big hearted guy that was goin to panik em in the squeakin tin types. You, the box office attraction! As an actor, you couldnt even play a fire hose. Get wise to yourself Big Boy. You should be an indoor chauffeur in the Woolworth Buildin.

An another thing, lay off the chatter about my old man and his parties. We all make mistakes, thats why they put rubbers on lead pencils. I guess you ferget the night when YOUR old man was throwin the silver weddin. That was a laugh. Remember him gettin crocked and ravin about the cleanin he made in Wall Street? Yea, the Street Cleanin. That sure was a merry night. Yea. And him showin off the swell furniture and the grand piana and all that stuff. You ferget that dont you? You ferget what happened, I suppose. Well, Ill tell you!! Just when everybody was slappin him on the back an tellin him what a great guy he was, who comes in but the INSTALLMENT BROTHERS! And did they move out the joint. After that everybody was sittin around on EGG CRATES! Oh what a night!!

But you didnt hear me squark! You didnt hear me put the old man in the grease, I felt sorry for him and your mother. But with you its different. Gee if my old gent does somethin outer the ordinary, you make a riot out of it. Be your heart beat goofo, youre outer bounds.

If you think for a moment Im going to sit in the twilight and wait for you, youve clocked me wrong. The first thing you know Ill be givin you the wide open ozone and will be trippin down the isle with the Yale Grad.

I should wait for you!! Drop dead Kid, youre out of order. I got me a job as a manicurist in the Berkley Arcade Barber Shop holdin hands all day. Yeh, duck that one. You have to wear ketchers masks on your knees an shin guards to make the guys behave. On the level, the line that some of these herring punnishers pull would floor you.

One guy says I got a lovely voice. He says he would like to put me on the stage. Another one wants to adopt me as his daughter,—he says I could wear clothes so well. Another chump tells me that Im wastin time polishin celluloid when I might just as well be goin to Europe with him and his grandfather who is a hundred and sixteen years old.

You men make me laugh,—youre all alike,—simple and soft. If a girl shows you the knee you go into a tail spin.

Well, here comes my Yale boy friend with the big baby blue eyes,—Goo bye and LIKE IT!!!

MARG.

* * *

DEAR MARG,

Wait a minute Dearie, not so fast. Why all the noise? Youre breakin out like a opre star! Just because youve met up with some college donkey what wears a hairy coat and puts on the swell is no reason for you to try and Park Avenue me!! Be your make-up for tripe sake.

Who is this mug anyway? A two buck college gin hoister Ill bet my right eye. One of those campus poultices with fourteen down and nothin to gain. Ill bet he wears loose pants, blunt dogs, poil grey spats, sunrise muffler and hasnt got fifteen cents among six of em. And then you get all warm and bewildered and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

They was a bit short of tables so what do they do but take Mr. Calahan, the stiff, and stretch him across two chairs and use him for a table.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

think hes got plenty on the ball just because he rides you out to a football game.

He gives you a fast build up, that his old man owns a motion picture studio, and you go for the bum steer. You, the apsay fallin for that line! I suppose you expect to crash the gate and become a fillum star. On the level Marg, I had you pegged for more sense. That boid has you all boxed in. For the love of Mike behave, will you? Be your heart beat!!

If I ever lay my dukes on that simple sap Ill drive him so far that his clothes will be outer date by the time he gets back. The idea of a smart fluff like you fallin for a chump like him. On the square its murder most fowl.

If you think for a split second youre goin to frolic around with a patsy like him still wearin my Tiffiny, youre goofy, take it from me. I had to make six cases of gin to connect with that rock. And not only that, Ill burn up the trueso, too!

Listen Sweetheart, can that college boloney. I don't want to pick any battle with you; lets wait till we get married. You know I love you. Gosh if I thought you didnt love me any more Id lean on the gas jet. Please be good and lets forget it.

I would have wrote you before but I had to go to another wake. Gosh you no sooner get over one headache than you hafta get set for a new one. It seems that the hole world looks forward these days to a good lively wake, its the only place where you can get a good drink. Everybody in the booze rackit brings the best because they have to sit up all night. The cops and the revenue dicks grab the choice panther sweat, they chisel the wise goofs outer it.

Wait till I tell you what happened. I was sittin up in my room mixin some fifteen year old gin in the bath tub when the fone rings. Whos on it but Mrs. Calahan, cryin and laughin. I says to her, I says, why all the merriment? An she says that her husband just gave her a fine birthday present. He up and died. Die did e I die, die die! Yep, it seems that he got a bit hungry and what did he do but eat four cans of canned heat. Oh, she says he was the funniest drunk she ever seen. He did a hoola-hoola soft shoe dance an then went for the gong.

BUT he was an awful heel Marg, no kiddin. With a soul like a Ford spring. One of those guys what pinch the children and then beat em up for hollerin. Hed come home at night and throw the ice box thru the window with the family pot roast inside and laugh while the works went hungry. Hed give you the fat off the corned beef any day, even if he had to take it away from the cat. Just one of those punks that everybody loved.

If it wasnt for the eyebrow curler up in Sing Sing somebody would a bumped him off long ago. He was just about as popular with the neighbors as a guy with the small pox. Big hearted, Ill tell the cockeyed world. He wouldnt give a jit to see a Scotch hylander swim the Irish channel. He hocked the old ladys new shoes for a drink one night after she had saved up two months to get em.

Well anyway the wake was a big success. When the mourners first came in everybody had a long pan, their chin was down a foot. After awhile somebody opened up a bottle of Mussolini rye that had a jolt like the back fire from a Mack truck. An eye full would make you neck a chinaman. Two drinks and youd lick every gent that ankled outer Madison Square Garden. One small taste of that paint and youd bite the leg off the Venus de Mileo. WOW!! What mule sweat! One guy took a small shot and ate four gold fish.

Well anyway, Love Lashes, the customers were all sittin in the room cryin and drinkin. They was doin mostly drinkin and laughin because the corpse was a terrible stiff. Everybody hated his clockwork, but they wouldnt even let on. Yeh, he was so mean they thought hed *never* die.

They had a professional mourner there Marg. You know one of them guys what you hire to squirt on the tears. Gee, could that guy cry. He had Mrs. Calahan cryin so bad that you couldnt hear the engines goin past outside in the freight yard. Shes got a mouth like a garage door Marg.

She got blubberin once so bad that her upper set hopped out across the room.

About twelve at night when the customers got a bit plastered, some one suggested a poker game. Well, they was a bit short of tables so what do they do but take Mr. Calahan, the stiff, the life of the wake, and stretch him across two chairs and use him for a table. Then they threw an old table cloth over him and began dealin out the cards. Oh it was terrible. They were standing drinks on him and everything. Nobody cared because they didnt like him nohow.

Oh I forgot to tell you that Jimmie McNulty was at the wake. Hes a little bit of a guy with a big head what headlines in vaudeville. He throws his voice around the room. Hes one of them eggs what takes dummies on his knee and makes em talk. What do they call em—you know, a keropodist—thats the thing!

Well everytime they went to pick up the cards off the stiffs chest McNulty goes Goo—goo—goo—goo and right away everybody starts lookin at each other thinkin all the time its the stiff. They were beginnin to get leary that there were spooks in the joint a la Conan Doile. They thought that Mr. Calahans spirit had busted loose.

Finally when everything was nice and still the stiff began hollerin in a loud squeaky voice, Lego my foot, lego my foot!! Wow, what a panic!! Six guys took the windows frames with em. There wasnt enough left of the front door to light your pipe with. Some of em are runnin yet, I think, while McNulty is back on the stage laughin at the joke.

Well I got to go now and deliver some fifteen year old gin I just made.

Wishin you the same,
MIKE SHEA.

Looks as if the fighting had ended. Mike's letter in a couple of weeks should show whether it's peace or just an armistice.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 30

1—For Janus, primarily god of gates and doors, hence of all beginnings.

2—A conical heap of stones erected as a memorial or mark of some kind.

3—Benedick (Much Ado About Nothing).

4—Robert Browning (1812-89).

5—A medicine which causes sleep.

6—The garnet.

7—Off the northwest coast of Africa.

8—All are kinds of nuts.

9—The drama.

10—New moon, first quarter, full moon, last quarter.

11—MCMXXIX.

12—Psyche.

13—Pinch nose.

14—A small knife used by surgeons.

15—William Gibbs McAdoo, who was Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinet of President Woodrow Wilson.

16—That kind of subject in a picture which consists of inanimate objects, as fruit, flowers, dead game, etc.

17—A fabricated sensational report; a hoax.

18—The fourteenth.

19—The star and crescent.

20—Robin Hood.

Justice of Peace hands down 8395 *decisions* in favor of this pipe-tobacco

IF any man be a sound judge of what's right and what's wrong, it's Justice of the Peace Bostock. And no exceptions taken on pipe-tobaccos or any other decisions that may be handed down in the county court-house.

For twenty-three years this gentleman has rendered opinions favoring just one brand of tobacco—Edgeworth. He says he's smoked more than eight thousand tins of it—at least one a day!

Justice Bostock's decisions are as unvarying as the quality of the tobacco that he favors. For Edgeworth *does* possess the same likable flavor, tin in—tin out!

Let us send you, free of charge, trial packages of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice so that you, too, can put them to the pipe-test. Simply write your name and address to Larus and Brother Co., 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these samples you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth, for, as you will discover, its likable quality is always *there!*

Ipswich, S. D.
Sept. 4, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

In answer to the challenge of J. J. Roberts of Columbia, S. D., as printed in the Minneapolis Journal dated Sunday, September 2, I have smoked Edgeworth for twenty-three (23) years and for two years previous to that time I smoked Qboid which, I believe, is manufactured by your firm.

During this time I have smoked at least one can each day, and to verify this statement you may address the C. & C. Cafe of this city, where I make my tobacco purchases.

It may be interesting to know that my purchases of Edgeworth during this period have totaled more than 8395 (eight thousand three hundred ninety-five) cans, representing a total expenditure of more than $1,259 (twelve hundred fifty-nine dollars).

I have never smoked any other brand of tobacco but Edgeworth during the twenty-three years.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Chas. Bostock
Justice of the Peace.

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome pound humidors, and also in several in-between sizes to suit the needs of any smoker.

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The Enigma Called TUNNEY

In Which a Baffled Sports Writer Speaks His Mind

By
PAUL GALLICO

"THE reason that I didn't like you, and wrote the things about you that I did write," I said slowly, "was because I thought you were a crook."

Gene Tunney sat on his rubbing table in the madeover kitchen of the little cottage across the road from Lake Pleasant that served as a dressing room. It was last July and Tunney was training for the Heeney fight. He was naked except for a towel thrown across his knees. His hair was wet and ruffled. Lou Fink, his trainer, stopped kneading his shoulder

U. & U. photo

Tunney's widely spaced gray eyes and direct, level gaze are among his chief assets in winning friends.

muscles in surprise. The room was warm and steamy and smelled of wet leather and liniment. Tunney merely looked at me and asked the question with his wide, gray eyes.

"I mean," I continued, feeling around for the proper phrases and yet not wishing to mince words—for Tunney hadn't minced them—"I mean I thought you were a hypocrite; that you engaged in nothing but fake fights when you were coming up; that you had to have an edge in your fights before you would go into the ring; and then went out and talked to Boy Scouts about being on the square and all that, you know . . ."

Tunney merely nodded his head and said, "For instance?"

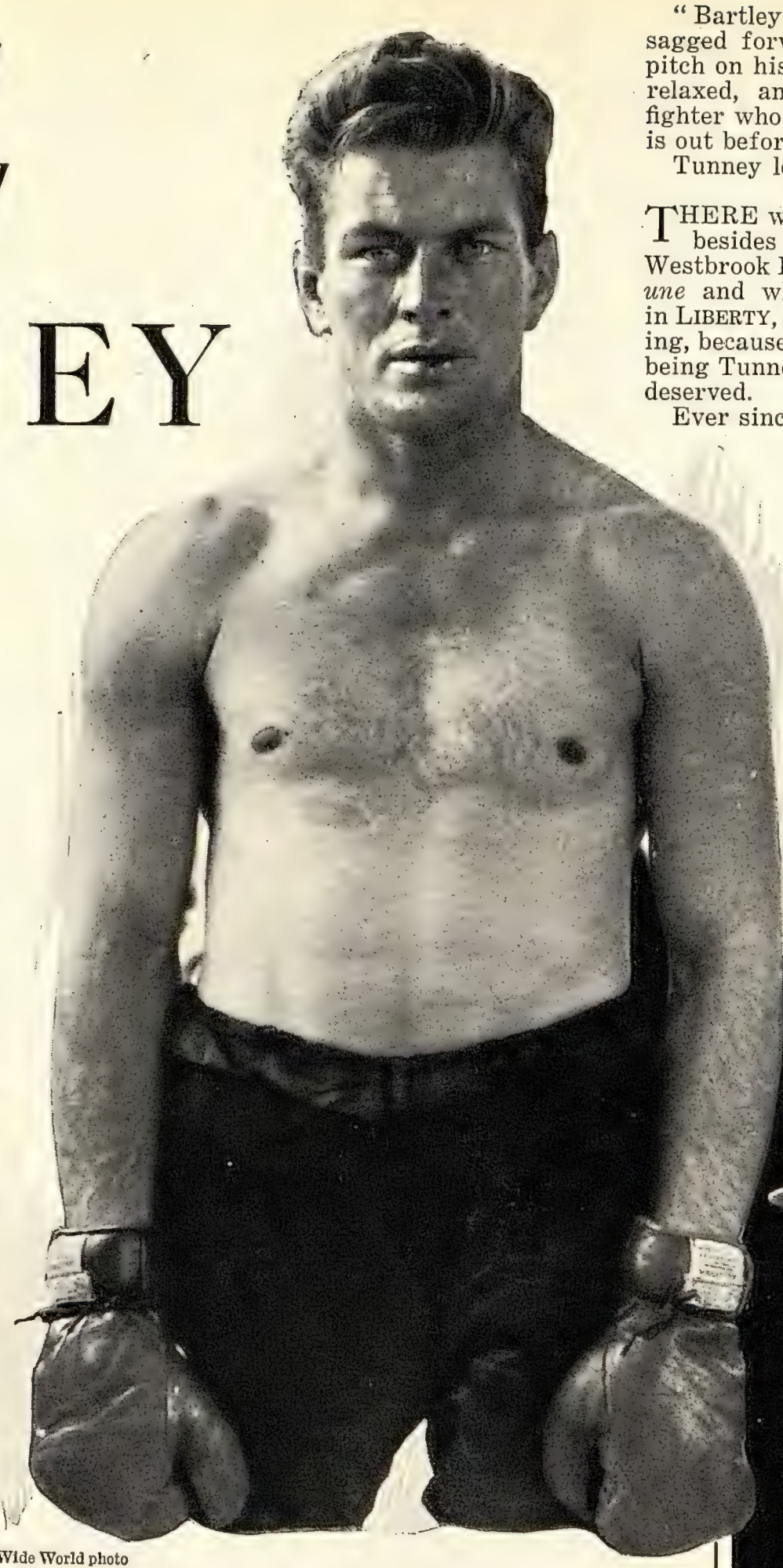
"Well," I suggested, "the one with Bartley Madden in Minneapolis or wherever he was. He was supposed to have gone into the tank for you. That is, everybody—"

Tunney interrupted suddenly. His blond head had sunk to his chest, his brow was screwed up. He was the picture of a man who is thinking hard.

"Lou," he said succinctly as though he were weighing every word, "what was the hardest punch I struck in my whole career?"

Fink ran his thumb down the curve of Tunney's shoulder before he replied, "A left hook."

"And whom did I hit with it?" continued Tunney in the same even voice.



Wide World photo

The retired champion's magnificent physique never showed to better advantage than while he was training at Speculator, New York, for the Tom Heeney fight.

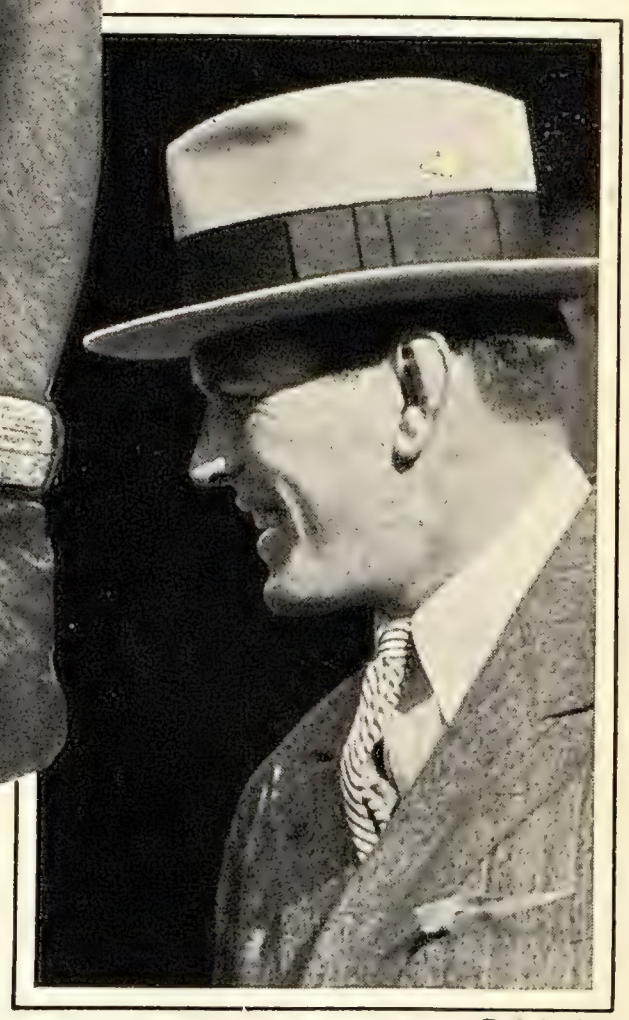
"Bartley Madden," said Fink, and suddenly sagged forward as though he were about to pitch on his face. His mouth had opened and relaxed, and he was a perfect mime of a fighter who has been stricken unconscious and is out before he starts to fall.

Tunney looked up at us.

THERE were two of us in the dressing room besides the ex-champion and his trainer—Westbrook Pegler, writer for the Chicago *Tribune* and whose contributions have appeared in LIBERTY, and myself. It was a strange meeting, because Pegler and I had the reputation of being Tunney haters, and the reputations were deserved.

Ever since he had come into prominence we had attacked him as a fraud and a sham; Pegler in the columns of the Chicago *Tribune*, and I in the New York *Daily News*. We felt that his bookishness was a prop for ballyhoo; that he was arrogant and overbearing with those who had to write of his doings; and that he was a hypocrite. What contact we had had with him had not lessened these impressions.

Tunney, naturally enough, had no high opinion of us. We were knaves and idiots, malicious muckrakers and vicious slanderers. This opinion he broadcast, though



P. & A. photo

The famous Tunney smile caught at the races at Leopardstown, Ireland, on his trip to Europe last summer.

it must be regretted in the name of fair play that his opinion of us did not reach the same circulation marks as did ours of him.

And then Pegler and I landed in Speculator, New York, to report Tunney's training period for his defense of his title against Tom Heeney, and found that what the advance scouts had reported was true. The then champion was a changed man.

The whys and wherefores of the change are not particularly pertinent to this story. Suffice it to say that we became friendly; that we chatted; that we found we had many ideas and interests in common; that we succumbed to the most winning personality in the realm of sport—when he wishes it to be so—that we found suddenly that we liked this strange character known as Gene Tunney, and that

same Gene Tunney found that he liked us.

We were sitting up in Pegler's room in the Osborne Inn the afternoon before we left Speculator, when Steve Hannagan, the brilliant press agent assigned by Rickard to sell Tunney to the New York newspapers, kicked on the door.

"Gene wants to see you fellers before you go 'way," he said. "He's over in the cottage now getting rubbed down. He'll be there for about an hour. He wants you to stop over."

"What for?" asked Pegler.

"I dunno," said Hannagan blandly, "unless mebbe he wants to tell you that he likes you."

We filed our stories and went in.

There was the rubbing table in the center of the room—on which sat the magnificent figure of the champion—and a battered cot and a scales and a disheveled looking cookstove and a shelf on which lay bandages and boxing gloves.

Peg flopped on the cot. I sat on the floor hugging my knees. Fink kneaded the muscles of the upper arm. Without any beating about the bush, Tunney began to talk. In two minutes the barriers were down and we were telling one another what had been on our minds.

"I've said many nasty things about you fellows," said Tunney. "I'm not sorry I said them, because God knows you gave me plenty of provocation. I am only sorry that what I said was not true, but I only realize that now."

And again—"Don't think that I am doing this because I need your friendship to ballyhoo this fight. I don't. You fellows have been riding me ever since I became champion, and I've been paid nearly a million and a half dollars in spite of you, so don't think it's that."

THEN we told Tunney why we had disliked him.

"About three years or more ago, Gene, the *Mirror*, a New York morning tabloid, ran a series of stories supported by affidavits and signed statements in which you and Gibson were accused of framing the Bartley Madden match, and in which you were further accused of arranging with Italian Jack Herman to go on tour in a series of tank acts. Herman, according to these stories, did one flop for you and then backed out. These stories were either true or they were out and out libel. You never brought any action. No action was ever even threatened to my knowledge. Therefore I assumed them to be true. And from that time dated my distrust of you and everything you stood for."

For a moment Tunney looked at the ceiling as though making a conscious effort to recall something. Then he said: "Yes. I recall that now. Our lawyers went over those articles. I think they decided that they were written so that no libel action could be brought."

"But they weren't. They were written in such a manner that no doubt was left in the minds of the reader—"

"No," said Tunney, still in deep thought, "I think they were written 'it is alleged,' and 'it is supposed—'"

"That is no defense in a libel suit," I replied. "As a matter of fact, one of the rules in our office is that we must not use 'it is alleged' because it won't stand up in a libel suit any more."

"Oh, I remember now," Tunney said suddenly. "The articles were all what somebody said—what Charley Rose, Madden's manager said; what Herman said—it was all pinned on someone else."

"Unsupported statements are libelous," I had to say. "What someone else said is no defense in a libel suit if the statements are untrue. Your lawyers ought to know that."

Tunney merely shrugged his shoulders and repeated, "Well, I remember that they were considering action and then decided against it."

And then suddenly he sat bolt upright with his arms spread wide apart, his large, compelling gray eyes taking us both in. Then he brought his arms in to his chest, almost in a rhythmical beat that punctuated his next sentences.

"And why should I, why should *I* have to get a fellow like Italian Jack Herman to lay down to me? Why should I? If I cannot knock out all the Italian Jack Hermans in two rounds then I have no business fighting."

This brought up a pertinent question:

"What about this retirement gag, Gene? Anything to it?"

This, mind you, was not ten days before his contest with Heeney, when Tex Rickard, six newspaper men, intimate friends, and a dozen or so millionaires knew that he had planned to retire since last January.

Tunney again opened up his arms to us. It is a beautiful gesture. It is one often used with great success by holy men. It conveys the utmost sincerity. He looked us squarely in the eye. We should have been kicked—two old newspaper men falling for the gag of being looked squarely in the eye!

"RETIRE? Why should I retire? In what other line of business can I make as much money quickly as I can boxing? What else is there I could do that would yield me as much money?

"I haven't got as much as people think I have. Why, no one has any idea of what my expenses are. Last year I gave the government two hundred thousand dollars alone. My manager has his cut. I have to maintain suites in expensive hotels. I have to pay Gib. I pay a staff of five men all the year round. People don't realize. I am not thinking about retiring."

And so, after a few more mutual confidences, we parted—friends. Tunney had told us many things we had promised not to publish—the name of the man who had Dave Miller replaced by Dave Barry as referee of the Chicago fight because of the rumors that Miller was "in" for Dempsey—the whys and wherefores of certain things that happened out there—some astonishing things about a well known fighter who had never fought without a crooked edge—his strange relations with his manager and his retinue, and many other things that would cause a furor if published; things that are known to many other newspaper men as well—in confidence.

This strange fellow! He lied to us and trusted us all at the same time. There were

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wide World photo

Newspaper men gathered for the lunch at the Biltmore at which Tunney announced his retirement from the ring.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Tunney, née Polly Lauder, as she appeared last summer at the time her engagement was announced.

Wide World photo

Gene in one of his happy moods.

[THE ENIGMA CALLED TUNNEY
Continued from page forty-seven]

obligations upon us. Newspaper men never broke confidences. But similar dictates of morality had nothing to do with the heavyweight champion. Truth and lies flowed from his lips in dramatic sentences, knit together by his marvelous personality. The lies he bade us print. The truth he swore us to silence.

When we next spoke to Tunney from our hearts and he from his, he had left the ring behind him. From the dais of a private dining room in one of the great luxurious hotels in New York, the Biltmore, surrounded by the highest type of men in sport and business, he had announced his retirement. He was a gentleman among gentlemen.

When it was over, Tunney was surrounded by newspaper men. I said, "Is this going to stick? Will you stay retired? Or do we have to go through all this nonsense again six months or a year from now?"

Again that dramatic lift of the head. "Paul, if I ever touch a glove, if I ever go near the ring again, you can send for the wagon, because I'll be crazy. I tell you I'm through."

From over my shoulder there rasped the bitter, sardonic voice of Pegler.

"Is that statement as reliable as the one you made to us at Speculator—that you positively were not going to retire?"

Tunney blushed, choked, shuffled his feet, motioned helplessly with his hands, and disintegrated as completely as any caught schoolboy. He stammered, he evaded, he reached for words. He admitted finally that he had lied.

"I had to," he said, and then with genuine feeling, "Oh, I am so sorry it had to happen—after—after—well, the way things were with us up there at Speculator. It was a business lie. I had to do it. Rickard called me up from New York. He said, 'For God's sake, Gene, don't let that retirement story get out. It will kill my gate.'

"I had to do it for Rickard's sake. Poor fellow, I had him hooked—through both gills. I had his five hundred and twenty-five thousand. It was a professional falsehood. I am more sorry than I can say."

HERE was no play acting. The man was genuinely disturbed and upset, and here was still another phase of this strange character, so elusive and so shifting that no one has yet set it down correctly.

But the upshot was another heart to heart talk—Tunney seems to dote on them—in his Biltmore suite. It was our last.

It turned out to be afternoon tea. This is merely a modern development of sitting in the back room of a saloon and dredging for nuggets of coherence among the "Dese, dem, and dose," and should astonish no one.

The waiter knocked on the door and moved in the tea tables with their gleaming silver and perfect napery, the little sandwiches, the petit fours, and the golden slices of lemon. The ex-champion presided at the head, the perfect host, clad in brown double-breasted suit, light brown shirt, and brown and red striped tie, the best dressed of all the champions, while we with our wives sat around and listened to his final talk.

Outside, riveting machines chattered on a steel skeletonwork. The surfbeat of traffic drifted up to the twenty-first floor of the hotel room. Gone was the fighter with his punching gloves and liniments and scales. And still the personality of Tunney and the things he was saying were incredibly romantic and startling, and dramatically told, with those wide sweeping gestures of his arms, the little feinting duck of the head, the far-away look as he groped for proper expression, and the direct gaze of those gray eyes set so wide apart in his face.

It was there he told us the now famous story of Why He Really Quit the Ring—the one about the troubled mind, the careless sparring partner, the butt over the eye, the rap on the jaw, the sudden blank, the wandering about in a haze for two days, the "My-God-where-am-I?" awakening, the film before the eyes, the mental depression, the doctor's warning, the terrible scare, and finally the miraculous cure, when Dempsey massaged his chin with seven lefts and rights in that famous seventh round in Chicago.

Underwood & Underwood photo

The retired champion's social graces let him fit easily into society bazaars and benefits.

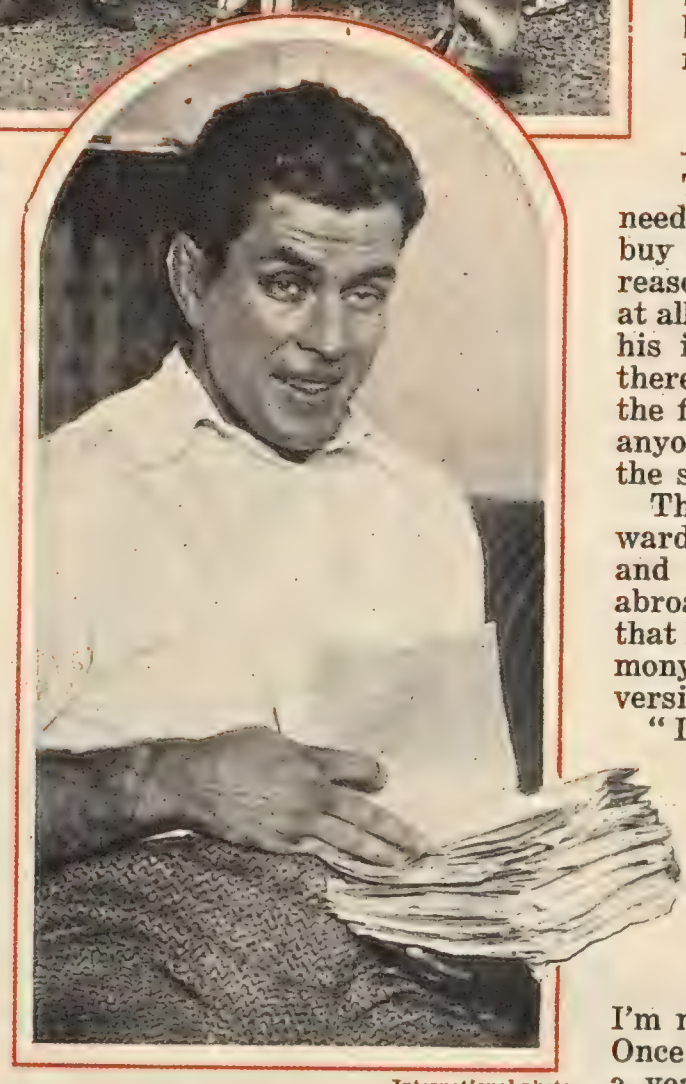
Tunney is a magnificent raconteur because he is a natural actor. It was a true story he was telling because he was living it as he went through it step by step—the stiffening of the body as he was hit, the look of frightened concentration on his face as he explained how desperately he tried to win back to the conscious state from the twilight fog.

But of course it wasn't the real reason why he quit the ring, although it may have been a contributing cause—this accident suffered at Speculator while training for his second bout with Dempsey.

Tunney talked. This is confidential! This can go! This is under the rose of course! He told of what he had to suffer from ones here and there who were known as his best friends. He bid for sympathy with the myriad troubles of a heavyweight champion, a public figure. And suddenly he spoke frankly and freely of the mysterious contract for 20 per cent of his earnings to be paid to Maxie (Boo Boo) Hoff, Philadelphia fight manager, in return for one dollar and other considerations; the contract to which he signed the false name, Eugene Joseph Tunney, to a paragraph saying that he had read it and approved it.

"Can you imagine coming to me on the afternoon of the fight with a thing like that?" Tunney said to us with real indignation in his voice. It was apropos of the things done to him by those to whom he intrusted his business affairs in his early days. "My manager came to me four hours before the fight with that document and said that it assured me a break from the referee, that Hoff would arrange to have Dempsey disqualified the very first time he fouled me.

"Why, Dempsey fouled me twenty times in that first round, and the referee never even warned him. I told my manager to take the thing away, that I didn't want to have anything to do with any such business. You can imagine my frame of mind at having such a thing to be bothered with a few hours before the most important moment in my life."



International photo

Mute testimony of Tunney's popularity—some congratulatory telegrams he received after the Heeney fight.

AT the time the story broke, two years ago, Tunney had said that Gibson needed some money from Hoff to buy a house, and that the only reason he had signed the contract at all was to keep Hoff from using his influence *against* him. But there in the Biltmore suite was the first time anyone ever heard anyone admit the real purpose of the strange agreement.

The talk shifted again—to his wardrobe, to his friends (real and false), to his walking trip abroad, to the ridiculous stories that he was contemplating matrimony, that he was to enter a university in Germany or France.

"I am leaving tomorrow for Canada to a little camp just south of Quebec," said Gene, "where I'll do nothing but rest. No, I don't care for hunting. I just want to rest. I'll come back here just before I sail on the sixteenth. And I'm not coming back in the fall. Once I get away I'll stay at least a year and a half. Oh, yes—I want to go all over Europe—"

It came time to say good-by.

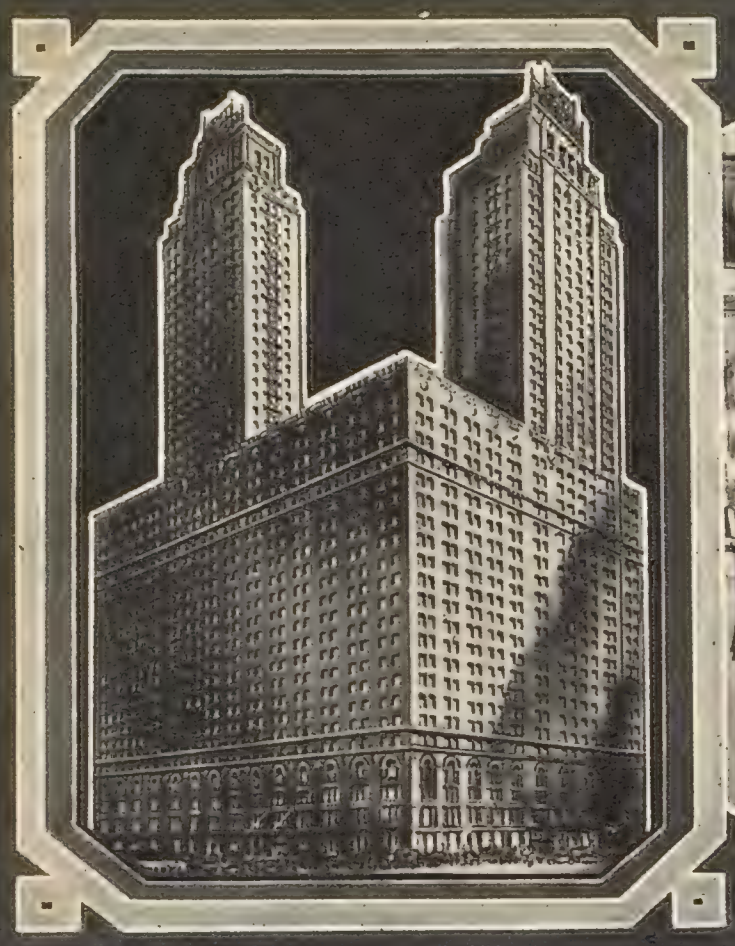
"Oh, Pegler," said Tunney. "That motorcycle policeman who was run down by that car I was riding in in Chicago—I want to do something for him.. Oh, Mahany, make out a check for five hundred dollars. Who will I make it out to, the Chicago *Tribune*? Fine."

We left. Tunney left too. He went up to Maine to the home of his fiancée. Four days later his engagement was announced with the marriage scheduled in the fall.

I wish him well, this strange fellow, once my enemy, and now perhaps my friend.

I guess mebbe I'll take the check for this story and buy some new tires for the car. It might please that enigma called Gene Tunney to know that he has been the means of my going for one more ride.

THE END



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The Last of Keno Cannon

A Story of Love and a Strange Adventure

(In Four Parts)

By Louis Joseph Vance

Pictures by Kenneth Camp

DAVID BARRY was lost. Walking alone among California hills he climbed for a wider view, slipped, fell, and lay still.

Barry, a motion picture actor-director, had been at work on the movie, The End of Keno Cannon. Keno had been a swaggering gambler-bandit of the days of the vigilantes. So much was historical, but his actual end was lost in mystery.

In search of a good location, and dressed in his Keno Cannon costume, David had started out to walk over the very trails Keno had followed.

The scenario did not please him, nor the make-up Ike Moritz had wished on Molly McGlynn in her rôle of heroine.

David had expressed his disgust to Jimmy Shayne, assistant director, and to the author, Homer Liveright. Then he had gone off on his search—and had crashed down.

His mind, a blank at first, gave him, at length, a vision of himself digging for water, and water flowing. He drank. Then his thoughts wandered, returned, and he found his head on the knees of a Quaker maiden, Patience Sandifer by name. His eyes took in the picture of a town of the '60s. He was convinced it was all motion picture stuff: the work of a rival company with real money to spend.

He went to the Sandifer cottage. There Patience's grandfather, Anthony, told him that all the ground once his had been wrested from him by "men of evil." He learned that Black Luke Pettigrew had sworn to marry Patience and that Keno Cannon had vowed to take her from him. It was war to the death.

David had been seen in his Cannon costume. Pettigrew and his men captured him, put a halter about his neck and tied it to a tree limb. But just as he was swung out, he caught the halter above his head and saved his neck.

With his other hand he shot Pettigrew with the pistol Patience had given him, and a bullet from below cut the halter from which he hung. He heard Patience calling in the distance: "David!"

He escaped, but returned to catch a vision of the real Cannon hanging from the gibbet tree. Then fiends set upon him. He struck out with the pistol. Darkness.

Part Four (Conclusion)

THIS time the night was kind and cradled him in an abyss of peace too profound for the plumb of any sense perception. Twelve hours slipped like sand through inert fingers before those deeps yawned and gave up David Barry.

Through thinning folds of lethargy a quiet voice found its way like a strain of remembered melody: "David!"

He made to move his lips. Hands of tenderness gave them a sup of cool water, he breathed a breath of fragrance unforgettable, and felt a caress brush his forehead.

Back in the glade once more, his head as sweetly pillowed . . .

"Patience . . ."

Had he pronounced that name? Or dreamed he had? It won no response other than a queer gasping noise, like a sob choked down. He tried again:

"Patience?"

Scrape of chair legs on a wooden floor, footfalls, rattle of a latch. . . . Not the glade, then!

It began to seem only reasonable to open his eyes. Their lids were heavy and smarted, but there was nothing the matter with their vision.

The room had rough log walls with windows at each end, through one of which the sun slanted its gold.

A door opposite his cot was, when Barry first saw it, being cautiously drawn to. He was alone, but needed no one to tell him where he found himself: in a cabin which the carpenter crew had run up for the watchman on Big Flats.

How he had managed to get there was another matter.

Last night—was it?—a lost soul, fighting to cheat the toils of devils; today, with no connective tissue, snug in this safe haven: rotten continuity!

But wait: they were talking about him under one of the windows.

"'Lo, doc! How's the patient?"

"Still pounding his ear like a good fellow. That makes . . . When did you say you picked him up last night, Mr. Shayne?"

"Not long after nine o'clock. And he's been out ever since. That all right, doc?"

"Considering that dose of opium you gave him on top of all he'd been through, twelve hours of sleep isn't too much. Hard to see the man could do with less. By the way—and this isn't criticizing your first-aid technique, Mr. Shayne, or Miss McGlynn's nursing—you did as neat a job, cleaning that gash in his head and bandaging his hands, as I could—"

"Ah, that's nothing, doc. Somebody in every picture outfit's got to know how."

"I've noticed that. Now about the other patient, I don't think you need worry. I have redressed the wound and with ordinary care it ought to heal without a scar. How did Barry come to strike him such a blow?"

"Plumb loco, doc, when we found him—thought we were a posse or something out to lynch him—and Billy June was the lucky fool who reached him first. That's why I slipped the chief that pill: it took three men to hold him till he ran down, and even after he'd passed out he kept reeling off a scenario that would raise your scalp, till the dope took hold."

"Anything he said give you an idea what he'd been through?"

"Nary. He was just ravin' like a continuity writer."

"MORE truth in that than humor, Jimmy, if you ask me," Liveright observed. "Barry had been in a great stew, doctor, about the continuity they had given him for this production. And all I heard of his ramblings in delirium seemed to link up pretty closely with the story of the picture."

"Perfectly natural. The man is lost all day under a broiling sun, without water, and at some stage in his wanderings falls and cracks his head. The combination temporarily unbalances him, and the thing that's been preying on his mind becomes the only reality he's able to recognize. The protective mechanism of the psyche, you understand, operates always, when the reason is in abeyance, to reject the painful real environment and build up to replace it one of the cushioning illusions."

"Maybe so," Jimmy granted. "It listens reasonable, all I can understand of it. What I sifted out of the chief's ravings was that he'd been to the other side of hell and back again."

"I don't say I'm right in this special instance; I'm merely stating a general rule. We'll know when Barry wakes up—if he remembers."

"But what about it, when he does wake up, doc? Any special treatment?"

"If I were you I'd have unlimited bacon and eggs on tap. The man's got a marvelous physique and the vitality of an ox."

"You mean, the chief's going to be all right when he comes to?"

"He'll feel pretty seedy, I shouldn't wonder; but there will be nothing to prevent his going

"Rustle me some pants, then send somebody down to get the Ford ready. We're going back to that valley where you picked me up last night."

back to work as soon as his face and hands are presentable."

The voices receded. Barry lay frowning at the rafters. He felt astonishingly fit, sure enough, and all things considered; only his face radiated heat and would for days, and his fingertips were sore in their bandages. But the doctor had missed out on his other guess; the patient had waked up with every least incident of yesterday etched indelibly upon the tablets of his memory.

"GLORY be!" Jimmy's red shock crowned the broadest grin, it's safe to say, that day's sun shone upon. He let the rest of him in through the door which he had softly opened for a peek. "Will ye look at that, now? Himself's himself again!"

"I am that, Shamus—thanks to you—"

"Don't be after thankin' me, chief. It was Molly nursed you—and divil the wink did she get all night long, the darling. How's yourself feelin' the day?"

"Fine, barring my face and hands—"

"That was a cruel crack you took on your head. It's not bothering you?"

"Not enough to mention. The only two things I've got troubling me you'll have to 'tend to. First, breakfast—bacon and eggs and wheat cakes and lashin's of coffee."

"And the rest of your honor's order?"

"That can wait till after breakfast. But, Jimmy!" The young man turned in the doorway. "Who was in here just now, just before you?"

"That was Molly. She just slipped out to get herself a cup of coffee. I caught her coming back and packed her off to get some sleep of her own. She was that tired out she was nearly crying, and you wouldn't wonder if you could have seen her out with the boys last night, hunting for yourself. She kept calling you and calling till, honest, I thought my heart would break, chief — 'David!' and 'David!' and—"

"Yes, I know."

"Maybe you heard her?"

"Maybe I did. . . ."

"It wasn't such a terrible long ways off you were, you know, chief—just a coupla miles over to the east of the bald hill, in a little valley."

"I'm wondering just what did happen to lead you to me. . . ."

But Jimmy took it upon himself to decide that what the chief needed was food more than blethering, and loped off as if he hadn't heard.

BEFORE breakfast was over the best part of the unit had turned up to help Barry eat it. And if tacit avoidance of every lead into the background of Barry's adventure was perhaps to be remarked, he was too busy until the last drain of coffee had been swigged and Jimmy had put a pipe between his teeth, to take over command of the conversation.

"Now young fellers me lads, just listen to me: We understand one another pretty well. You know me, and I know I can count on you till the last man goes down fighting. Jimmy, rustle me some pants, then send somebody down to get the Ford ready. We're going back to that valley where you picked me up last night as quick as God will let us."

"In my privileged capacity of rank outsider," Liveright put in, "may I make so bold as to ask what the overstuffed idea is?"

"You may, Homer; and I wouldn't mind telling you except I do kind of hate to take the bloom off the big surprise for you. Jimmy here shot pretty close to the mark when he guessed I'd been through to the other side of hell yesterday and back again. But that's more than fair with me, because what I found in that lost valley was worth it—the big wallop we've been crying for to drag Keno Cannon up out of the ruck of Westerns and turn it into a two-dollar top production. I wasn't and ain't up to packing it out singlehanded, so I'm asking you all to go back in there with me today, wrap it up in a neat bundle and fetch it home."

"Sounds nourishing," the author conceded. "Only—are you sure—?"

"I know what you're thinking, Homer, and can't blame you. But, if nothing else, there's a location back in there that alone will be the making of this picture; and it's up to us to nail it down before anybody else can. I'm not so sure, at that, another outfit hasn't beaten us to it; in which case we may run into a ruckus. So we'll pack gats this trip, and we won't load with blanks, either. That's all, except . . . Not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LAST OF KENO CANNON
Continued from page fifty-one]

that my paws are in shape to hold it; but I'd like to have the thing along for—well, sentimental associations. Where's that long-barrel I beaned poor Billy June with?"

"Search me, chief. Likely it got sort of lost in the shuffle. You were pretty hostile, you know."

"Well—it doesn't matter. Now vamoose, the lot of you, and get ready."

II

THE valley was hushed in the bask of a windless noon when Jimmy braked the Ford to a halt where the half obliterated road—which must have known heavy travel in its time, else nothing of it would be visible today—swung between the dry river bed and the rump of a moderate bluff to whose brow a dead tree clung.

"It was about here, chief. You can see where you made Billy June bite the dust, and the rest of us piled on top of you. Gosh, but that battle you put up was a classic!"

The signs of a desperate struggle between unmounted men were deeply stamped into the powdery surface of the road. But the hoof-marks of last night's lynching party?

One with the grisly fruit which last night's moon had seen swinging from the limb of that old tree up there; one with the wind-planed dusts of yesteryear . . .

"All right," a toneless voice said at length—"let's push along. The location I want to show Friend Author lies a couple of miles or so the other side of the bluff."

"Just a minute." Jimmy hopped down, scrabbled in the sand, and returned to his seat. "Maybe that's the long-barrel you were talking about, chief."

Barry took and, while Jimmy got the car under way again, gravely studied the rust-eaten skeleton of an antiquated double-barreled pistol with hammers and triggers gone and shreds of crumbling bone where once stout polished horn had made its grip palm-fitting.

"I suppose," he muttered, "that must be it. . . ."

"Short two miles, chief!"

The car was stopping again, barely three hundred yards beyond the gallows tree.

The relic that had been a weapon when Black Luke Pettigrew died at the hands of Keno Cannon slipped from a slackened grasp to the floor. Lackluster eyes surveyed a theater of desolation whose melancholy was the deeper for souvenirs of what had been a thriving nest of lives.

Not a dozen walls stood whole, supporting roofs, where a hundred homes had been. The foursquare block of the stamp mill was in the fag end of dilapidation, the town pump lacked both handle and spout, the watering trough was far gone in dry rot. Weather-eaten stumps alone told of the hitching posts which had served the cavaliers of generations gone. And with all this the brooding silence weighed upon the senses with a sinister oppression. . . .

Barry shook himself and looked round.

"That street location was some pippin—last time I saw it! Pity we were born too late to shoot it—let's see—yes, all of seventy years too late. Well! Seems I've led you on a wild-ghost chase. Homer, you're getting your first close-up of what the old-timers call a ghost town. James, lend me your shoulder, lad—I'm an old, old man, but I want to get down and ramble. Friend Author will come along, if he doesn't mind. You and O'Brien turn Lizzie round and wait for us back there by the bluff, please."

He trudged disconsolately down the street to the clump of sycamores at its far end—great old trees, stripped of all their one-time bravery, dying for want of water but dying game; and pausing on the river bank, pointed out a little pit, such as a dog might have digged, in its bone-dry sands.

"That's where it all started, Homer."

"You knew I'd be waiting, didn't you? You knew how long I'd been waiting, Mopsy?"

"I see," said the author gravely. "And a good start, too. Doesn't look as if it had got very far, though, does it?"

"Farther than you think, old boy. That's where the new continuity started that's going to breathe the breath of life into poor old System-embalmed-and-buried Keno Cannon. Let me tell you what actually happened when that bird shuffled off his mortal coil."

The two paced slowly back down the street, making here and there a lingering stop, while Barry splashed in the broad outlines of that tragic night.

"You see," he concluded, pausing where the remains of what had been a picket fence inclosed one of the few ruins which boasted still a roof intact: "There you have the makin's of a great love story which—if you don't mind my saying so—is just what your book gave short weight in."

"You're right, of course," Liveright assented with unprofessional humility. "I quite see that. And you may be sure I'll do everything a tame author can to help fit this new material into the frame of the picture. But, as a matter of fact—*if* it matters—I'm really more interested in the psychic problem than in the reward you've wrung out of your—adventure. It's so damn' interesting, the way everything, practically, that passed through your mind yesterday went into the stuff of this dream story you lived last night."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, to begin with, the suggestion planted by Jimmy's nonsense just before breakfast: 'Thar's gold in them hills over yonder, stranger, but Death lurks in the valley between!' And my saying something about its being more than probable that Keno Cannon's bones were bleaching beside some lost trail in these hills. Then there was that Biblical picture we'd been talking about to give you the germ of old Sandifer's figure, with his resemblance to an Old Testament prophet and his spouting from the Scriptures."

"Not only that but—now you make me think of it—I remember comparing San Antonio in the sky up there with the head of some Bible patriarch."

"The leaven was working in you all the time, you see, without your knowledge. San Antonio—Anthony: the source of that name's cleared up. Black Luke, of course, you stole from my story. And Patience . . ." The author paused and waited with quizzical eyes. . . . "Dare say you know where you found the model for Patience."

"Be hanged if I do!"

"So?" Friend Author lifted tolerant brows. "Well, I'm going to let you figure that one out for yourself."

"But I can't recall even thinking of any such name. . . ."

"I'll tell you something, Dave." Liveright's manner grew portentously confidential. "Just as in pictures every blonde piece is what Jimmy calls a she-ro, so in fiction every Quaker maiden is inevitably christened Patience."

Barry laughed. "That doesn't account for the physical make-up of the lovely lady I fell in with here last night."

"Think it over."

"I'm going to"—Barry kicked open the fragments that had been a gate—"I'm going in here to mull it over, Homer; and if you don't mind"—with a deprecating grimace—"I'd rather go alone. This was old Sandifer's cottage. That ruin next door was the meeting-house."

The author laughed, waved an indulgent hand, and sauntered off toward the waiting Ford, while Barry, idly wondering what was keeping the bunch on the ponies, picked his way up the weed-choked walk. There was no more a door to the cottage, just as its windows glared with the vacancy of glassless sashes. But the floors were still sound; those old Quaker emigrants had builded honestly. . . .

HE went in gingerly to the dusk of the sitting room. Every stick of furnishing had vanished as utterly as the living pageant of that dream; but there in the dust were footprints, the trail his own boots had made from the threshold to the spot where Patience had placed the chair for him, and back into the kitchen and out again.

Odd! He had dreamed a dream, no argument about that; but at the same time he had been, most indisputably, going through all the motions of his dream.

If the kitchen was as naked as the sitting room, its walls and floor were in quite as good repair: the cupboard shelves, solidly built into one corner, had thus far withstood the blight of decay, and on one the dust of years had lately been disturbed. Barry swore beneath his breath. The fidelity of all this evidence to the scheme of his dream began to seem a shade too

uncanny. That was where the pistol had lain, that wreck of a long-barrel which Jimmy had plucked from the road by the bluff. And those were the finger marks Dave Barry must have made when he had lifted the weapon. . . .

The man's breathing stopped, then quickened. His fingers were too clumsy in their wrappings now to make comparisons; but he conceived it impossible that they could ever have made prints so delicately feminine. Not *his* strong and heavy fingers. . . . Besides, it had been the hand of Patience, not his, which had snatched up the pistol. . . .

He heard the silence purring in his ears, heard his pulses find a faster beat. Against his will he looked down and saw . . . Or was he going a little mad again?—imagination in recurrent delirium that he saw in the dust, beside his own, small footprints of gracious contour, faintly traced . . .

"David?"

His scalp prickled, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth in sudden dryness, and sweat broke out on the palms of his hands.

A breath of well remembered fragrance and again that strain of sober music, like the croon of running water:

"David! Where are you, Davy?"

Footfalls in the sitting room and —Molly pausing in the doorway with a face of pretty anxiety and a hand lifting to her bosom.

"O Davy! What a fright you did give me. Mr. Liveright said he'd left you here and I . . . When you didn't answer I didn't know what to think."

THE girl moved toward the man in a turn of shyness.

"Don't be cross with me for coming, Davy. I had to. . . . I couldn't seem to sleep, and when Mother Waring said you'd gone off with the boys I guessed where and sent down word to wait for me—I wanted to come, too. You got away too soon, but Izzy got my message and made the others wait, and I made them give me a pony and . . . Say you're not cross, Davy! Don't you know I had to come?"

"Of course." Barry opened his arms. "You knew I'd be waiting, didn't you? You knew how long I'd been waiting, Mopsy?"

The worn-out girl cried a little, but not in sorrow, on his bosom.

"Davy, I'm so happy! And all last night I was so unhappy—you kept calling for a girl named Patience till the drug put you to sleep, and again the first thing this morning . . . Davy: who was Patience?"

"Dear, if you must know, Patience was just you. I didn't know myself till a minute or two ago. Friend Author gave me the clue. She was a girl I dreamed about last night in my wanderings, the girl I'd been dreaming you'd be in a dove-gray Quaker gown."

They made a self-conscious couple when they trudged up the road to join the group beneath the gallows tree, but their self-consciousness was wasted. For Friend Author had been killing time by idly kicking at a stone bedded in the foot of the bluff till something had inspired him to peer more closely at it. Now the group hung over the stone. And when Barry and Molly came up, Liveright showed them a countenance of unaffected wonder.

"I give up, Davy," he said, rather breathlessly. "I'm through telling the world I write fiction. Life keeps beating me all the time at my own game."

The stone, old and gray and square, had been rudely surfaced and graven:

OUTLAWS TAKE WARNING!

Here Lies
KENO CANNON
COMMON GAMBLER
& MURDERER

Hanged on This Spot
by VIGILANTES

July 21, 1859

. . . . .

WHEN he had made Barry comfortable for the night, in his room at Pine Tree Inn, Jimmy Shayne stalled provokingly about turning out the light.

"Well, there's something I've been wanting to ask you to do for me, chief," he confessed when Barry challenged him. "A sort of favor. You know that old long-barrel you crowned Juney with? You dropped it in the Ford and seemed to forget about it. If it's all the same to you, chief, I'd like to keep it."

"It's all the same to me, Jimmy. But I'll be jiggered if I can make out what you want with it."

"Ah, I dunno." Jimmy wriggled uneasily. "I've just got a fool idea, I guess, that ol' hoss pistol is heap big medicine."

"What in thunder do you think you mean?"

"Well—it's this way, chief. The signal we'd agreed on, when anybody found you, was three quick shots. Well, nobody found you before we got that signal. I mean, none of our outfit fired those three shots. But at least a dozen of us heard them. That's what led us to you."

"Then who did give you the signal, Shamus?"

"The way we boys figure it, you did, chief—with that long-barrel — two of the shots, anyway. The other must have been the one that cut the lariat, like you told us."

"You poor, ignorant, superstitious little Mick you!"

"All right. But it's like I'm telling you—none of our gang gave that signal. Now laugh that off!"

THE END

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Kitchen Resolutions for 1929

By ETHEL SOMERS

Shellacked recipe cards are easily kept neat and clean by washing.

AT this New Year's season may we take occasion to stress the importance of system in the kitchen? Wonders can be accomplished by an intelligent working schedule. This does not imply a plan of work that keeps mother hurrying all day with rushing duties, but rather one that is well balanced. Such a schedule will allow double time for each operation, to take care of emergencies common to the best regulated families. It makes a place for rest and recreation by speeding up routine tasks. It points out the more important duties of each day, so that on the days when all goes wrong only minimum essentials need be accomplished.

A good schedule must be flexible enough to function day after day. If a plan repeatedly fails, revise it, but by all means do your work on schedule, for it is daily regularity that ultimately makes for accomplishment. Even comparatively small savings of time have a way of counting up in a manner similar to money savings.

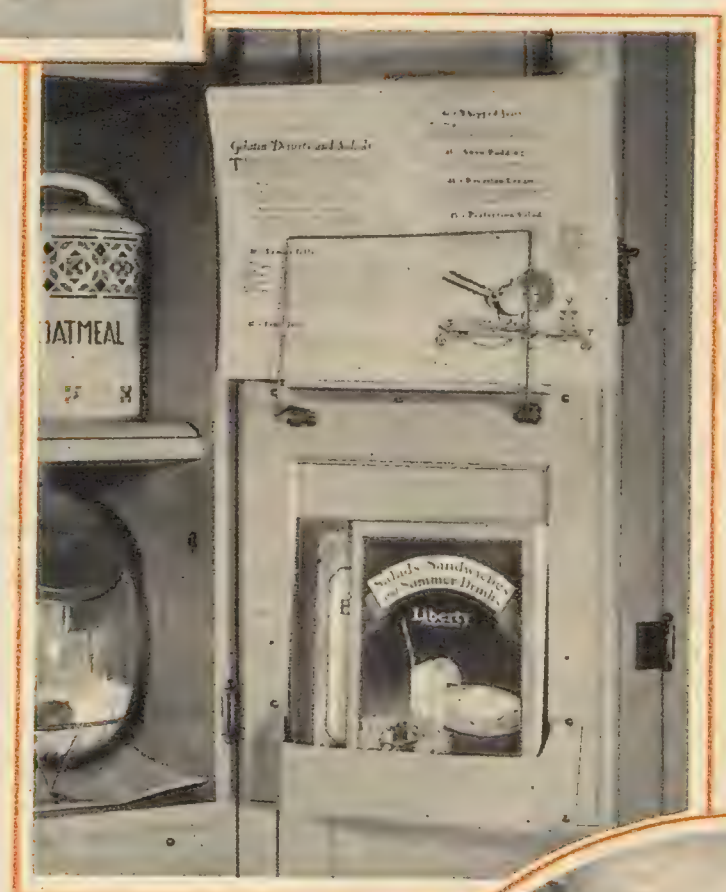
A scientific, unbiased attitude toward the work at hand together with a definite working plan will achieve wonders.

For inspiration along this line read Mrs. Lillian Gilbreth's Living with Our Children. She is the mother of eleven children and not only lives to tell the tale, but also finds time to devote to writing and business. Fortunate indeed are those mothers who are familiar with her writings.

A Variety of Household Hints Helpful When Cooking

DO you ever try a toy double boiler from the ten-cent store as a handy means of melting butter when the recipe calls for melted butter?

Do you ever try cutting cheap paper napkins in quarters and keeping these squares at hand for oiling baking pans?



A holder for your cookbook or recipe card will be found convenient.

Do you try entirely to eliminate burned foods from your kitchen by using low flames and tight-fitting covers?

Do you ever try shaping your cooky dough in a long roll to be placed in the ice box until the next day when it will be stiff enough to slice nicely with a knife dampened in cold water? This speeds the rolling and cutting of the cooky dough. Because of the drying effect of an electric ice box the dough should be put in a covered container or wrapped in wax paper.

Do you ever try planning your menus for the whole week in order to dovetail the cookery process and consolidate the marketing?

Do you ever try dishes from purposely left-over food?

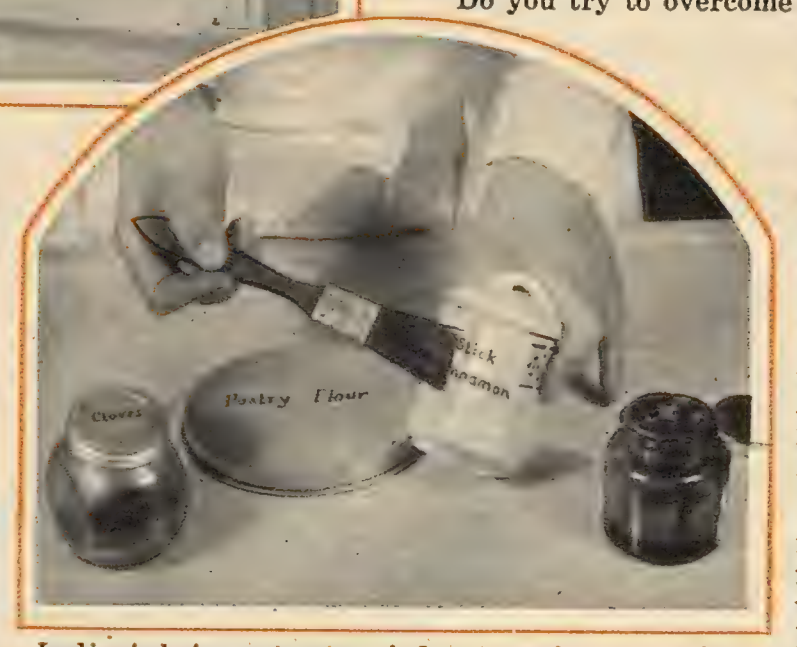
Do you eliminate failures through time and temperature cooking?

Do you insure success through level measurements in standard measuring cups and spoons?

Do you save guesswork and washing of greasy measuring cups by adding fat to a measured quantity of water in order to determine an accurate amount of fat? For example, fat added to one-half cup of cold water until the total is three-fourths of a cup would insure exactly one-fourth cup of fat and at the same time prevent its sticking to the sides of the cup.

Have you ever noticed that moist cheese can be pressed through a coarse sieve more quickly than dried cheese can be grated?

Do you use paper on your work table—for example, newspaper to catch peelings or wax paper for rolling doughs?



India ink is waterproof, but requires treating with shellac to make it scourproof.

After using the food grinder do you give it a chaser of dried bread to make it easier to clean?

Do you ever try seasoning your new utensils, such as iron frying pans, Dutch ovens, waffle irons, etc.? This is done by rubbing with unsalted fat, as a piece of suet, and heating very, very slowly for a long period until thoroughly baked. Follow by a thorough washing in soda water and then soapsuds and rinse carefully.

Do you ever try cutting hot breads, cookies, steamed puddings, etc., with an eighteen-inch length of heavy white thread, holding one end in each hand? Thin slices of hot foods rather hard to cut may be nicely sliced in this way.

Helpful Hints for Kitchen Work

DO you ever try restoring burned kettle areas to normal by placing the kettle over a *very low* flame and gradually drying the burned material until it bakes off?

Do you ever try using shellac on your supply jar labels, recipe cards, and cookbook covers to permit easy washing without damaging effects?

Do you try to overcome odors in the ice box by proper arrangement of the foods therein? In a side icer place cantaloupe and other odorous foods on the upper shelf at the place nearest the cooling unit or ice chamber. In a top icer place them at the outer edges of the top shelf.

Do you ever try relieving your mind when preparing company dinners by using a meal preparation schedule? This will be a handy reference when preparing the dinner and when assembling the last-minute items, to say nothing of its help in setting the table.

Do you ever try planning your weekly work on a schedule so that you have time for rest and recreation?

Do you ever try using paper clips or other fasteners to hold your recipe card or cookbook at eye level? Or do you stoop down to the table to read your cards?

Do you make use of such labor savers as paper cups for jellies, marmalades, etc., washable oilcloth table coverings (modern ones are made to look like linen) and other similar helps?

Do you eliminate wiping dishes as far as possible by carefully scalding and quickly drying them in a rack in a hot place?

Do you conserve your energy by alternating sitting jobs with standing ones?

Do you ever try shellac or waxed preparations on your linoleum to lighten the scrubbing duties to mere mopping?

Do you ever try prolonging the wear of your garbage container by pouring melted paraffin over the inner surface?

Do you ever try making colorful and handy hot-pan holders by cutting convenient shapes from old felt hats? These may be easily washed. Several pieces may be stitched together. Art work in the form of decorative designs may be added if desired.

GIVE careful consideration to the hints Ethel Somers offers you on this page. Follow her advice and arrange your household duties so that you have time for rest and recreation. Prepare an intelligent working schedule for your kitchen tasks. You can do so easily by referring to the cookbooks Miss Somers has compiled for LIBERTY readers. Get these cookbooks and keep them in your kitchen for ready reference. They cost 10 cents each—but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today. And please use the coupon.

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1-5-29

When her tactful father turned back to them, there they sat, still holding hands.

Mrs. Grundy Is Dead

A Code of Etiquette for Young Moderns, Written by Themselves

and Edited by

DORIS WEBSTER
and
MARY ALDEN HOPKINS
Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

To a formal dance, a girl may ask her hostess' permission to bring extra men.

TO determine what is done rather than what should be done in modern etiquette, the authors of this article sent a questionnaire to groups of representative young people in various parts of the United States and also to a young cosmopolitan group studying at Oxford, England. Those questioned represented many classes of life, but each came from a home with a cultural background. What the men had to say in reply to the questionnaire appeared in LIBERTY last week. What follows is based on what the women had to say.

HOW WOMEN BEHAVE

I. WITH MEN

Have chaperons gone out entirely? If not, under what circumstances are they still considered necessary?

The chaperon is not yet extinct. The clamor raised by the social conservationists is misleading. The chaperon still functions—in public.

All the girls agree that they are found at "mixed" week-end parties, at formal dances, for late parties in a man's apartment, trips to boys' schools, and wherever parents or college authorities insist.

The chaperon also flourishes among the very young, as those who have escaped complacently point out. "For the very young, up to sixteen," says a seventeen year old girl. "For brats," says another, and "For a young girl at a hotel."

But even though the chaperon persists, she is a clawless creature without any force to her peck, and no one minds her presence. This applies to fathers as well as mothers.

The father of a very pretty girl determined when she entered the beau age that her suitors should never be embarrassed by the tactless supervision from which he suffered in his courting days. His oversight would always be so courteous that he would not hurt the feelings of the most sensitive young man.

One evening he inadvertently surprised a young man holding his daughter's hand, so he immediately occupied himself with mending the fire in order that they might untangle their fingers and move apart while his back was turned, for he understood the younger generation and knew just how the poor boy felt! But when he turned back with a cheery remark—there they sat, still holding hands, and all ready for a pleasant chat with him.

He says that chaperons have become pure ornament, like the buttons on a coat sleeve.

When a young man gives a party in his apartment, does he have to have a chaperon?

Smith on the whole thinks yes, although she's a little doubtful. Bryn Mawr says yes. A group of daughters at home says yes.

On the other hand, we have a bunch of noes, some of them from Louisiana, the University of Vermont, Syracuse University, a group of society girls, and some young professional women in New York, although none of these groups is unanimous.

A California group is also divided, saying, "Yes, if women are to be present," and "Not if several are present," and "Yes-no, of course it depends upon the particular circumstances."

In all the groups there is only one vehement pro-chaperon remark: "Few girls I know would go to such a party unless he did." Opposed to that is a statement, "Some would say yes. I say no. Chaperons are quite unnecessary."

In many answers we find again the motif that runs straight through the answers to this questionnaire—it depends. "It depends on the man" and "It depends on the situation" are frequent answers.

Again the girls are evolving their own technique, using their intelligence instead of applying rules.

Do you consider it all right for a girl to be alone with a man in his apartment?

The majority, instead of answering yes or no, wrote comments on this question, though a few came out with simple negatives. Most of the girls agree pretty generally that it depends upon the man and the situation. One added "*and* the girl."

Some of the comments are: "Yes, under certain circumstances," "Depends on how well you know him," "Perhaps this is not socially correct, but I see no fault in so doing when the degree of acquaintance permits."

The following opinion is of special interest because, strangely enough, it is the only case in which the line of conduct is determined by consideration of what people might think. She says: "Yes, but I realize it isn't considered good form. It might be misunderstood if you were seen going in or coming out. Apt to be criticized."

If you and a young man happen to be traveling to the same place, is it all right to go together even if it is an overnight trip? Could you stay at the same hotel?

There are only one or two noes to the first question. One girl says, "I never should plan it," and another, "If it had been planned beforehand." Both are supplied with good alibis if called to account. A third, more independent, or less farsighted, says, "If it suited me." No one seems to have become awfully excited over this question.

The second question interested the girls. On the whole, they would, because it would be complicated not to. "It would seem priggish not to," is a characteristic comment.

From those who wouldn't, we get such reasons as "It might be awkward" and "Could, but wouldn't." One suggests getting rooms on different floors.

Several girls point out that most men would avoid doing it. This is in line with our theory that men are more conservative than women. When one girl exclaimed spontaneously, "Oh, yes, I'd feel so much safer," a boy who was present said it wouldn't do at all! It hurt his pride to think that she would feel safe with him.

In another case a newly married girl severely shocked her husband by saying, "It would be awfully silly not to."

While the girls seem to be losing their illusions about the dangerousness of men, the men themselves cling to the belief that they are fierce wild creatures after 10 o'clock at night.

Would you accept a week-end invitation from a young man to his parents' home without a written or telephoned invitation from his mother?

Some would accept a relayed word-of-mouth invitation from parents they had already met, but they would not go unless the mother knew they were coming.

How late would you stay out motoring with a young man?

Here's where we come to a decided change in standard. While a few give definite hours, varying from 10 to 2, or say "As late as I would stay at a party," the majority of comments are decidedly flippant, like, "Until the gas gives out," "Until I feel like coming in," "Till we get back," "Till we got sleepy or were sensible enough to come in."

One says, "As long as it is dark," another, "Until daylight." A good many think it depends on whether they are having a good time or not, but do not seem to have the girl's usual worry as to whether or not the young man is enjoying himself. The majority say, "It all depends upon the man."

Do you consider it bad form to lunch with a married man not related to you?

Mostly they do not consider it bad form, although some qualify. The general idea seems to be that it's all right if the wife doesn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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mind. Again and again they say, "It depends upon how his wife would feel about it." One specifies, "If his wife were away at a distance and he only wished for company."

One will lunch "as a friend" and one "only as a business engagement." One sums it up, "No, it is not bad form unless he considers himself a beau."

Does a man put on a girl's overshoes for her?

The answers are fifty-fifty that he does and that he doesn't, with a show of emotion in two cases against the practice. A disciplinarian says, "Yes, he should"; a realist, "He should but seldom does."

II. AT HOME

How do you get rid of a tiresome caller?

The girls seem to fall into two groups on this question: those who naturally have kind hearts—or else understand that to be popular one must endure the poor fish and sad birds; and those who want to get rid of said fish and birds at any cost.

These latter do not care how much they hurt the man's ego. Among their comments are: "Be more tiresome than the caller," "Look at the clock," "Ignore him," "Tell him to go," "Lack interest in everything he says," "Sit and stare at him and answer his questions in a monotone."

The other group are the executive girls, who deal directly and kindly with the situation. "Fake an engagement," "Lie," "Find an excuse that will not hurt his feelings, like a telephone call," "Tell him I have an appointment," "Don't get rid of him—unless I can without being unkind," "Say you are busy and suggest he call some other time."

On the whole, the girls think it would be complicated not to stay at the same hotel.

A girl who expects the future to take care of itself offsets the rebuff of saying she is busy by suggesting that he come the following week.

"Don't be too entertaining," advise two girls who normally make an effort to please. "Conversation can lag, of course," says another. A professional dancer, who can't afford to be dumb because it is her business to be entertaining, explains primly, "It is not very easily done. I might suggest that I had a heavy day facing me and had to arise early."

This problem does not disappear even when one is married, for a young matron gives as her recipe, "Say the baby needs attention." Only one out of all thinks it can't be done.

The technique of getting rid of a tiresome caller by the torturous process of being unentertaining has the disadvantage that the hostess suffers the long drawn out agony as much as the guest does.

The best way is to send him away—but send him away happy. Instead of being bored, be fascinating, but firm in your dismissal. Get it over quickly.

Give him the impression that he is a very attractive man whom you would enjoy seeing if you were not so awfully busy. If you follow the lagging talk technique, he is present and he is unhappy; if you give a kindly, snappy excuse, he is happy and he is absent. The ability to get a man out of his chair without inflicting suffering is the sign of an accomplished hostess.

Don't use a club. Send him away with a sugar plum.

Do you tell an unexpected caller if you have another engagement?

Overwhelmingly "Yes." Qualified in one case by, "If it is an important one." Another answer is, "Yes, to one of my own age, but not to older people."

Two different techniques are suggested. The first is, "After a few minutes, yes," the other is to say immediately, "I have another engagement, but won't you please sit down for a few minutes?"

In a case like this you often have your choice between disappointing one who has dropped in without an appointment and disappointing the person with whom you have made a previous engagement. Obviously it is the latter who should be considered most.

It might be misunderstood if you were seen going into or leaving a man's apartment.

Sometimes an engagement with oneself is as important as an engagement with the dentist, and should be scrupulously kept.

One of the reasons that women do not accomplish more than they do is that they allow themselves to be diverted from their schedule by false politeness. It is no kindness to allow an acquaintance unconsciously to disrupt one's whole afternoon. As one has more experience the tactful handling of such situations becomes easier.

The ability to make quick and firm decisions on social matters without hurting anybody's feelings is a sign of maturity. If one hesitates, stammers, and makes excuses, the person who is being sidetracked realizes that the speaker is crawling out of a situation. If one declines an invitation immediately or states that one cannot keep an engagement, expressing regret at the same time, one is more likely to escape being urged or being blamed and reproached.

Hesitation suggests a guilty conscience.

How do you handle a bad tempered guest?

A number of the girls say they never have bad tempered guests. This shows that they either have extremely sweet dispositions, or else that they are well equipped to handle these situations. Only one girl says frankly, "I usually get equally bad tempered, and he leaves." One with equal firmness but more patience gives him a chance: "Squelch him, after having brought all psychology to bear."

The general technique is that used on a child in a tantrum when there are people around and it is no time for discipline. The rule is: "Joke him out of it and if that doesn't work tell him to go home." Change the phrase to "if that doesn't work tell him to go to bed" and you have the child training technique.

"Humor him," "Humor him," "Humor him," cry these mothers of the future. "Try to be diplomatic and avoid unnecessary discord by humoring him as much as possible."

One of the lollypop school advises, "Give him a cocktail, tickle him under the chin, and let him alone." Here is a disciplinarian: "Tell him firmly what is expected of him." A Montessorian speaks, "Get him thinking of something else."

In general the girls advise setting a good example by being "as polite as possible."

When you wish to indicate that you are annoyed, do you convey your displeasure in words or by manner?

The most primitive form of quarreling is blows. A little more civilized are the women who vituperate over the back fence. Far in advance is the Victorian who sits in annoyed but elegant silence. But the girl of today has a better line. She can trust herself to use words because she is not speaking to register anger, but in order to straighten out an unpleasant situation.

Tactful verbal handling of an unpleasantness is her method. Not all have perfected their technique. "I try to do it by words, but usually it takes the form of manner," confesses one.

Another, of perhaps more experience, remarks, "At times neither are in good taste. Sometimes I indicate annoyance by words, never by manner, unless by silence."

Other college girls answer: "I think frankness is best, words kindly and quietly spoken," and "Either way, depending on whom you are with." A blanket ruling, which does not apply at all times, is "Neither. Exercise self-control."

It would, of course, be hardly wise to stop and explain to the man who is flirting with you on the street that you don't go in for that sort of thing and have a low opinion of men who try to pick up girls in this crude way. This same idea is expressed in "Words if necessary," and "Words when manner fails."

The old novel depended entirely upon misunderstandings that arose from proud silence. But in these days of frank analysis, authors are more and more put to it to estrange friends and lovers. Frankness not only clears up the confusion in the other person's mind, but also clarifies the speaker's mind.

A little hurt feeling can make a big silence but doesn't look so well when put into words.

III. IN PUBLIC

What is a girl's etiquette on swearing?

Many girls are violently opposed to girls swearing. In several cases the college group reporting was unanimously against it. Their comments ran: "Not good taste," "Vulgar and cheap," "Very unmannerly," "Belittling to her," "It is done but not considered correct," "I consider it poor form," and "She may do what she pleases, but I do not like to shock others."

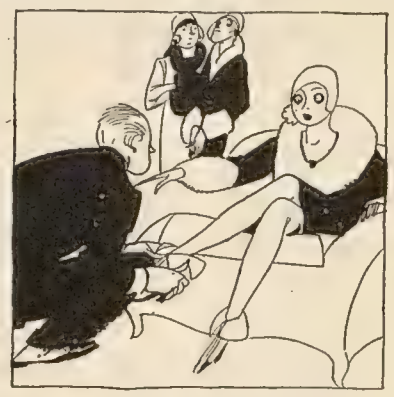
The moderates are particular when and where they swear.

They say: "Choose your company," "With discretion," "As little as possible, especially in public," "A great vent to your feelings but pick your place and do it as quietly as emotion allows," "Not with strangers," "Not at formal dinners."

Two discreet girls answer, "Better not to—most men prefer girls who don't swear," and "I try not to swear in front of men—I don't think men like a girl who swears." Prudence is shown again by two who say, "Never before elders," and "Never good taste, especially before elders."

We also find girls who do not approve, but are apparently slaves to the habit, for they say, "I swear frequently but do not approve of it," and "It is not done here theoretically but much practically."

One draws the line at "God damn" but does not say on which side she draws that line. Another swears, but "isn't profane," using only "Damn, hell, and so forth," but not "God damn."



Yes, a man should put on a girl's overshoes for her—but the girls say he seldom does.

A group of up-and-coming New Yorkers who know their way along Park Avenue cry, "Sure!" and "She does," while one says, "Never in anger," apparently using swear words only as ornaments.

Do you kiss other girls when you meet them on the street?

Mostly don't.

Comments, "Sometimes, if I know the girl intimately and haven't seen her for a long time," and "Not if I can get out of it."

Do you use a lipstick in public?

They don't! Well, well, well! Excepting the girls who go in heavily for society—they do.

What is a girl's etiquette on smoking?

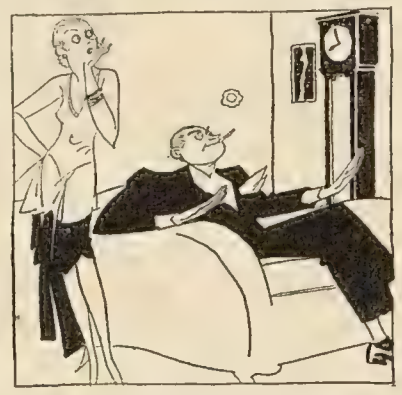
The cigarette has ceased to be a cause. Girls no longer smoke to shock. In fact, they protect older women from the discomfort of being annoyed with them. "When no older people are present," "Ask older women if they mind," "Not with older women who disapprove," are characteristic answers.

The emphasis seems to have shifted from an assertion of the right to smoke to "Don't annoy people." We have such comments as:

"In some homes, one should avoid antagonizing."

"When college authorities are not present."

"Avoid trouble."



One way in which to try to get rid of a tiresome caller is to look at the clock.

The lack of emotion among those who do not smoke is striking. A group of girls from a denominational college, while not smoking themselves, show broad-mindedness on the subject. They hold:

"Never done on the street; in several circles yes, although tacitly omitted."

"A girl has as much right as a fellow, but either one has no logical right in my opinion."

"All right, but not good taste in public for women. Accepted, of course, for men."

"I think smoking is permissible, if a girl so desires in a group where she would appear conspicuous if she did not."

Do you ever deliberately cut an acquaintance?

Cutting comes from one of two desires: either the wish to put the other person in an inferior place, or else the wish to protect one's own personality.

In the first case, this is simply bad manners. The basis of ill breeding is usually an inferiority complex. Bad manners may be said to begin when people start to rise in the social scale.

Climbers are discourteous to the people above them because they fear that courtesy will be misinterpreted as subservience. They are rude to the people below them to avoid entangling alliances. Generally speaking, the people in society who have bad manners are those who feel in their hearts that they have not arrived.

An inferiority complex is developed in childhood and may come from inability to hold one's own either in the family group or the larger social group. This unfortunate lack of adjustment to the family group which later on comes out in general bad manners may be caused in childhood by lack of physical vitality, red hair, defective vision, or even so slight a matter as being a girl in a family of boys.

Ill-mannered people in families of assured position may be elbowing others out of the way, be compensating for having themselves been put upon as children.

This feeling of inferiority can, however, become the basis of good manners, when one understands one's underlying motives and decides to become superior to others by really being superior to them in breeding. Good breeding is free to anyone who wants it.

The second reason for cutting is the desire to protect one's own personality. It certainly is necessary to protect oneself from the encroachment of bores, people who want to use you for their own advancement, busybodies, and others who butt in on your private affairs. But this can be done more effectively, and certainly more kindly, by finesse than by bludgeoning.

If you use ill breeding to fight ill breeding you are ill bred yourself. Actresses, social leaders, presidents' wives, and other women who must make a good impression have worked out this technique of holding people off. The woman who is so popular that she has need to shut certain people out from her acquaintance is also the one who is equipped to handle the situation without brutally lacerating the egos of others.

A young professional dancer tells us, "I manage it so that it is not a cut."

A clever young New Yorker writes, "A friendly attitude toward everyone does not mean that you've got to invite them to your parties if you don't feel like it. An unwanted invitation is a similar matter. Don't be disagreeable, but have a reason why you can't go and always be awfully sorry."

Another girl recalls how a certain well known actor kept her moving when she stopped in his reception line. "I was so absorbed in admiration," she confesses, "that I forgot the other people crowding behind. 'The only things in New York I simply won't miss,' I told him, 'are you or Gilbert and Sullivan.' The next thing I knew I was being deftly handed on to the next person, and Mr. M—— was saying, 'Don't say another word! Don't spoil it!'

"I went away knowing that I'd been dismissed, but feeling that I'd said something very clever. I was sure that he'd like nothing better than to sit and talk with me for an hour if only he had time!"

The more one protects one's personality and refuses to be bored or to have one's time wasted, the more one has to work up a good technique of self-protection.

Formerly people cut right and left because they went by rule of thumb instead of using their intelligence on social situations.

The older generation yelps at the passing of the old code, not realizing that its place is being taken by an infinite number of individual codes.

What do you do when you are cut or snubbed?

"When I'm cut, I cut back," seems to be a common reaction. But one girl says, "I'm pretty careful about retaliating, because a number of times I have passed people on the street without speaking to them when I really didn't mean at all to cut them. I was thinking about something else and didn't see them, although my eyes were fixed right on them. So it occurred to me that if I do this, other people may do the very same thing."

A rather old fashioned girl of unusually sweet disposition told us, "Why, I always try to be specially nice to people who cut me because I think I must have done something to offend them."

"But isn't that being a doormat?" we asked her.

"Oh, I wouldn't keep it up indefinitely," she answered, "only until I was sure that it wasn't my fault."

One society girl swears but "isn't profane," using only "damn, hell, and so forth."

The pose of being bad mannered is intentionally adopted by some of the highbrows who have attained a slight prominence. A college girl on her vacation in New York was all of a twitter at finding one of her literary idols at a reception she attended.

"I found some one to introduce me," she writes, "and we went right up to where he was standing, and my friend said, 'Mr. ——, here is a young woman who has read twice over every word you have ever written.' I put out my hand, my idol gave one square look at me, turned his back deliberately, and walked away. There was nothing I could do, and I did it."

Another girl tells of a similar situation. She was having luncheon at the critics' table at a famous New York hotel with a man who was obliged to leave her there, having introduced her to the others. The men were nice enough to her until she got up to go, when to her surprise not one of them paid any attention to her. Not one of them rose, nor even stopped talking to say good-by. They gave her the feeling that she had intruded.

Sledge hammer blows like these do sometimes hit a girl when she neither expects nor deserves them. There are no potted rules of etiquette for a situation like this. The only thing to do is to withdraw as gracefully as possible. If you can see these men as little boys who think manliness consists of dirt behind the ears and rudeness to girls, so much the better.

IV. AT DANCES

What do you do at a dance when no one cuts in on you?

The suffering of the girls at a dance is even worse than the suffering of the men because while the man suffers on his own account when no one grabs his partner away from him, the ungrabbed girl suffers because she is responsible for his suffering.

No girl among those who answered appears to be disturbed at being obliged to dance indefinitely with a partner she does not like, but only because she is falling down on her job.

It is a terrible thing for a girl of an active temperament to be placed in a passive situation and held responsible for something over which she has no direct control. The modern girl is caught in the old trap. She must get what she wants through her dimples and her bright eyes, and no amount of executive ability or sterling virtues will help her here.

Try humoring a bad tempered guest, when you have one to handle. Be diplomatic.

Although by theory women are now released from the obligation of getting their good times only through the favor of men, and have great leeway in matters of calling men up on the telephone, suggesting Dutch treats, taking men for automobile rides, and in many other ways taking the initiative, on the dance floor her good time is dependent on the Sultan's nod.

Men are free to dance or not to dance, girls must dance or withdraw from sight.

A girl may ask a man to marry her, but she must not ask him to dance with her.

If their souls were talking to each other, he would say, "This is all your fault."

She would reply, "Yes, I know it. I'm so sorry you're stuck with me."

Of course, if she could blame him she would, but how can she? For it's a woman's business to be attractive and make things pleasant for a man. In this case she has to make things pleasant for the man by being attractive to other men! Formerly she simply had to please one man at a time. Now she's got to arrange to be chased.

In dealing with this old fashioned situation the girls fall into two classes: those who suffer helplessly and those who do something about it.

Those belonging to the first group make such comments as, "Pray for the best," "Call on the saints," "Suffer," "Grin and bear it," "Smile bravely and keep on dancing," "Dance on," "Nothing," "Keep on," "No action in the world," "Leave the dance in despair."

In the second group we do get a faint hint of executive action:

"Do anything to release the man."

"Give the man an opening to get away."

"Make some excuse to get out of the way if the man is not enjoying himself, otherwise go on dancing." (It doesn't matter whether she's enjoying herself or not!)

Also "Suggest sitting out and try again after a rest." "There's always the ladies' room." "Excuse yourself and either go to a

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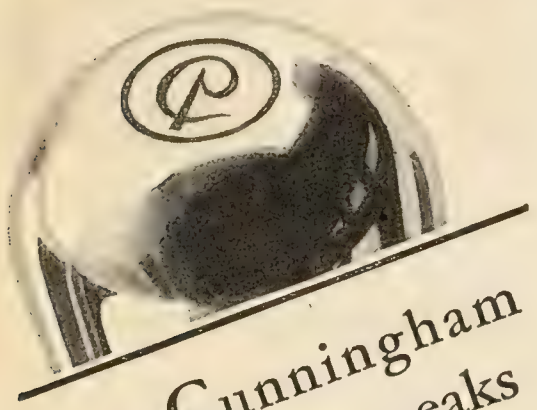

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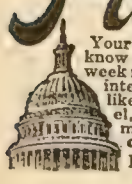

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[MRS. GRUNDY IS DEAD
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chaperon or a dressing room." "Laugh and talk and pretend to be having a wonderful time." "Weep and rage before sleeping, and study styles next day." "Wink at somebody."

A few exceptional girls are philosophical and apparently untroubled by the inferiority complex. These say, "Make the best of it," "Am bored," "Keep on dancing with the same man."

"Nothing, but let my partner handle the situation," says one, who evidently feels that man got her into the mess and man can get her out.

Is there a limit to the number of times a girl may dance with the same man?

Although in a few of the smaller colleges too many dances with the same man are frowned upon, the large majority of answers seem to indicate that nobody cares. There are, however, a few qualifications of the answer:

"No, within reason."

"No set limit, but usually five or six times out of fourteen dances."

"No, but she should not neglect the man who invited her."

This change is partly due to the cutting in system, and partly to the absence of personal chaperons. Formerly mother got a vicarious enjoyment of daughter's popularity by reprimanding her for allowing a young man to "make her conspicuous" by his marked attentions. In the good old days three dances and supper was the limit.

And the answer to that was, "Oh, mamma, all the others were extras, and extras don't count!"

Is the music at a dance continuous?

Practically all say it is not continuous excepting at very large dances where there are two orchestras.

Do you ever take a man to a dance? Several men? If so, do you invite them to dinner first? Do you invite girls to dinner also? Would you take a guest to a dance without first asking your hostess' permission?

Right here is where the girl with executive ability of her own or with an executive mother fixes things up so that she will be cut in on on the dance floor. Several courses are open to her. Both college girls and girls in society say that under certain circumstances they take men to dances. Obviously this is the practice at college and sorority dances.

If it is an informal dance outside of college, the hostess often suggests bringing a man along. If it is a formal dance, a girl may ask her hostess' permission to bring an extra man or men. This permission is always asked, except when the dance is very formal or the girl very intimate with the hostess.

When men are asked to dances, they often are invited to dinner also. When a group of young people go from a dinner to a dance, they have already started their good time and the girls are sure of a certain number of partners. The momentum carries them through the evening without the terrible suffering which appears to characterize a dance.

Some girls pack the dinner with men for the stag line, having more men than girls. The duty of the extra men is to see that their hostess is cut in on sufficiently during the evening. This turns the tables on the men, who are now unhappy because there are so many of them that no one gets more than a whisk of a dance with a girl.

One points out that one advantage of this system of short dances with many men is that by the time you have exhausted the preliminaries of a conversation and come to the draggy part, another man grabs you and you can begin again: "I'm so glad it's *you!* I'm just crazy about your dancing!" working up to a "I think you're the most attractive man I've ever met!"

How do you get out of dancing with a man with whom you do not want to dance?

This depends on why you do not want to dance with him. If it is merely because he is a poor dancer, but otherwise pleasant, suggest sitting out the dance. Those who wish to have nothing to do with the man give an excuse—some without regard to his feelings and some more tactfully.

Among the excuses offered are the following: "The dance is taken," "I don't want to dance, thank you," "I'm tired," "My foot hurts" (this is awkward when he sees you dancing later on), "I have a headache," "I am dizzy," "Tell him I am leaving immediately," "Say I have to telephone," "Join a girl friend," "Lie."

The tactful excuses should be tried first. You may have use for him some day.

Smoking has ceased to be an issue. Some think it bad taste if done on the street.

When you go to a party without an escort do you expect someone to see you home?

The yeses and noes are about evenly divided and the brother of six sisters who formerly was on duty six nights now has a chance of an evening to himself when one of the six is invited out. The custom of arranging for one's escort home before going to a party lingers longer in the South than in other parts of the country.

"Southerners never go to a party without an escort," says one. "I never go alone," says another, "although the escort is not necessarily a beau." One Louisiana girl, on the other hand, says, "No, one expects to go home the way one came." "I don't expect it but prefer it," is a characteristic reaction.

Some of those who want an escort want him not because they are afraid, but to prove to themselves that they can get him. "One

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

USED BY MILLIONS
VELVET PENCILS
WITH THE Blue Band

A SOFT BLACK EASY WRITER

You'll like the VELVET. It writes well and wears well.
Ask for VELVET—No. 2—a great pencil down to the last inch.
SAMPLE OFFER—2 dozen for $1.00—singly, a nickel.
Sold everywhere

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How I Lost 97 Pounds
in a safe easy way~

Before 279 lbs.

I weighed 279 lbs. After I had tried many ways to reduce, a medical advisor of one of America's leading insurance companies told me of a new way . . . a natural way, pleasant and healthful. No dangerous drugs, no tiresome courses in dieting or exercise; no thyroid or glandular extracts, no sweat baths, lotions, soaps or creams. It was easy, natural and absolutely safe. I reduced 97 lbs. I feel better, look better and have more energy and vitality. I have no wrinkles or flabby skin. My insurance companies who examined me before and after reducing, say now I am a better risk: that I am in "perfect physical condition' and probably added years to my life.

I want to tell you how I did it. Send your name and address and I will send you all particulars at absolutely no cost or obligation to you.

Today 182 lbs.

LADIES Reduce easily and safely. Write for full particulars. TODAY

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Hart Bldg.
New Orleans, Louisiana

Skin Troubles
Cleared Up—Often In 24 Hours

Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the Face or Body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. "Clear-Tone" has been tried and tested in over 300,000 cases. Used Like Toilet Water. Is simply magical in prompt results. *At All Druggists—with Proven Directions.*

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST—You Can Rely On
Clear-Tone
TRADE MARK REG.
FOR SKIN AND COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

is pretty slow who can't rake in an invitation to be taken home," comments one girl. An older woman, wise in experience, tells us, " It depends on how pretty you are."

A young Harvard man confides, " I should always offer to do it, but if the girl could get home easily and it would put me to a good deal of inconvenience, I would expect to be refused. For a late or lonely trip I would insist."

To an informal dance outside of college, the hostess often suggests bringing a man.

If a girl lives in a place which is so far away that it is distinctly inconvenient for a man to take her home late at night, she will do well to arrange beforehand either to have some way of getting home or to stay overnight at a more convenient place.

When men are talking together, they often tell stories of being obliged to take home hinterland girls—long journeys from which they did not get home till dawn. One gathers that no girl is pretty enough to compensate for such discomfort.

" English girls do not expect it as much as Americans," writes an American Rhodes student. " They are willing to meet you at some common point for a party or theater, instead of making you fetch them, and they are ready to go home alone. They also go more Dutch treat and do not mind cheap seats."

V. CONCERNING NAMES

Will you keep your maiden name after you are married?

When we read the answers of the young men to this question we were astonished to find how little emotion was shown on the subject, and how many young men expressed a willingness for their wives to keep their own names if they wanted to, at least professionally.

In reading the girls' answers, we are equally surprised to find how much emotion they have on the matter, and how comparatively few expect to keep the names they were born with. We find such answers as, " No, indeed! " and " No, I'd have to be ashamed of my husband," and " No, not if I can spell his name." (Is a foreign gentleman paying attention to her?)

On the affirmative side we have " Sure," and " Yes, unless I prefer the man's." A few give such answers as, " If in business," " Not unless I remain on the stage," " Not unless I am already famous."

Several are undecided and one says, " I shan't answer the question because I am not going to marry."

Does your calling card read " Miss Smith," " Miss Mary A. Smith," " Miss Mary Alice Smith," or " Mary Alice Smith "?

" Miss Mary Alice Smith," say a large majority, although quite a proportion of the college women prefer simply " Mary Alice Smith." One clever young New Yorker underlines this form with emphasis. There seems to be a tendency to drop the formal " Miss Smith " to which the eldest daughter has a right, in the interest of identification.

According to Tiffany the material of the card should be cream-white or gray-white cardboard, or artificial parchment. The engraving should be Colonial, Franklin, Shaded Antique, Roman, or Shaded Modified Roman. The name is either Miss Smith or Miss Mary Alice Smith.

The middle name is never abbreviated nor the prefix omitted. The address is given in the lower right hand corner, the name of the street or avenue being spelled out and the number of the house usually being in numerals.

In which of the above ways do you prefer to have letters addressed to you?

Practically all want " Miss " before the name on the envelope. Some want the entire name to follow, but most prefer Miss Mary Smith or Miss Mary A. Smith.

Where the middle name adds a distinguishing mark there is an advantage in holding on to it for the sake of identification. One girl said, " A name is more rhythmic with the middle name written out. Edna St. Vincent Millay would lose its charm if written Edna St. V. Millay! "

Do you have the number of your home address written in script or numerals on your stationery?

Nearly all say numerals, although the society group specifies, " Script for best paper. Numerals for business paper." Women are more and more switching away from monograms which are merely decorative to a clearly engraved or embossed address.

On business paper, the name is added on both the paper and envelope. This business stationery is widely used for informal social correspondence.

VI. AT THE TABLE

At what time in the meal is it permissible to light a cigarette?

It is entirely permissible for a girl not to smoke if she doesn't wish to, provided she is not ostentatious about it. The answers fall into two general divisions, the middle of the dinner and the end of the dinner. " With the salad " and " After the meat course " are favorite answers. " With the coffee " has many followers.

The duty of the extra men is to see that their hostess is cut in on sufficiently.

" Wait for the hostess to suggest it," says one politely, apropos of which we remember the remark of one hostess who doesn't smoke, " I wish they'd smoke when they feel like it, so that I didn't have to have it on my mind."

When two girls and two men are lunching together, do the girls sit opposite each other?

The majority say yes, but the general feeling is " Who cares? " If it's a wall table the girls sit together against the wall. " What the hell difference does it make? " says a society girl.

At a restaurant, does a woman lunching with a man make a request directly to the waiter or through the man?

Most of them come out squarely that the request should be made through the man. " I always forget," admits a college girl. " I think the man prefers to speak to the waiter himself." " Preferably through the man, perhaps, but not necessarily," decides another.

One who is on the defensive protests, " Some men one lunches with are too dumb to find out what one wants, so it is up to the girl to tell the waiter, but I much prefer to make my request through the man."

Others seem to have the same feeling when they say, " It is easier to tell the waiter." One thinks " It really doesn't matter." The underlying feeling is that a man likes to feel that he's running his party.

Do you eat what you do not like out of politeness?

Mostly they do not, although society women seem to have a conscience on the matter. But they qualify that they eat it as a relic of mid-Victorian training! A college girl dismisses it with " No, that's all foolishness," but another eats " a little of it." A number of others hold to this.

One sensible girl has trained herself so that there is almost nothing she can't eat, although as a child she had violent likes and dislikes. She explains that it is so much trouble not to be able to eat everything.

Do you leave something on the plate " for manners "?

No, they don't.

Does a guest begin to eat before all are served?

All noes, with a few qualifications, except in the society bunch, who mostly answer " yes," some excepting formal parties. One says, " No, except when one is requested to begin," another, " No, except at a large party," and a third, " Sometimes, but you're not supposed to."

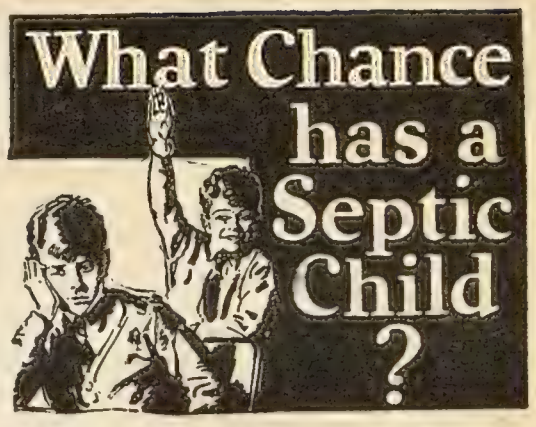
An American in England writes:

" In America, one apparently waits until all are served. In England, one may start before. The safest way is to wait for your hostess to begin, and she will, if sensible, start when all have their plates but before all the vegetables are passed, as otherwise, the first ones have a long wait and, at a big dinner, it slows things up."

Do you put your elbows on the table during a meal?

Society mostly does, while the girls' colleges are divided.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



IT may not be his fault that he is dull and stupid in his classes, indifferent in his play. Septic children are *all* thus handicapped and frequently have unpleasant breath or body odors as well. Septic children are badly outclassed!

Scoldings will not help. Parents must recognize the *cause*, and correct their sluggish systems.

The trouble is deep-seated. Semi-constipation makes millions of systems septic—in children as well as grownups. There may be partial movements daily—but all the waste is not eliminated. The matter that remains poisons the system, tainting the perspiration and the breath, sapping the energy and stupefying the mind. Not a pleasant condition! But easy to correct. *Nature is signalling her need of a little calcium wafer!*

If you are a septic, soap and water will not solve the difficulty. Nor will any surface treatment neutralize unpleasant vaporings of the body, or the breath for any length of time.

A few tiny calcium wafers—and what a marvelous difference! Eyes bright! Mind alert! Quickened interest in studies, and healthy strenuous play! And how the appearance is improved: Skin healthily soft and silken! A *naturally* heightened color that nothing will remove! Just a few days' use of calcium wafers will work wonders for any septic.

Perhaps you are a septic and don't know it. This unpleasant condition comes on so gradually! A test of calcium wafers has fairly astounded thousands of men and women who thought they were perfectly healthy! Try them!

FULL BOX FREE

Enough for full test—ample to prove the startling value of Stuart's calcium wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., Dept. C1131

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

At All Drug Stores: 10c or 60c sizes

Stuart's Calcium Wafers

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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Amazing new fast-selling invention—Crystal Home Filter for fruit juices and beverages. Patented. Nothing like it. Removes all sediment, pulp, fibres. Filters a gallon every 4 minutes. Perfect results guaranteed. Simple. Practical. Low priced. Every home a prospect. Big profits. Quick, easy sales.

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500 more agents needed NOW. Make money fast. No experience needed. Write **quick** for Free Demonstrator and territory Offer. Send NOW.

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Amazing new discovery—REVA—restores hair to a youthful, natural color. **No need to fuss with messy dyes. REVA** is a clean, colorless liquid. **Same bottle used for all colors. No samples of hair are needed.** Applied to scalp—not to hair. Anyone can apply easily at home without skill or outside aid. Restores so naturally your friends cannot notice change. Does not streak or crack hair. Will not wash off or fade. Hair keeps uniform color. Does not get gray at roots. **REVA** also acts as hair tonic. Overcomes dandruff. Thousands have used successfully. Satisfactory results guaranteed. Test FREE a full sized bottle in your home. Ask for particulars. **Write Today**

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Cuticura Toilet Preparations

Delightfully fragrant, highly developed toilet accessories—a most reliable method of cleansing and beautifying the skin and hair.

25c. each everywhere—*Samples free of "Cuticura," Dept. Z, Malden, Mass.*

[MRS. GRUNDY IS DEAD Continued from page fifty-nine]

VII. DIFFICULT SITUATIONS

Under what circumstances do you make an apology or expect an apology?

"Never," say a number of girls. "We don't go in for it nowadays." This does not apply to apologies on minor accidental mishaps like treading on someone's toe or upsetting a cup of coffee over the tablecloth, which come automatically in familiar phrases like, "I'm sorry."

It's a pretty slow girl who can't rake in an invitation to be escorted home.

The old formula of a formal affront, followed by a formal apology or duel has disappeared in America. In the old days you were in honor bound to fling a glass of wine in the face of a man who said something against the king or your mother. After that you had either to kill him or apologize to him.

The affront and apology linger today only in the lower social classes, where girls constantly feel themselves "insulted" and are huffy till they either get over it or receive apologies.

The good old inferiority complex comes in here as an explanation of their touchiness.

People who are socially adept now deal with a social crisis frankly at the moment of its occurrence, if they are not able to avert a contretemps.

One girl notes that when she apologizes it is in order to straighten matters out with herself rather than for the benefit of the injured party. "I do something I shouldn't," says she, "and then I wipe it out from my memory by saying, 'I'm sorry I did that.'"

Another girl says, "They ought to know that I wouldn't do anything unkind on purpose."

Some girls find it impossible to make formal apologies. Their method of avoiding it is so to conduct their lives that they never need to apologize. As to receiving apologies, a Western girl declares her dog is her model. "When I apologize for having stepped on his tail he says, 'Oh, don't mention it! It was all my own fault. Do change the subject! Let's go out for a walk!'"

Nothing is so ill bred as to refuse an apology which is offered. Only an affronted cat, walking off with a quivering tail, can refuse a proffered apology without putting himself in wrong. And even the cat is funny.

"Apologies to men are a different matter," whispers a New England girl. "A cousin of mine got a husband that way. She quarreled with him for two years running and then apologized and said he'd been right all the time. She felt so badly that he kissed her. That was the beginning."

What do you do when you do not receive an invitation which you had every reason to expect?

The answers when sorted fall into a sequence. According to the girls, the first thing to do is to find out, if you are able, whether or not the invitation was sent. One answer suggests that it may be possible, when you're very sure that a mistake has occurred, to get a diplomatic friend to make cautious inquiries.

Small envelope invitations are notorious runaways. And there's many a slip when invitations are telephoned. This gives all sorts of chances for hurt feelings, if you go in for hurt feelings.

In one case four sisters received invitations to their cousin's elaborate church wedding, while the fifth sister got none. She was so hurt that she refused to let any inquiries be made, and not until after the wedding was over was the omission discovered by the bride.

In a similar case, a girl who had been apparently omitted went around to the post office to see whether she could get trace of the invitation. There it was, wrongly addressed.

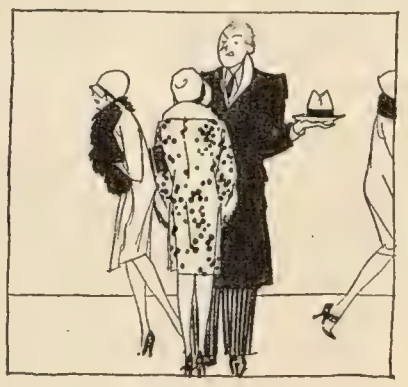
When you have actually been omitted from a party that you wanted to go to you will, according to your nature, either indulge extravagantly in hurt feelings or make the best of it. In the first case you are punishing the offender by punishing yourself, which isn't a sensible thing to do, especially if the slight was intentional.

In the second case one may, if it is a minor matter, put it out of mind entirely. There may not have been chairs enough!

If the hurt is really a deep one, get over it as soon as you can. "And don't drag your friends into it," cautions one girl.

Human beings are not always good and kind and generous in their relations with other people. Anyone who goes through life expecting always to be considerately treated is going to be frequently disappointed.

An older woman, now a social leader noted for her poise, says that an omitted invitation was the basis of her success. Her dearest friend was having a church wedding, ushers from afar, big reception afterward, orchestra and all that. And she not only was not asked to be maid of honor, she was not even asked to be a bridesmaid.



To dispose of an unwelcome invitation, you can say you have another engagement.

It hurt. Also, it was very embarrassing. She was invited to all of the preliminary showers and luncheons because everyone took it for granted that she was to be one of the bridesmaids. It was as difficult a situation as can well be imagined. She thought it out and decided what she'd do. She gave her friend a beautiful wedding present.

She attended every one of the social functions, she replied to every surprised exclamation in a matter-of-fact way, concealing her hurt feelings. She never did know why she wasn't asked, but the incident changed her whole philosophy of life. Before, she had played a passive part in social life, leaning on her mother and friends. Now a prop had given way, and she found it necessary to stand on her own feet. She learned to take care of herself.

How do you refuse an invitation which you do not wish to accept?

"Make an excuse," or "Say I have another engagement," say dozens. "Say I don't want to go," announces the honest one. "Accept for the moment and later telephone my excuses," is the method of a girl who can't think quickly. "Say I'll come if I can, but not to expect me," hedges another.

This is a distinct change from the time when anyone who set up to be a lady felt obliged to respond to Aunt Mattie's summons and listen to her symptoms and her grievances as long as the dear old lady chose to pour out her troubles. Maybe this was why the woman in the home never knew where her time went to.

Two reasons underlie the change which has come about. The first is a psychological one. The kindest hearted society girl no longer considers it her duty to be bored for a long stretch by any ancient mariner who has a hard luck story to tell, nor to go to stupid parties because the hostess knew her mother when she was a girl.

The second reason is economic. The woman in business loses for social purposes the large block of time between nine and five, or longer. Her spare hours must be used for family duties, a few pleasures, or, too often, for rest in order that she may work again. She must learn to limit Aunt Mattie and her ilk.

Nobody wants to hurt anybody's feelings, so girls have learned to refuse invitations gracefully but firmly.

"I won't be stampeded into acceptance," announces a business girl. "Telephone invitations are the hardest," says a college girl, "because they catch you unexpectedly. I have typed and placed beside my telephone a firm but courteous refusal, which I read off, adapting it, if necessary, to the occasion."

"Never invent excuses or argue," advises another adept. "I put the emphasis on how much I wish I could, and lament that I can't. The more they urge the more I lament."

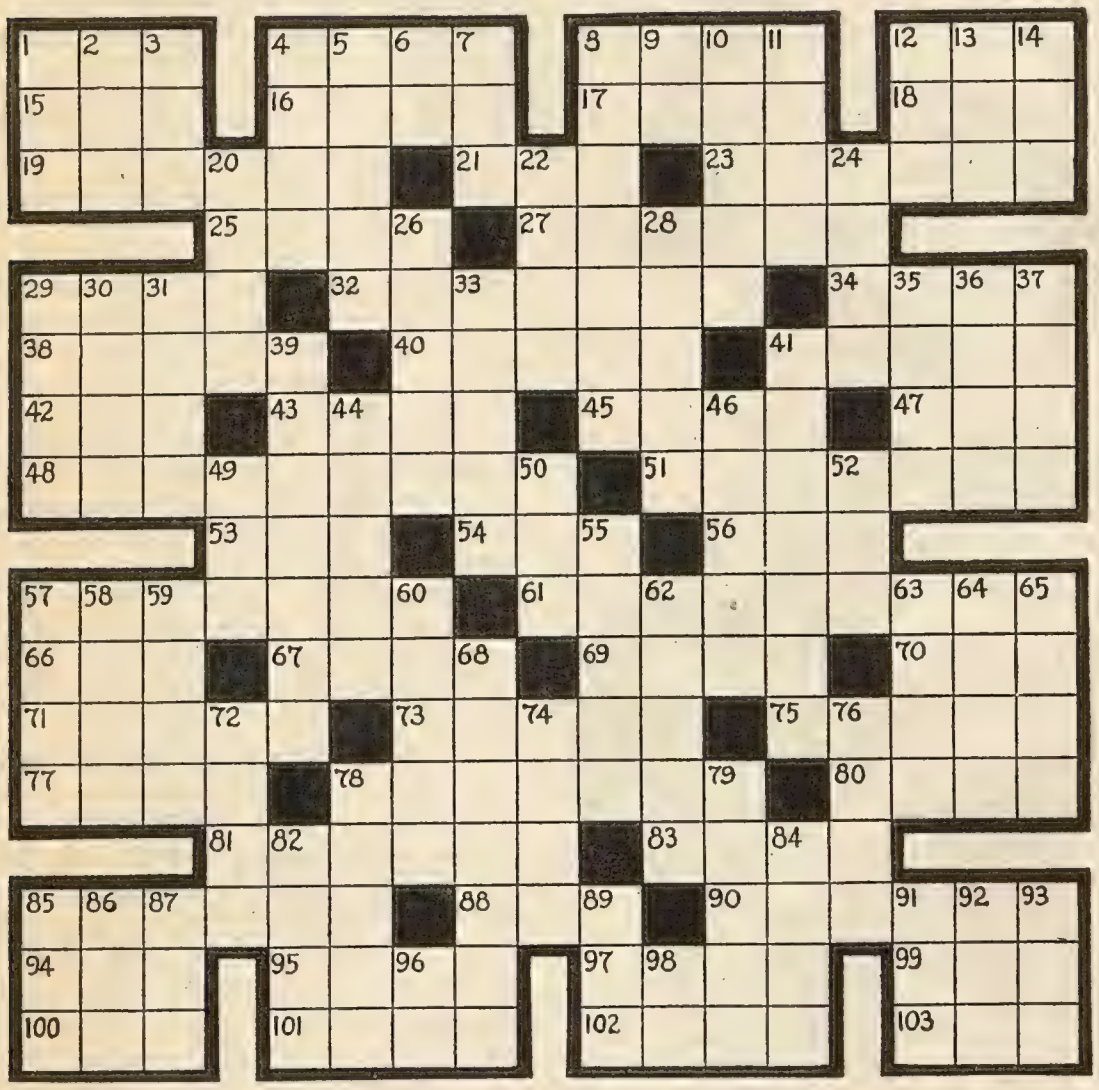
"Some people won't take 'no' for an answer," explains a popular Southern girl, "so I've learned to change the subject by inquiries after the person's health or interests."

A New York secretary applies her business policy to her outside life, saying, "Unless you limit and schedule your social engagements you are at the mercy of everybody and have no time for yourself."

THE END

An *Easy* Puzzle—

The several long runs in this construction should not prove troublesome. They call for familiar words and are completely interlocked.



HORIZONTAL

1 Head covering
4 So be it
8 Play boisterously
12 Hairy covering of an animal
15 Woman's name
16 Stay
17 Assam silkworm
18 Devoured
19 Morality
21 Strike lightly
23 Slips
25 Sidelong look
27 Reposed
29 Land measure
32 Feels indignant displeasure at
34 Amend and revise
38 Perch
40 Condition
41 Elevate
42 Greek letter
43 City in Pennsylvania
45 Dry and withered
47 Antiquity
48 Orchestral compositions
51 Rematches
53 Inquire
54 Cover
56 A descendant
57 Lingered
61 Pertaining to polity
66 Southern constellation
67 Smell
69 Character of sound
70 Open
71 Split
73 Apportions
75 Plunders
77 River in Germany
78 Corrected or amended
80 Most excellent
81 Division of a year
83 One face of an object
85 Small domestic fowl
88 Range of knowledge
90 Electors
94 Grow old
95 Fatigue
97 Poems
99 Fish spawn
100 At present
101 Comprehends
102 Ripped
103 Sheep

VERTICAL

1 Pronoun
2 Commotion
3 Sailor (colloq.)
4 Capable
5 Niggard
6 Man's name shortened
7 Seine
8 Feels contrition
9 Either
10 Fogs
11 Dim or obscure
12 Passing fancy
13 American Indian
14 Matter (law)
20 Malt liquors
22 District
24 Notion or thought
26 Rest again
28 Guide
29 Measures of area
30 Shelter for doves
31 Lion's deep cry
33 Purloin
35 System of feeding
36 Island
37 Spreads for drying
39 Condition of strain
41 Farther away
44 Searched through
46 A gum
49 Attention
50 Sup
52 Species of blackbirds
55 Loves excessively
57 A staple food of Hawaiians
58 Parched
59 Rant
60 Cupolas
62 Suffers loss
63 To struggle
64 Primates
65 For fear that
68 Rescinds
72 Formerly
74 Prong
76 Incite
78 Bast fiber
79 Plunger
82 Corrodes
84 Portion of medicine
85 Forbid
86 Past
87 Unused
89 No
91 Before
92 Line or file
93 Center of a bishop's power
96 Note of the scale
98 Perform

Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

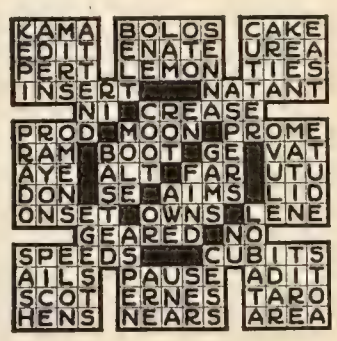
Here, in addition to the usual unfamiliar words and difficult definitions, we have used six unkeyed letters as a means of puzzling you.

HORIZONTAL

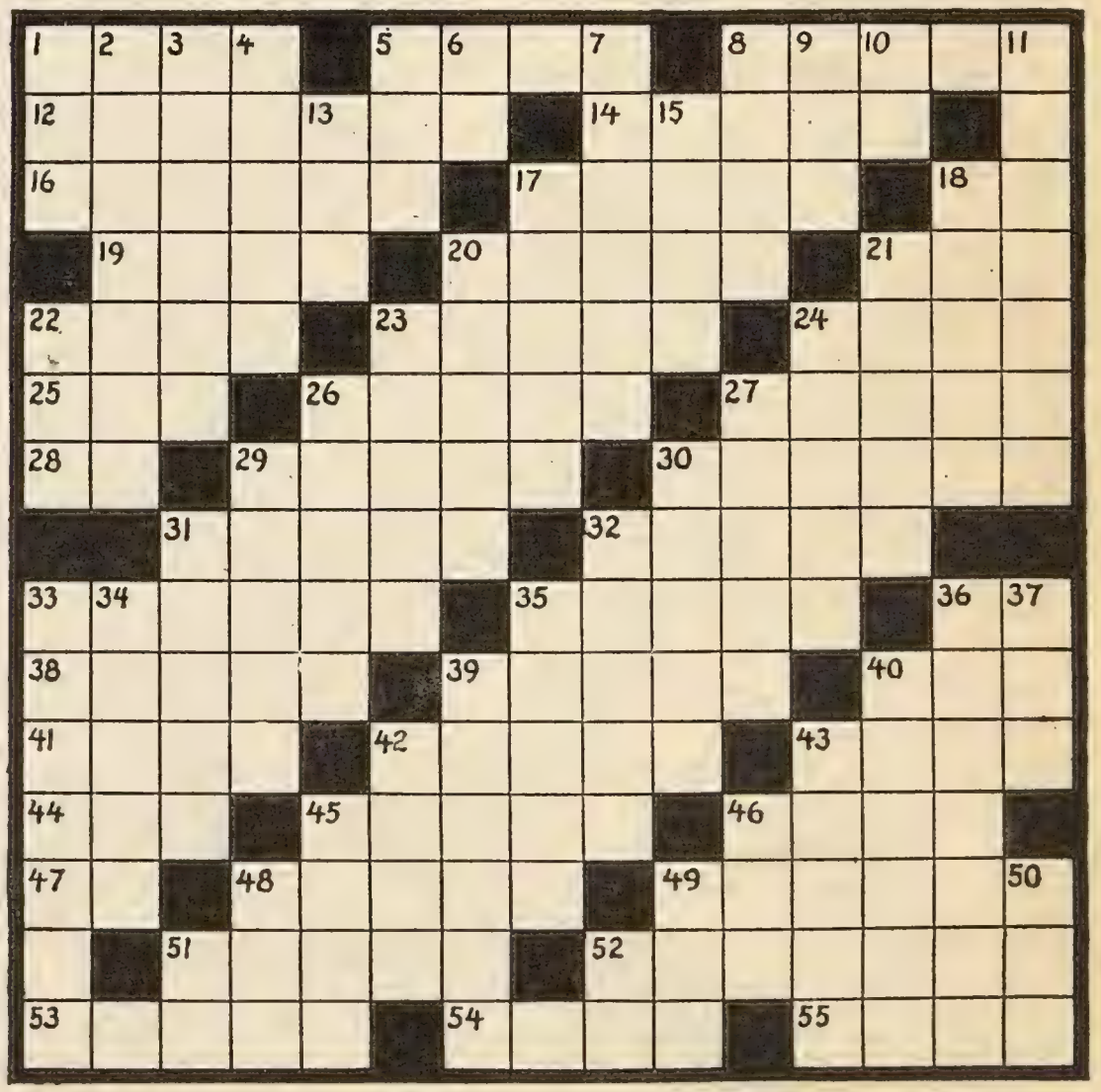
1 Enlarged part of a shaft (mechanics)
5 Measures of area
8 The bastard wing of birds
12 Giving no heed
14 Inventor slain by Dædalus (Greek myth)
16 Pertaining to Damascus
17 Sodium biborate
18 The symbol for tin
19 Forcible restraint of speech (plural)
20 American Indians
21 Starch-yielding herb of East India
22 Dry; withered
23 Opened to view
24 Palpitation or throb, as of the heart
25 Constellation south of the Scorpion
26 Merchandise
27 Container for crew's bread (nautical)
28 Form of to be
29 Shaft excavated from below upward (mining)
30 Territorial divisions in England
31 Measure of weight in chemistry (plural)
32 Boxes
33 Sticks
35 Afflicts with uneasy sensations
36 Son of Judah and Shuah (Genesis)
38 Essays
39 Whatever exists as a separate entity
40 Fit or appropriate
41 Enters into a contest (politics)
42 Wading bird
43 Sinks under applied pressure
44 Peer Gynt's mother
45 Explosion of gas in a mine
46 Trigonometrical ratio
47 Pronoun
48 An instant
49 City in Illinois
51 Arrange in folds
52 Glutinous material from animal tissues
53 Hank
54 Cast forth
55 Fertilized and ripened ovule

VERTICAL

1 Undeveloped shoot or stem
2 Wild ass of western India (plural)
3 River in Russia
4 Tool used by workers in metal
5 A large flatboat
6 Syllable sounded in solmization
7 Stairlike excavation in a mine (plural)
8 Exclamation expressive of pity
9 Combining form meaning oblique
10 Pronoun
11 Relatives derived exclusively through males
13 Equine animal
15 Exhausted of moisture
17 Hagfish
18 Burn superficially
20 Rodents
21 Young salmon (plural)
22 Capuchin monkey
23 Establishes, as an argument
24 Couples
26 Sly artifices
27 Narcotic made from the hemp plant
29 Roams
30 Thornlike process
31 One of the United States
32 One of great moral and religious purity
33 Condition of distressing restriction (plural)
34 Commit, as to one's care
35 One of varying appearances of an object
36 Wife of Emperor Napoleon III
37 The particular thing (law)
39 Part of a horse's harness (plural)
40 One of a tribe of Israelites
42 Device for clasping and holding
43 Prophet of the early church at Jerusalem
45 Coarse, chaffy part of ground grain
46 Note of the scale
48 Prefix meaning thrice
49 European gull
50 Terminate
51 Prefix meaning down
52 Symbol for germanium



Answer to last week's hard puzzle



Old Ways to Mend!

By
Eileen Bourne

THE tea party was in response to the hostess' many friends' requests to see the house they'd heard so much about. It was one of the proverbial old brownstone fronts in a section of the city where encroaching business buildings could do no more than cast a shadow across its elegant exclusiveness.

What the clever hostess had done with those high-ceilinged rooms, long railroad hallways, and woodwork built for durability is a story for another day and another department. Enough for us that, from a worn, weather-beaten, cracked and wrinkled face, the house inside and out had undergone a process of rejuvenation that a Steinach might never have dared dream of. The house was young again. Youth in the chintzes, youth in the gay, smoothly painted surfaces, youth in the done-over furniture. The tea party was a high-spirited excursion into that land of adventure known as interior decoration.

One humorous soul ventured a suggestion to the hostess that she would like to put herself into the conjurer's hands.

"If you can revitalize this old house as you have," she said, "if you can charge it with youth as you've done, what about taking me on as an experiment?"

The hostess eyed her guest good-humoredly and replied: "That, Clara, is an idea for all of us. Why not do ourselves over for a fresh lease on life?"

Now, here's a new year for the experiment.

Three hundred and sixty-five days, or near it, for a trial. What, a year from now, are you going to be? Better looking? Younger looking? Just as you are, or looking a year, two, or five years older?

The analogy between a house and a woman that can stand doing over is not so ludicrous. In the resemblance of relations there is, first, an intensive study of what's wrong; its (house's or woman's) possibilities and how to go about achieving the happiest results. In paint, color, and proportions you have a likeness between things in some circumstances which may be otherwise entirely different.

Then, there is indisputable evidence that both woman and house in the hands of a clever "decorator" can be made over most effectively. Not once but dozens of times, within my own personal observation, has the miracle been accomplished. You have observed the little brown wren develop outstanding charm. You've seen a gauche young person take on the poise of a perfectly controlled woman. You've seen the large battleship type of woman shed her bulk so that, at least, she slips by with statelier grace.

Picture by John La Gatta

BEAUTY is more and more a matter of intelligent effort. Women of former generations had a more or less standardized pattern to follow, such as the Venus de Milo.

You've seen and possibly experienced the rejuvenescence of a new and becoming coiffure. Even a new shade of rouge is known to lighten the female soul along with her complexion.

Doubtless you are familiar with the woman unaware of her possibilities, taken in hand—by a relative perhaps, a friend, or by the strongest impetus known to our species, a love urge—and done over into a younger, fresher, happier, and better looking piece of art.

Understand, these remarks are not directed at the woman of middle age, near it, or over it. She is included, but young women in their twenties may be just as much in need of making over. Neglected complexions are seen often in the younger set; also figures emaciated or too richly upholstered for modern architecture, so to speak.

An unawareness of her striking possibilities is the younger woman's greatest fault. She has the easy facility of righting faults, blemishes, and shortcomings that the older woman has not. But oftener you will find the older one stung by an appreciation of her handicaps to putting so much more energy and study into beauty accomplishments that she comes off more victorious in competition.

This is the season of resolutions. Chiefly, it is the season of giving up things that have not proved beneficial. It is debatable whether New Year resolutions are the perfect way of reform.

Let's approach them from another angle. Instead of being asked to give up, you are urged to take on a new aim and a new perspective toward beauty. After all, beauty is more and more a matter of intelligent effort—unlike that of women of former generations, who had a more or less standardized pattern to follow, such as the Venus de Milo. If our female ancestors didn't adhere to certain contours of face, figure, and fashion, they felt they were discriminated against and they had to accept their fate with whatever philosophy they had within them.

BEAUTY today is not a matter of contour or of coloring, but of personality. The ugly duckling of the nursery has an even break with the blue-eyed golden beauty when her début time arrives. She may even outclass her pretty little sister with a personality cultivated to the *n*th degree. Any number of families at this moment could report such evolution in their midst. And personality, as you very well know, is largely a matter of health, making the best of one's looks, of clothes, of interest, and of manner—all strict beauty ingredients.

In place of resolutions, let us climb on the slogan wagon for the coming year. "Don't be content!" is the war cry suggested. Don't be content to be negative. Don't be content with anything that will bear improvement. Don't accept philosophically any beauty shortcoming. You do not have to. Hair, complexion, figure, all are easy to improve—so easy, in fact, that it is a simple shame not to make the effort.

Suppose you need dental work done: don't be content to wait until teeth ache and gums become tender.

Suppose your eyes are dull, tired, weary: don't be content to wait until the perpendicular lines form between the brows and crescent ones show beneath them.

You hear much of health examinations nowadays. Why not an annual beauty examination? The reason more women are not optic delights is that they do not examine themselves well for flaws.

Apropos the old adage that only a friend will tell us our faults, a professional beauty observer of women recently said: "It would be better did women greet each other with an exclamation other than 'How well you're looking!' A little more truth injected into the meeting would be beneficial to most of us."

This is the moment to decide whether next New Year season is going to be greeted by a smartly rejuvenated lass or not.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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(Please print or write plainly in ink)

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BIDS 1,000,000 SUPER SIX OWNERS TO PIT IT AGAINST ALL THAT MOTORDOM HAS TO OFFER

Power increased 24% ‘ ‘ Top Speed Over 70, and 60 miles an Hour All Day ‘ ‘ 76 Improvements Include: *Even greater economy ‘ ‘ 4 hydraulic shock absorbers ‘ ‘ double action, weather-proof 4-wheel brakes ‘ ‘ new carburation ‘ ‘ larger, finer, roomier bodies ‘ ‘ wonderful new prices.*

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AND UP at factory

In fast get-away—no car is excepted. *In speed*—anything the road offers up to 70 miles an hour. *In hill climbing*—against any car you choose. *In ease of driving*—note smoothness of motor—ease of steering—roadability and effectiveness of brakes. *In endurance*—60 miles an hour all day long is well within its range. One million owners know the special advantages of the Super-Six. They are best qualified to compare “Essex the Challenger.” To them we offer first opportunity to test the most powerful, the largest, roomiest, smoothest, easiest riding—most complete Essex ever built. But all motordom must be astounded that even with seventy-six notable improvements, the price is the lowest in Essex history—a price but little above the lowest-priced car on the market.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Soft, fibreless foods endanger the gums of every family in the land!

IF your gums are the least bit tender, you can, in all good sense, blame it upon the food that year after year you have eaten. For this food—fibreless, robbed of roughage, creamy, all too easy to eat—denies the gums the rubbing, the brisk friction, the work and stimulation they need to remain in hard health.

The blood does not circulate properly through the gums. The tissues become starved and anemic, the gums soft and flaccid. Soon, perhaps, a tinge of "pink" appears upon the morning tooth brush.

This does not mean necessarily that you have pyorrhea or that some serious gum disorder has set in. But it does indicate that you need Ipana. It does mean that somewhere on your gums is a soft and tender spot—that at some point the protective membrane of the gingival wall is beginning to give way—and that to avoid more serious troubles you should promptly take steps to correct it.

Talk with your own dentist, if you like. Get his advice about protection from tooth troubles that originate in the gums.

For he will explain to you why the simple device of massage is so beneficial—and how massage with Ipana Tooth Paste so effectively strengthens the gums—preserves the beauty and the brilliance of your teeth. For Ipana is specifically compounded to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used in the modern practice of dentistry.

* * *

The coupon offers you a 10-day tube, gladly sent. But a 30-day trial makes a fairer test. So the better plan is to get a full-size tube from your druggist—enough for 100 brushings. A full month's use of Ipana will prove not only its cleansing power and delicious taste, but its benefits to your gums as well.

IPANA Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB19
73 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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On *the* Old Mill Pond

Sandy Has a Comedown in Lil's Estimation

A Wintry Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

LIL and Sandy were spending the week-end with Ma and Pop. They'd closed their apartment (two by four) at Elkton Terrace—canceling two days' milk-and-cream order and rejoicing upon Sunday's dinner-saving!

"Let's not order ice, on account of the cold snap," Sandy had said. "And we won't have to buy sardines for Sunday night, either. We can put the thirty cents into our travel fund."

"We couldn't go very far on just fifteen cents each," Lil replied.

And that was all she said, knowing her husband's family tree was deeply rooted in the characteristic heather of Scotland! But she felt like saying: "It's too bad about you and your thirty cents gypped out of my household expenses! Gee, you smoke up that twice a day."

Then she got down their ice skates, risking her neck to climb the rickety—and often collapsible—stepladder which big-hearted Sandy had bought in a second-hand store for one dollar.

They swung open the Morses' creaky gate at suppertime, just as Ma was craning her head out of a side window to see if her nonpaying guests were anywhere in sight.

"Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo!" she called. "WOO-HOO! WOO-HOO!"

And then she yanked her head in hurriedly, ripping a new hair net on the curtain. A strange man, passing, was "woo-hooing" sheikily in reply!

Mrs. Morse never splurged on the family, so they had stew with an occasional carrot and one lone onion. Then Lil washed the dishes, while Ma caught up on some darning and listened in on the Saturday-night Visits to Famous Continental Castles with incidental music. Fancying herself a historic queen of a royal line with an unpronounceable name, her darning proved incidental, too!

There was a glorious golden moon. And the old mill pond beyond the meadow in back of the Morses' was silver-sheeted with the winter's first real ice. Skating weather!

Junior and Sandy carried paper and wood across the meadow, and a box of wienies, and made a shovel-width path for Lil through the snowy stubble. Then they blew a series of whistle wheezes to Lil through their teeth and two fingers. It sounded like the last gasps of the 8:35 freight train.

"I'll come along to watch your fancy steps," Ma said. And she added goloshes, a plaid scarf, and an old muff to her apparel.

"So will I," Pop announced. And he donned eartabs and his old furnace gloves.

Once Sandy had taken a prize for exhibition skating, and the sight of his wife's family as an admiring audience around Junior's fire appealed to his sense of the dramatic. He made believe he was at Lake Placid, showing off to New York débutantes; and then he rather fancied St. Moritz, with a regal assortment of eyes focused upon his ice-skating feats! Lil didn't say anything, but she knew all the family's eyes were looking at her.

Sandy roasted some hot dogs and then escorted his wife across the pond. It was very romantic!

"Let's wish on the different stars?" he suggested.

"We'd better watch the cracks," Lil murmured.

"No, let's look at the moon instead. 'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—'"

Swish—oof—kerplunk!

Sandy *did*—and how!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

First Aid to Mother Nature

Jamie, age three, was trudging along the walk with a squirming, emaciated kitten in his arms. A neighbor, passing, said:

"Good morning, Jamie. What are you going to do with that kitten?"

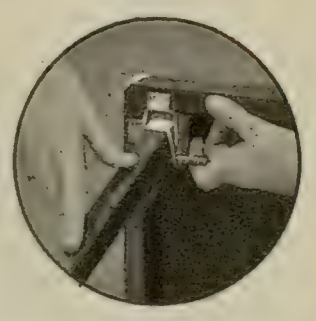
"Doin' to make a tat out uv him," was his prompt reply.—Mrs. H. L. Peterson, 3917 Gillon Street, Dallas, Tex.

A Quick Thinker

Jane, famous for running away, was visiting her aunt, whose gate led on to the highway. After repeated warnings, her mother caught her opening the gate.

"Jane!" shouted her mother.

"I'm des' lettin' in a little fresh air," came Jane's prompt reply.—Mrs. Hubert White, 1310 Brunswick Park, Norfolk, Va.



This patented safety lock insures that the legs are positively locked in position whether open or folded

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this beautiful new art *bridge set*

Imagine winning this charming bridge set . . . strong, durable table finished in Chinese Red lacquer with black moire top . . . four double-strength, padded seat folding chairs to match.

You can win one of the 5 free sets by sending in one of the five best solutions to the bridge questions. Or, if your answer is one of the ten second-best solutions received, you will be awarded a handsomely decorated bridge table.

Go to your dealer and see these beautiful prizes in a variety of gay colors—Canary Yellow, Jade Green and Chinese Red lacquer, with two-tone legs and decorated tops of various materials.

The bridge problem is not difficult. Send in your answers today and one of fifteen beautiful, useful prizes may be yours.

Milton C. Work, the world's leading bridge authority, has personally constructed these bridge questions and will act as sole judge of this and succeeding Carrom bridge contests.

How to Win the Bridge Sets

With the hand given below what would be the correct AUCTION BRIDGE declarations, score love-all?

Spades: A-K-4-3-2
Hearts: 6-5-3
Diamonds: 9-4
Clubs: Q-8-4

(A) If it be held by South (Dealer).
(B) If it be held by West (Second Hand), South (Dealer) having bid one No Trump.
(C) If it be held by North (Third Hand), South and West both having passed.
(D) If it be held by North (Third Hand), South having bid one No Trump and West having passed.
(E) State in not more than 50 words which of the above four questions is the most difficult, and why?

Rules of the Contest

1. Every reader of Liberty, except employees of the Carrom Company, may enter. 2. Write your answers to the AUCTION BRIDGE questions on plain white paper, one side only, and mail them to the Carrom Company, Ludington, Michigan, not later than midnight, February 4, 1928. 3. Write your name and address plainly in the upper left hand corner of the paper. 4. Upon entering this contest you agree to abide by the decisions of MR. MILTON C. WORK, SOLE JUDGE.

Send in YOUR answer today.

THE Carrom CO.
BRIDGE SETS
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

Eye, Eye, Sir

By EILEEN BOURNE

We can forgive many faults of feature in a woman who has beautiful eyes. For they give the face its eloquence, its emotional power, and therefore its chief claim to personality. Although shape, color, and setting determine ocular beauty, perhaps expression is more significant than any other asset.

A grasping, selfish nature is almost certain to spoil handsome eyes by a hard stare and a furtive disposition, by a habit of dropped lids and a sliding glance. On the other hand, courage, humor, sweetness, and affection prove the truth of the phrase, "The eyes are the windows of the soul."

Naturally, however, the window frames are exceedingly important. You must do your bit to have beautiful brows and lashes. To train your eyebrows, you need a small, stiff brush. With it sweep all the hairs downward, and then smooth them in one curving line.

Don't thin them out! Thick brows are enchanting.

But, of course, you must eliminate those hairs which straggle down toward the lid or across the bridge of the nose. The bridge must be cleared, especially as by doing so you increase that desired space between the eyes.

As for darkening the brows, if they are very blond it is almost essential to do so. But oh, what art is required to do this well! The result absolutely must look natural, and the skin must not be touched.

Some people like a paste for this purpose; others a liquid applied with a camel's-hair brush. Whatever cosmetic you prefer, be sure to put it on only along the natural line of the brow, and, unless the hair is coal-black, use a brown tone. A brown soft pencil may be used for brows that need only a slight accentuation of shadow.

Both eyebrows and eyelashes may be encouraged to grow more luxuriantly by the application of white vaseline at night. Pulling them gently is also supposed to strengthen the hairs. I knew one girl who grew better lashes by clipping them several times, but I should never recommend so perilous a procedure.

Remember that if your eyelashes are thinning, it may be due to a general condition of malnutrition. Eat less candy and more green vegetables and fruits, and see if the condition does not improve.

One way of making the lashes look longer and the eyes more starry is to darken the ends. Even naturally dark eyelashes are lighter at their tips, and to deposit a little black there will add considerably to their appearance of length.

Out in Hollywood they are using, to facilitate this process, a cunning pair of pincers with which the celluloid queens curl back the lashes before shading them. The shading is done either with a pencil or with a brush dipped in mascaro, with which you merely touch the tips. If you brush down the entire length of the lashes, the effect is almost certain to be artificial and exaggerated.

The point is to look alluring, not ludicrous. Another reason for care is to avoid getting a drop in the eye, for it will smart terribly, and then you'll cry ebony tears, get all smudged, and probably slap the innocent bystander. So, if your hand isn't steady, you'd better play safe and use a pencil.

So much for the setting of the eyes. Now, as to intensifying the loveliness of their pigmentation—a nasty word for color, I always feel, but it sounds learned! Much can be done by right touches in the costume. A blue hat, blue earrings or scarf, or blue in the frock, especially near the neck, will markedly accentuate blue in the iris.

Certain shades of purple do the same thing. Brown tones in hat or frock soften and make velvety eyes of brown. Those of gray, on the other hand, may be made to look either blue or hazel by the tints of furs, hat brims, or jewelry.

Tan hats and furs are almost never becoming to women with pale eyes, and the lucky minx with orbs of green must be equally careful to heighten, not diminish, in the colors she wears, the ocular effect.

We are accustomed to advice regarding the value of dressing to suit the tone of the hair, but it is just as important to enhance the color of the eyes.

So far, our suggestions involve only matters of taste. Care of the eyes, on the other hand, requires intelligence and self-control. Many people think that all they have to do is to bathe the eyes after every motor trip or exposure to city dust and dirt.

Of course, occasional bathing in a solution of boracic acid is a refreshing practice. Yet eye specialists do not, as a matter of fact, advocate continuous local ablutions.

They remind you that the marvelous mechanism of the eye includes the secretion of a fluid which constantly moistens the ball and washes out foreign particles. Usually this natural prophylaxis is sufficient.

Far more important is the avoidance of strain. I've seen persons reading in a blinding glare on the beach, blinking over books in the twilight, perusing fine print while facing a window or twisted in some cramped position. Such actions are crimes! Where will you get another pair of eyes?

Not one of these careless creatures but knows perfectly well that the proper reading light is one which comes over the left shoulder, is soft rather than brilliant, and casts no reflections.

Don't forget that the under-eyelid is very thin, and that rays flung up from glass table-tops, mirrors, or polished surfaces are exceedingly trying. You may read in bed, but you should be propped high on the pillows with a carefully adjusted light beside you.

Another favorite form of strain is to neglect the necessity of overcoming changes in the eye muscles. These proceed from any marked change in bodily condition—especially from advancing years. Probably nobody loves to put on glasses. But to wear them for reading or fine work often prevents the need for their constant use. Feminine vanity frequently resists this protective measure.

A powerful story of Henry James' depicts a handsome young woman of weak and defective vision who was so proud of the unusual beauty of her eyes that she rejected the warnings of specialists, refused to wear glasses, and as a result became stone-blind. We don't all go that far, but many of us are always pretending to see better than we do.

The woman who declares she doesn't need glasses at all is often observed struggling with the telephone book in a helplessness not disguised by her murmur, "Dear me! The light is so dim here."

The worst of making your eyes pay the price of your vanity is that your looks are often the worse for it. Eyestrain produces a habitual frown or a squint or sometimes an unpleasant nervous jerking of facial muscles. Moreover, the lids are apt to be red and the eyeballs bloodshot.

You should heed any symptom of eyestrain. Giddiness, nausea, nervousness, burning sensations in the eyeballs, pains in the head or the nerve center in the shoulder blade—here are familiar signs that you're being cruel to your two best friends and that a rebellion is starting.

Maybe you can set things right by merely wearing glasses when you are reading or working. Usually you are more or less alone then and can afford to look your second best. Besides, don't portraits in certain show windows and one's own personal observation indicate that some eyes actually look more distinguished behind glass?

And then it isn't absolutely a foregone conclusion that spectacles are the only remedy for eyestrain. Rest and care may cure you. A great deal is said nowadays about the therapeutic effect of exercises. They cannot, to be sure, be taken indiscriminately.

Before you begin throwing your eyes about in daily calisthenics, you'd better get some expert advice. But under the direction of a specialist eye exercises may help you.

Relaxation and mental training are other means which have proved amazingly successful in many cases. It is said that drill in accurate memory actually strengthens the optic nerve.

Of course, any such attempt to replace by a mental process the relief effected by a corrective lens must be taken very seriously and the effort sustained day by day.

To close the eyes, relax, and call up vividly some familiar scene, detail by detail until it lives before you, is excellent for the nerves and benefits eyes that are tired and strained.

Looking at a far horizon and at green growing things is another natural means of resting eyes wearied by close work and the everlasting black and white of the printed page. Here is just one more potent reason for cultivating an outdoor hobby and getting into parks and country.

And here, also, is one more reason for cultivating a strong body, free from poisons. Infection in the teeth and in the sinus passages is very apt to affect the power of vision. Don't let these centers of ill health remain! Be careful, too, about direct infections.

Never cast out the beam in your own eye by means of any but the most immaculate wisp of cloth. To rub the eyes with unwashed fingers or with a glove is very bad. Report the slightest inflammation or disturbance to a reliable oculist and use no drops, lotions, or remedies not recommended by an expert.

Clear, strong eyes may be enhanced by clever make-up. But such tricks should be subordinated to protecting and preserving the sight at any cost of trouble and vanity. Never forget, either, that to vitalize the inner vision gives to the face its true charm of expression. Angel eyes need no mascaro.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Drink Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Delicious and Refreshing

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Playing, working, walking, talking make you welcome a pause for this one great drink with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment—one little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

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A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in a patented bottle—the bottle you can identify even in the dark. Every bottle sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

8 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

-a Successful Six

now *bids for Even Greater Success*. . . . with Smart New Style and Sweeping Engineering Advancements-*including* Four-Wheel Brakes

Watch for announcement next week

Simple FROCKS for a ROYAL WEDDING

By Bettina Bedwell

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Princesse Anne Helen Marie of France, who became the wife of the Italian Duke of Puglia (Apulia) at Naples on last November 5, is a daughter of the Duc de Guise, Bourbon pretender to the French throne. Princesse Anne's family, directly or in its collateral branches, has been notable in Europe since the Middle Ages and, by succession, conquest, or marriage, has placed representatives on the thrones of France, Spain, and Italy, and given one queen—Henrietta, wife of Charles I—to England. The present Duc de Guise is the great-grandson of Louis Philippe, last Bourbon on the French throne.]

Paris, Dec. 11.

ALMOST every bride believes in fairy tales, even to the "forever afterward" promise of happiness. White satin, diamonds, laces, and lilies, and a Prince Charming, arrive all at once, and once to almost every woman. They attest to the truth of the good fairy legend even in a machine-made, motor-driven epoch like the present.

And once in a while it happens that the princess royal gets her fairy romance, prince and all, even as you and I. This kind of a romance actually arrived to Princesse Anne of France, daughter of the Duc de Guise, who, if the world had not been made safe for democracy, would now be King of France.

However, fortunately for Princesse Anne of France, in whose veins flows the bluest of the blue blood of Europe, the throne of the erstwhile Empire is inaccessible, and she could choose her prince from the lesser House of Savoie, formerly only vassals to the emperors of her own country. So she married the handsome young Prince Amedeo, Duke of Puglia, in the presence of most of the royalty of Europe.

More interesting than the Prince to most of us are the clothes worn by this daughter of the Bourbons because they are of the type that might well enhance our own particular and special republican romantic brand of wedding.

Worth, who for more than a century costumed royalty, created the clothes for this latest, and maybe last, French royal marriage, following the lines of the latest modes.

Princesse Anne of France chose for her wedding dress the traditional white satin of brides, cut very simply, with a surplice bodice, long, fitted sleeves, and a long, draped skirt, with a full panel train of satin suspended from the shoulders. Her veil, of very old Chantilly lace,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

For her wedding reception and supper Princesse Anne chose this Worth gown of silver and cherry-colored lamé, with a V-shaped yoke of rhinestones.

Princesse Anne of France in her wedding gown from Worth, made of white satin, with a veil of Chantilly and a girdle and garland of orange blossoms.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

had woven in its train the coats of arms of France and Savoie, and she wore a girdle and garland of orange blossoms. The garland was held by a diadem of emeralds and diamonds. She carried a bouquet of lilies of France.

Princesse Anne's mother, the Duchesse de Guise, whom Royalists call Queen of France, wore a very smart bride's mother's gown of delicate blue-and-gold lamé, specially woven for her by the fabric makers of Lyon. Completely simple in line and detail, with a bodice tucked on the shoulders and with long, fitted sleeves and straight skirt, this is an ideal mother's frock for formal weddings.

Only the diadem, necklace, and pendant of diamonds and sapphires, once the jewels of Marie Antoinette, are exclusively regal. The pendant is fastened at the base of the deep V décolletage.

The younger sister of Princesse Anne, called, wore the gold lace frock that Fromenti has sketched for you, made on the new slanting lines of the mode, with a bolero waist, long sleeves, and a two-tier skirt dipping very low at the right side. The girdle of gold-colored satin is held in place by three roses.

Among the great ladies who followed in this famous wedding procession was Her Majesty Queen Amélie of Portugal. The costume worn by Amélie, once a reigning queen, is the gown shown in our last sketch.

This frock is made of specially woven gold and taupe lamé, with a bloused waist, long, fitted sleeves, and a skirt draped at the right side. A wide draped girdle of self-material marks a low waistline, and a full trailing panel of the lamé hangs from the right shoulder.

Princesse Françoise, the young sister of the bride, wore at the reception a frock of cyclamen velvet, with a surplice bodice and a pearl-embroidered sash.

Duchesse de Guise, mother of the bride, in her frock of blue-and-gold lamé from Worth. She is wearing jewels that once were Marie Antoinette's.

The maid-of-honor frock was of gold lace with a slanting bolero and a two-tiered skirt.

Queen Amélie of Portugal wore this frock of gold-and-taupe lamé. The trailing panel from the right shoulder may be eliminated.

Princesse Françoise, was the maid of honor at this wedding, which was celebrated in all of the splendor of the kingly days of yore. The youngest princess, as Françoise is affectionately

For the supper and reception which followed the wedding, Princesse Anne wore the frock sketched beside the wedding gown. The charm of this model lies in its beautiful slender lines and silver and cherry-colored lamé. The bloused waist is trimmed only with a deep V and a pendant of rhinestones. The skirt is plaited at the left side, and the hemline droops in a point at the bottom on this side.

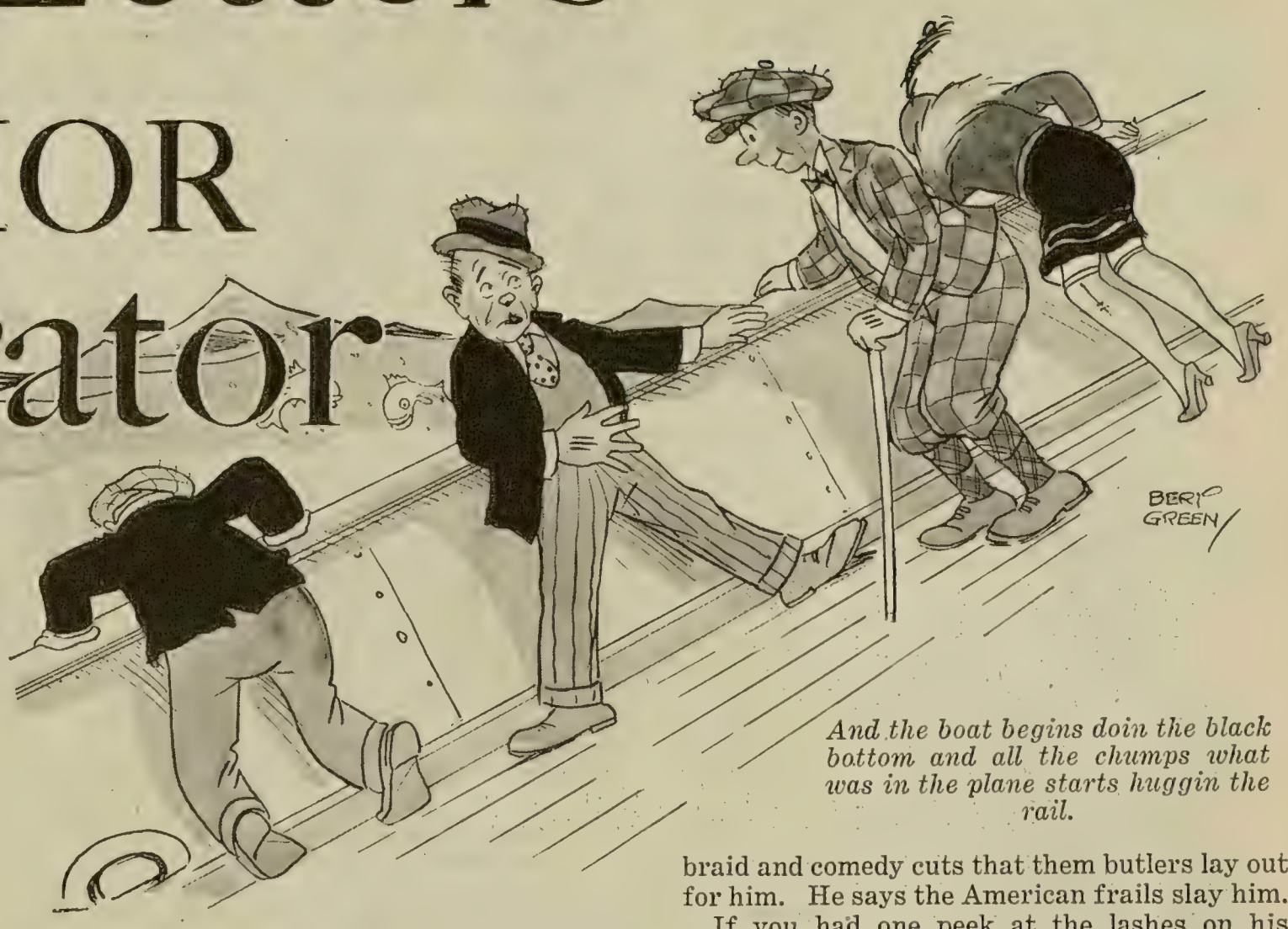
Princesse Françoise wore for the evening the first model shown on this page, a frock of cyclamen velvet with a surplice jumper blouse tied in a sash on the left side, one loop and end of this sash being embroidered in graded pearls. The skirt is a straight-around circular model

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

He Meets Some Old-Timers in Westminster Abbey

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 5 seconds.)



And the boat begins doin the black bottom and all the chumps what was in the plane starts huggin the rail.

Paris, France.

DEER MARG,—

I wood have wrote you before but I met my old sweetheart what I had over in France when I was in the army. She was just comin out of the Dreary Lane Opre House in London.

Now, you dont need to go and get all jazzed up just because I met up with her, because me and her is all washed up now. And besides shes married to a deck hand on a submerine boat. Please dont go and think no evil Marg. Remember that guy Solomon had a thousand wives but he slept with his grandfather,—AND THATS ME!!

You remember me tellin you that I came over here to attend the International Bootleggers Conferince to be held at the Haig and Haig. Well, Im in Paris now writin to you. Gee its some joint. And the wimin. Sweet lady, burn my close. But I aint goin to tell you nothin about it just now. Im goin to tell you all about London and keep you all wised up on my doins so you can tell your girl friend with the crockery eye. You know shes been writin to me all the time and she told me not to crack to you because she said you wouldnt understand. Wimins funny that way. But I new that you wouldnt squark and get jalous over a gal with a china glim. She says that her old man took her down to a automobile saloon and bought her a brand new $exless $ix. Comb that out of your whiskers!

Im sendin him a package of french post cards to show to them yokels in the fire house.

Before I left London I did a bit of sight seein with the American Leagon guys and met several of the fellos that was in my outfit. Gee, we sure had a great time gettin plastered and everythin.

They took us to a place called Westminster Abbey. A sort of a church what was full of monuments and tooms and things. The guide told us that it was built in 1540 in the rain of Henry the 8th, and the place looked it. He says it used to be a great monkery, but now they got em all in the zoo. Its the place where Peter was jipped to pay Paul, you remember the poem.

The church is only five centuries old, can you trump that? Thats older then your old lady. You never saw such a wonderful place in your life, Marg. Every square inch of floor space is filled with the shassie of big shots like Sir Issac Newton the electrician, Robert Burns, poet and sigar maker, Bill Shapespeare the book agent, Oliver Cromwell, what did he do? Charles Darwin what discovered the monkey, Mary, Queen of Scotch, Queen Elizabeth, Edward the Confessor—I dont know what he confessed, but hes there with all the rest of that gang.

Then they took us over to a place called Burkingham Palace where King George hangs out. Hes the Prince of Whales old man.

The Prince sure loves to bust out the back door of the Palace and have a good time. You cant blame him Marg. Hes young and full of Scotch and rarin to go. He hates all that high hat monkey business. Hed rather get all painted up natural than doll up in the gold braid and comedy cuts that them butlers lay out for him. He says the American frails slay him.

If you had one peek at the lashes on his lamps, my photo would look to you like the portrait of a fried smelt. The Prince is soitoinly a good egg.

Every day in front of the Palace they have what they call Changin the Guard. Its a hot sight. They got a bunch of soldiers all rigged out in red flannel uniforms with enough gold brade on em to make em bowl legged. On there heads they got a big hairy hat about two feet high what looks like the half of a Russian bare. And each one of em has a big gat with the baynut all shined up.

OH, there swell. They look like elevator starters or them mugs what stand out in front of the big movie theaters. You know, them mugs what open and close the taxicrab doors and keep the customers in line while theyre tryin to get in to see the jumpin tintypes. The pump and dignity they display would rinkle your adams apple.

Half of the guard are Scotchmen. You kno, them guys what wear skirts. Pants cost jack. You should see em! On the skirts they have a thing hangin in front what looks like a whitewash brush, and on there heads they have a gadget that looks like an empty banana with ribbons stuck on it. Oh, they grab the brass ring.

After they are all lined up the band master comes out wavin a curtain pole with a ball on the end and they begin playin God Save The King.

Then they start marchin and goin threw manuvers, and a bunch of blank cartridges in kilts pull up on the end playin toons on a pair of water wings they have under there arm. They keep on blowin and squeezin as though the damned thing hurt em and the music that comes out of the hat-rack what they have tied on the top of the bladder is a sell-out. Youd think the hole bunch of em was caught under a piano. I laugh from you.

When they go threw the motions of playin they seem to suffer turrible. First they gotter get the gas bag all choked up with air. Then

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

when they got it lookin like a 42 bust they start wistlin on a piece of gas pipe that listens like the brakes on one of Mr. Fords Ben Hers.

Listen Marg, my ear for music may be a bit sour, but if I had one of them flat-tire squeezers in my family Id draw a bead on him with shotgun, and I dont mean HOW!

Well, after the bag pipers pass bye the horse guard foller. You should lamp them! Theyre gorgous! The fellos on the horses are the snakes ear muffs. They got nickle plated hats on with feather dusters stuck in em, and their pants fit like the tites on a liverwust.

And Marg, the horses are the cats. They got more stuff on em than you could poke under a bed. Check lines and leach lines and bunt lines and reef points and bally hoo contrapshions that P. T. Barnum wooder done a hand spring for. Its all cold turkey to me but they soitoinly sit pretty.

We got nothin like that in America. What do we do when the President comes to town! We drag him offer the train, chuck him in the back of some politicians automobile what the sap public is payin for. Run him up and down Fifth Avenue like there was a four alarm fire. Take him over to some hotel and pack a lot of dry groceries in him as though it was the first feed hed had in fourteen years.

Then, before hes half way threw the oysters, they make him get off a speech over the mikerfone about the big reduction in taxes, when nobody can hardly pay the rent.

When hes all done they histe him back in the car, rush him threw a mad line of ginned up foreigners and he waves the brims off a half a gross of high hats. Then when he gets back to Washington, hes got to go out with the indians to get a rest.

I met a guy over in London I did a lot of pallin around with. I think he musta come from Chicago by the number of scars he had. He was travelin around with a fluff that he picked up on the Frantic Atlantic comin over.

She was all damp to me. She had a cute little mouth, just like the Yale Bowl. Aint it a scream the blanks some men draw. He told me it was love at first sight, but he musta had on smoked glasses when he grabbed a poultice like her.

How that woman could glorify the groceries would put her in Follies any day. All she did was put the bee on him and the big punk was to much in love to see it. She would be safe on a battleship. She was as affectionate as a paper napkin. She had on snake skin shoes, thats the answer.

Now I dont want you to think Marg that Im tryin to put her in the grease. I aint. But any dame with chemical hair like she gets, tarnishes me. As a ball room sensation, shes some eggplant. Well, leave us take offer her.

Listen, good lookin, Im goin to tell you about my flight from London to Paris. It was the nats instep. I wanted to get over to Paris in a hurry to arrange for a shipment of Giggle Cement, so I called up the airways to come over and get me for the hop.

Well, on the day that we took off it was turrible. Rainin and fog and blowin like hell. Gee, everybody wanted to pass the thing up but they was all afraid to squark for fear the rest of the customers would think they was yaller.

We all piled in the plane. Fourteen of us. And of course I had to go and draw the last seat where the bumps are plenty. We all sat in little wicker chairs and over our heads they had a bunch of cans filled with cotton. You stick it in your ears so you dont hear the engines so bad. Under the seats they had a little sugar bowl for each one of the passengers if he cared to get air sick.

After they got the gas burners warmed up a bit we taxied down to the end of the Croyden air field and then he give her the gun. Holy smoke! I thought the world war was in full blast the noise it was makin.

Then, oo, la, la, the crate started to rise and the buildings and people began to look the size of a full-grown June bug. Oh, no, I wasnt a bit scared. Oy, yoi, yoi, the outfit slipped and dived and went through all the motions of doin a tail spin, as we hit one fog bank and soft spot after another.

Before hes half way threw the oysters, they make him get off a speech over the mikerfone.

Woman, did it blow and rain! Then when we get over the middle of the English channil the fog gets so bad that you couldnter told the water from the sky. And the pilot begins to get radio messages that it was gettin worse in France.

Im lookin at the steam gage and I see the hand registerin ninty miles per hour. Then one by one the customers begin puttin the little sugar bowls on their lap and each one is playin his own toon. Oh, it was lovely.

Then the starboard washin-machine begins to get discouraged and starts missin. I take a slant at the hydrometer on the dashboard and I see the gage beginin to loose air speed, and all I can think of is crashin somebodys boodwar.

I was ready to jump out and turn to the right when I see the farms comin up to slap us in the pan. The next thing I know the pilot turned the crate around and was comin down in a place called Lymp. I guess thats why we came down.

Oh, boy, what a panic that was. When it comes to flyin, Lindy can have my dish. I think its the lowest form of bird life. I was all set for the astrial plane.

WELL, after we get back on the ground they throw us in a buss and go like the devil for the boat train. Then every body begins liein that he wasn't skeered at all and they begin packin in the food on the rattler. As soon as we get to the dock they park us on the boat and we start crossin the English channil you hear so much about. We get out in the middle and the boat begins doin the black bottom and all the chumps what was in the plane starts huggin the rail and givin up the dry groceries.

There was a little Yorkshire man ahead of me and I says to him, I says: Have you got a week stomach? And he gives me a turrible look and he says: Im throwin it as far as anybody else, aint I? Oh he had a face like a box score.

After a nice pleasant day like that we finelly arrived in Paris and I met up with a couple of the fellos that was on the plane and we selabrated. Did we hoist the bubble water?

I never saw so much shampayne in my life! I dont know how I got home Marg but I put my shirt to bed and sat in a chair all night. Oh, what a fade out I done. I had a taste the next mornin like a motormens glove. Im a set-up for that stuff. The next mug that offers me grape juice will be sellin canary birds wings at the poily gates.

Do you remember me writin you about the speakeasy I started with the Revenoo agent in New York called the Elite Flower Shop? My partner says it rates a ball park. Its a sell-out. If you remember I wrote you that I shipped 5,000 cases of "flowers" to a place in South America. But what do you think happened? The boat busted down and had to lay off Long Island for about two weeks before the rum runners could go out and save the cargo.

Oh, it must a been turrible the way them fellos must a suffered bringin in the giggle soup in them icy waters. It seems a shame that a boat cant brake down closer to shore than twelve miles. Its gettin so that an honest bootlegger has a tough time makin a livin.

Now, Marg, Im goin to tip you off to somethin very secret. Keep it under you scull and dont breath it to a sole. If you and me wernt goin to get hooked up some day I wouldnt even wise you up.

Be yourself, act dumb. Be like President Coolidge. You cant get nothin out of him with a vackum cleaner. Us fellos in this rackit got to trust our sweetharts with all this technickle stuff, and Marg if you ever give me a twist youll be gettin lumps in your mached beraders for the rest of your life.

Now heres the dopy—This is the radiogram what the captain of the ship sent out to his agent in South America:

THE DAMP STEAMSHIP CO
SANTIAGO
OFF IRISH COAST DISCOVERED VERY BAD FIRE UNDER CONTROL OFF WEST INDIAN ISLAND EXPECT TO ARRIVE SOMETIME LATE TONIGHT ALL HANDS TURNED TO AT PUMPS 5,000 GALLONS WATER PUMPED ABOARD MANY CASES OF SICKNESS BUT O K NOW

CAPTAIN BACARDI

But somehow or other our agent in New York, Marg, picked up the radio and read it like this. Read the left hand words down.

Do you get the gag,—It reads: OFF FIRE ISLAND TONIGHT 5,000 CASES.

Dont say a word about this Marg because its a private kode and you know as well as I do that I dont look so very hansum in one of them stripped uniforms.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that I got a letter from Minnie O'Toole. You remember the little blond with the tin teeth what used to run around with your girl friend with the crockery eye. She says shes goin to get married to that one armed piana tooner with the bent leg up there in Mauch Chunk.

She says shes goin to move into one of them new flats what the McNultys have. You should see the size of the rooms, Marg. The place is so small they havent even got room for a garbage can. They tell me they just kick it around until it disappears. Dont you love it.

Well, I got to go now and get into my tux. Watch for my next letter because Im goin to tell you all about Paris if I live threw it.

Remember me to your old lady and the chinese laundryman and I hope her feets better.

Wishing you the same,

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that Im goin over tonight to see the Follies Brazzier. Ill tell you about that to. Tell your old man that Im sendin him a package of french post cards to show to them yokels in the fire house.

Marg will get this bozo's next letter in a couple of weeks. It ought to be good.

The Supreme Convulsion

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following communication, concerning a story published in LIBERTY last December 3, was sent to Vox Pop. But, since it gives such a graphic picture of what was, perhaps, the supreme convulsion of Nature, we believe it deserves a place apart from the rest of the letters].

ATLANTA, GA.—The Amok Beat, by Henry Wallace Phillips: ...ry interesting and realistic, and if you think that Mr. Phillips would ... interested in the following, forward it to him.

An extract from my log and diary as an able seaman on the full-...gged ship Lillian L. Robbins of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, on a voyage ...m New York to Japan:

April 6, 1893. Becalmed off the ... W. coast of Java. The surf is ...ting on the coast with such force ...t we can see it and hear the roar ... miles away.

April 7. Still among the islands ...h no winds. The water is covered ...h pumice stone which has come ...wn with the tide from the Straits ... Sunda. We are drifting past the ...and of Lampong; have been catch-...g the pumice stone in nets and ...skets all the forenoon.

We are just off the volcano Kraka-...t. This is the volcano which ...ased such havoc in 1883, just ten ...ars ago. There was only one man ...t of 40,000 who escaped with his ...e. He was the lighthouse keeper ...d lived alone in the lighthouse on ...ock to the north of Krakatoa.

It was broad daylight when Kra-...toa burst asunder, but in a few ...nutes the heavens were so filled ...h dust and smoke that the dark-...ess of midnight prevailed. The ...ghthouse keeper was in the light-...ouse lamp 130 feet above the rock, ...nd did not know until he saw the ...atermark afterward that the waves ...ad mounted nearly to the top of the ...ighthouse. He felt the trembling of ...he lighthouse, but the noise from ...he volcano was so terrifying and ...he darkness so intense that he ...rcely realized the horror of it all.

In a few minutes the waves, which ...re 100 feet high, had swept along ... entire coast line of 100 miles on ...th sides of the channel. Scores of populous villages were buried under the avalanche of water. Great groves of coconut palms were leveled. Promontories were carried away and new bays were dug out of the yielding soil, and everything that had been built by human hands was destroyed, with the exception of the lighthouse, and every person except the keeper.

For weeks before the eruption, or rather the explosion, the volcano had been emitting smoke and flames, and many persons went from Batavia on excursions to see it.

On the day before the explosion a certain little side-wheel steam...r was carrying twenty persons besides the crew. They supposedly spent a couple of hours on the island and then steamed up the narrow bay for Lampong, and, it is supposed, anchored off the town of Telok-Beton, which was one of the largest towns on the south coast of Sumatra. They were never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an eggshell by the waves. It had the appearance of having had very rough usage when found.

It was carried on the top of the waves more than two miles into the country, over forest and jungle, and left on a level keel when the water receded. The bodies of two persons were found in the hold of the boat. It still stands there, a most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times.

J. E. DE BELLE.

Twenty Questions

Here are last week's questions answered:

...—During what part of the day do the ...atest number of deaths occur?
...A.—Between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M.

...—What college degree did Charles Lind...gh receive for his trans-Atlantic flight?
...A.—M. A. S.—Master of Aeronautical Sci...e, conferred by St. Joseph's College, Phila...phia.

...—What compensation did World War vet...ns receive under the Federal bonus law?
...A.—One dollar a day for home service; ...25 a day for overseas service, exclusive of ... first sixty days.

...—What was Raphael's last and unfinished ...nting?
...A.—The Transfiguration of Christ, which ...gs in the Vatican.

...—How many degrees wide is each Stand...d Time division?
...A.—Fifteen.

...—Why was William F. Cody called Buffalo ...l?
...A.—Because he supplied buffalo meat to the ...ion Pacific Railroad construction gangs.

...—How is the idea that bad luck is attached ... the number 13 commonly explained?
...A.—By the fact that Christ and His disci...s totaled thirteen persons and that He was ...rayed by one of them.

...—Does the American flag, flying over a ...lding under construction, signify anything ...er than the placing of the last girder?
...A.—Usually it means that no workman has ...n killed during the construction period.

...—Does light have weight?
...A.—According to the Einstein theory, it ...s. An ordinary electric lamp burning ...000,000 years would produce about an ounce ...light.

...0—What has sometimes been used in place ... anæsthesia in surgical operations?
A.—Hypnotism.

11—When was the slot machine first used?
A.—Anointing machines operated by coins were at the doors of many Greek temples as early as 200 B. C.

12—What two nations produce the most wheat?
A.—The United States and Russia, which in 1926 produced 832,000,000 and 790,000,000 bushels respectively.

13—Name five Presidents who were soldiers in the War of 1812.
A.—Jackson, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Buchanan.

14—How long does it take for all of the blood in the human body to pass through the heart?
A.—One minute.

15—Do a bird's feathers affect its flying?
A.—Soft, loose-edged feathers, such as the owl's, impair speed; hard and trim plumage, like the pigeon's, aids it.

16—How many bridges were destroyed in Vermont by the recent flood?
A.—About 400.

17—How many cities did Colonel Lindbergh visit on his recent tour of the country?
A.—Eighty-two. He made 147 speeches and dropped 192 messages from his plane.

18—Where did the waltz originate?
A.—In France. It was modified in Germany and became popular throughout Europe early in the nineteenth century.

19—What insect can lay twice its own weight in eggs in a day?
A.—The queen honeybee.

20—What country had casualties in the World War approximating 95 per cent of its enlistments?
A.—Australia, which sent 329,682 troops abroad, and suffered 317,953 casualties, of whom 58,961 were killed.

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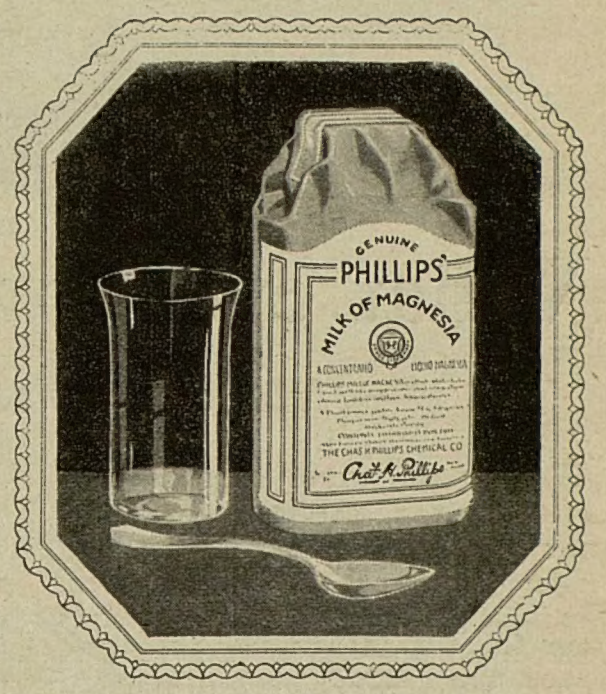

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"The Universal University"

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☐ Private Secretary
☐ Spanish ☐ French
☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Show Card Lettering
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☐ Good English
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☐ Railway Mail Clerk
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☐ Millinery ☐ Cooking

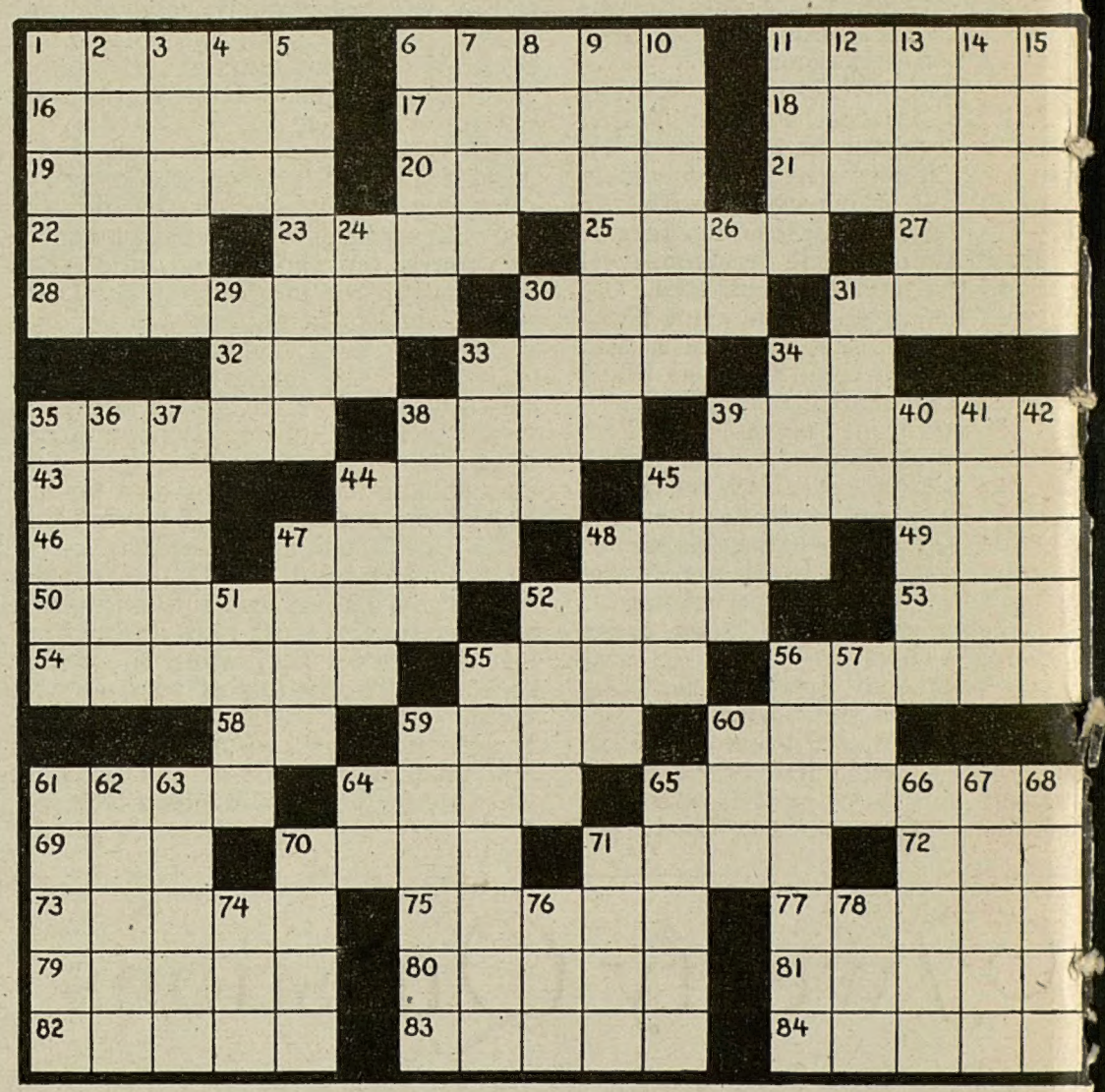
Name.....
Address.....
Present Position.....

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

UNLOCK *this* PUZZLE

THE few unusual words in this cross-word puzzle should not trouble you. All the difficult ones will develop from the solving of those that are more familiar, for the interlock is perfect—not an unkeyed letter in the lot.

Horizontal 61 may not occur to you immediately, but here's a hint: A section of London is spelled and pronounced exactly as is this sportsman's halloo.

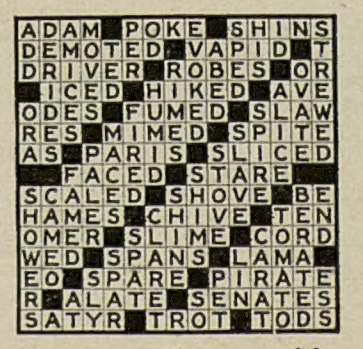


HORIZONTAL

1 Despiser
6 Metric measure
11 Shallow vessel
16 Over
17 Blot out
18 Single
19 Companions
20 Plunge suddenly into water
21 Goes before
22 Devoured
23 Bonds
25 Bad
27 Place
28 Counselors
30 Individuals
31 Employs
32 Before
33 Pouches
34 One
35 Cleared space in a forest
38 Flower
39 Lashes, as a sail
43 Greasy liquid
44 Tense
45 Stalest
46 Wine vessel used in the Eucharist
47 Moist
48 Reared
49 Masculine proper name
50 Snickers
52 Jog
53 Japanese coin
54 Vapors
55 Entreat
56 Correct
58 Note of the scale
59 Tarry
60 Form of to be
61 Sportsman's halloo
64 Yeast
65 Beats with successive blows
69 Crude metal
70 Song
71 Persian fairy
72 Kindled
73 Unit of electrical capacity
75 Goads
77 Staff
79 Expiate
80 Belief
81 Symbol of worship among savages
82 Type of automobile
83 Remains
84 Restores (printing)

VERTICAL

1 Biblical character (Esther III. 1)
2 Lessen
3 Carries
4 Evening
5 Make restitution
6 People of ancient Media
7 God of love
8 Greek letter
9 Elemental substance
10 Passes, as a rope through a cleat
11 Sphere
12 Beverage
13 Cleansing agent (plural)
14 Endow
15 Homes of certain creatures
24 Wrath
26 Exists
29 Man's nickname
30 Hop kiln
31 Single thing
33 Liquid food
34 Dry and parched
35 Hollow-horned ruminants
36 Boundary
37 Wing-shaped
38 Thrusts violently
39 Allowance for waste
40 Stop
41 City in Germany
42 Set upright
44 Sailors
45 City in New York
47 Division of ancient Attic
48 Contemptuous name for child
51 Food-yielding root of Hawaii
52 Cut down
55 Rampart
56 Artisans
57 Joined
59 Waistlines
60 River in Switzerland
61 Long upholstered seats
62 Declaim
63 A King of the Jews
64 The symbol for bromidium
65 Defeats
66 Exalt in spirit
67 Kind of bolt
68 Small stalks
70 Seaport of Arabia
71 To plunder
74 Collection of facts
76 Character in Spenser's Faerie Queene
78 Small child



Answer to last week's puzzle

Cold and raw the north winds blow,
The hills are bleak with pearly snow.
To pale cheeks winter brings a glow,
Double Mint helps to keep them so.
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Always fresh.
So much is sold
It can't get old.

There is real Peppermint in WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT—a new and better peppermint flavor—lasting, healthful, antiseptic.

Good for teeth, throat, stomach and digestion.

After every meal.

1-3

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Winding coils in the Atwater Kent factory—an operation almost as delicate as threading a needle, requiring sharp eyesight and nimble fingers.

It's their precision that makes your set work and keep on working

THE SECRET of Atwater Kent reliability is not alone in expert designing nor in the exacting factory and laboratory tests, but in the extreme care given to every phase of manufacturing. As we make all the parts ourselves, we are able to attain standards of precision otherwise impossible.

For instance, coil winding. As no radio set is better than its coils, we wind our own. At first, we employed men at this task. But the accurate winding of wire only 3/1000th of an inch in diameter happens to be an almost incredibly delicate operation. A hair's breadth difference in spacing might affect, if ever so little, the perfect reception you demand in your home.

So now all Atwater Kent coils are wound by women (with the help, of course, of wonderful automatic machines). Their sharper eyes, nimbler fingers, quicker reflexes, assure the rightness which every coil must have. For the same reason, you will find hundreds of women working in many other parts of this clean, bright, airy, wide-spaced modern factory. They contribute *precision*—with speed.

This is one of the ways we get that uniform accuracy which so delights the experts when they study Atwater Kent Radio—accuracy which makes the set we send to the Cook Islands in the South Seas work just as efficiently as the set in your home.

You may not *see* the difference that all our extra care makes in a radio instrument. But you *hear* it—and you feel it in freedom from service troubles.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President

4749 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

MODEL E RADIO SPEAKER. New method of cone suspension, found in no other speaker, makes certain the faithful reproduction of the entire range of musical tones. $24

Atwater Kent Radio Hour every Sunday night on 23 associated stations

ONE Dial Receivers licensed under U. S. Patent 1,014,002

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West

MODEL 30, a powerful ONE Dial, six-tube Receiver. The mahogany cabinet of unobtrusive beauty is the type that many people prefer. Without accessories. $65

MODEL 35, a powerful ONE Dial, six-tube Receiver with shielded cabinet, finished in two tones of brown crystalline. Ideal for a small table, window sill or bookshelf. Without accessories. $49

MODEL 33, a very powerful ONE Dial, six-tube Receiver with solid mahogany cabinet. Unusually effective where distance-getting is essential or inside antenna is necessary. Simple antenna adjustment device assures remarkable selectivity. Without accessories. $75